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THE

AMERICAN IN PARIS,

DURING THE SUMMER.

A

PICTURE OF PARISIAN LIFE,

IN THE COURT, THE SALONS, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE; ITS SPORTS,
AMUSEMENTS, AND FESTIVITIES.

BY

JULES JANIN.

NEW YORK:

BURGESS, STRINGER, & CO.,

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1844.

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FRENCH TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

OUR American appears before you once more. Last year, at the same period, he described to you, in the best way he could, Parisian life, during the brilliant months of winter. He had then arrived in the great city, at the very moment when the closing days of autumn were disappearing beneath the yellow leaves. A traveller without affectation, he asked nothing more than to take his part in the sweet joys, lively emotions, and noisy pleasures of this world of the powerful and the rich ; he endured as well as he could the intoxications and the delirium of the masked ball, the thousand cross-fires of Parisian conversation ; the paradoxes, the slanders, and even the innocent calumnies that he saw around him ; he entered into all, he wished to see everything, and he fulfilled his wish. Not that he advanced very far into the *mysteries* of the good city ; but he stood, as one may say, on the edge of the wood, and thence he threw his curious and attentive look upon these gay and quickly-changing lights and shades. For a fellow-countryman of Franklin's, our Yankee is certainly somewhat of an acute observer ; what he did not see, he guessed—not sometimes without a certain discrimination and pertinence. That which we especially admire in him, and which will not displease the reader, is a great fund of benevolence, a happy good humor, which has nothing affected about it, and an indescribable *entrain* and rapture, which the greater part of the time keeps the reader awake. This is all that we can say in his favor, for we are not of the number of those tiresome editors who are always saying, "Come and see a masterpiece, come and salute a great man ; the great man and the masterpiece were both invented by me !" We hope never to fall into this enthusiasm, which is very unbecoming to him who is its object. All our duty as editor we have faithfully fulfilled, and now it is for the book to defend itself. If by chance it is a good book, depend upon it the public will receive it with favor. And why, then, say so much ? All our ambition—and you will see that it is easily satisfied—is, that with an absent look, after having thoroughly admired the new *chefs d'œuvre* of M. Eugene Lami, and of Mr. Heath, his worthy interpreter, you will read a few of these pages, in which the translator has endeavored to reproduce somewhat of the grace, the vivacity, and the interest, of the original book.

What we have now said of the "*Winter in Paris*"*—a book which has been received with more literary eagerness than could have been expected ; so much so, that it has been found necessary to print two editions—we can especially repeat of the present volume, the "*Summer in Paris*," which

* The French work of last year was called "*Un hiver à Paris*," and that of this year is denominated "*L'Été à Paris*."

appeared to us the necessary consequence of the other. Besides, the subject is not less beautiful nor less vast. If the Parisian winter is, *par excellence*, the season for brilliant fêtes, on the other hand, a summer in Paris, one single summer, will acquaint you, better than ten winters, with the hundred thousand little revolutions which the city undergoes, on certain days of the year. Paris in the *summer* is the city in repose ; she forgets the labors of her coquetry and her ambition, that she may afterward remember them with more joy ; she yields herself—happy creature !—to a calmer existence, to less-ardent passions. The most untamed go to a distance—to the Pyrenees, to the Alps, or to the borders of the sea—to seek in the chances of travelling, in the violent emotions of the *trente et quarante*, through the burning accidents of the month of August, something which resembles the winter in Paris. But the Parisian, who is wise and worthy of being a Parisian, remains quietly in Paris ; there he profits by the space which is left him, he possesses himself of all these noises, of all this silence, for his single use. To him alone—now that the rest of the city has set out—to him alone belongs this rich capital of the world, from the palace of the king to the royal library ; to him belong all the paintings, all the books, all which constitutes art and poetry. He reigns in *interregnum*. For him alone, the Opera sings and dances ; for him alone, the Theatre François invents its comedies ; for him the street-music fills the air with its rustic melodies ; for him the railroads are filled each morning with their powerful flame. The *jets d'eau* of Versailles, and the fountains of Saint Cloud, and the rural fêtes beneath the old village-elm, are all for him. There is not a flower which he may not pluck, not a piece of ice from last winter which has not been preserved for his use, not a scarf, not a straw hat from Italy, not a pretty, ingenuous countenance, of which the model-Parisian does not have the first sight ; not a little love-song or drinking-song which the poet and the musician have not composed for this pacha of the beautiful days of June, July, and September. Travellers from all countries, travellers from the depth of Russia with its brilliant fêtes, Englishmen who have quitted your green meadows, Scotchmen from the banks of the Tweed, our Irish brothers, who abandon, at its most exciting moment, your Emerald Isle ; and you the lovely black-eyed Italians—Italians from Naples ; you the fair Italians from Milan or from Florence ; you, also, the daughters of Germany, the dreamers, the imaginative beings who seek the ideal upon the earth . . . and in the sky : what do you intend to do in Paris these sunny days ? what do you come to seek in these profound solitudes ?—“ We come,” say they, “ when all the false Parisians are absent, that we may observe and admire more closely the true Parisian of Paris.”

Thus has our American La Bruyère done ; he also wished to know what kind of life is led in the deserted city, what philosophers walk under the flowering chestnut-trees, and what songs of thanksgiving are uttered by the wave of the Seine, from the moment when it escapes—an unknown source—across the fertile country, to the solemn hour when it loses itself in the sea. This is the way in which this second volume has been composed, filled with the most beautiful passages, the finest fêtes, the Parisian elegancies ; and which, in short, is a true epitome of a Parisian summer.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Leaving Paris—Peculiarities of Paris—Retrospection—Wadsworth Longfellow—Paris the Centre of France—The Celebrated Men of the Provinces—Brittany—Provence—Burgundy—Normandy—The Seine—Celebrated Men of Paris—Molière and Voltaire—A great Mistake—Journey of Lord S—— to Rome—Forgets to visit St. Peter's—Similar Predicament of the Author in Paris—Victor Hugo—His Love of the Horrible—His Idea of the Picturesque, and Partiality for ancient Paris	Page 9
--	-----------

CHAPTER II.

The Eighteenth Century—State of Paris at that Time—Power of the French Fashions—Present Improvements—Fortune-Hunters—Their Habits—The old Nobility—An old Sportsman—Forest of Compiègne—The Royal Almanac—M. Chérin—The old Miser—Her valuable Hoards—Her Death—The Opera . . .	17
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Parisian Churches—An Anecdote—Associations of Paris—The Val de Grace—The Jardin des Plantes—Santeul— <i>Paris white and Paris black</i> —The Sorbonne—M. Saint Marc Girardin—The Sorbonne and the Bastille—Revolutionaries—The Orators of the Sorbonne—M. Guizot—M. Villemain—M. Cousin—M. Laromiguière—Fête at the Sorbonne—Cathedrals of Saint Denis—Tombs of Saint Denis—Island of Saint Denis	25
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Café Procope—Island of Saint Louis—Hotel Lambert—Antiquarians—M. Lenoir—M. du Sommerard—A French Bishop—A lucky Escape—The Hotel de Cluny—Its Chapel—Chamber of Francis I.—Longchamps	39
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Paris a Coquette—The Year 2440—Mercier's Dreams—Voltaire out of Fashion—Allegory—Definition of a Gentleman—Various Improvements—M. Gannal—Palace of the Quai d'Orsay—Hotel of a Minister—Country Excursions—Saint Germain—The Country Ball	45
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

The Royal Stables at Chantilly—The Chantilly Races—The Race for the Gold Cup—An unexpected Ball—Strange Mistakes—Return to the City—Toilet of Paris—Effect of Revolutions—Respect of the French for unfinished Monuments—The unfinished Louvre	54
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

The Postman—A welcome Messenger—An Invitation—The Croix de Berny—The High Road—The Steeple Chase—Enthusiasm of the French	Page 58
---	------------

CHAPTER VIII.

The Circus in the Champs Elysées—The Greenroom of the Actors—Their Freedom from Affectation—M. Baucher— <i>Partisan</i> —The Champs Elysées—The <i>Allée des Veuves</i> —The Comet of 1843	61
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

A Sudden Recollection—Reasons for returning to Paris—Powerful Attractions—Rouen—A happy Circumstance—Opening of the Railroad—Cordiality of the French and English Workmen—Liberality of Feeling—The <i>Exposition</i> at the Louvre—Discussion about the Paintings—Eagerness of the Artists at the Opening of the Exposition—The Portraits—M. Ingres—His Portrait of M. Bertin—His Portrait of Count Molé—M. Champmartin—M. Winterhalter—Likenesses of the Dutchess de Nemours—M. Dubufe—His Impartiality as a Painter—His Admiration of the Ladies—M. Guizot—Death of Madame Guizot—Isabey— <i>Van-dalism of the French</i>	63
--	----

CHAPTER X.

A Visit—Delicate Health of the Parisian Ladies—Convalescence—Parisian <i>Causerie</i> —Europe a vast Saloon	71
---	----

CHAPTER XI.

Versailles—The Railroad—The Windmill at Versailles—Louis XIV. at Versailles—His Chamber—The <i>Œil-de-Bœuf</i> —The Chapel—Louis XIV. the real King of Versailles—Louis Philippe at Versailles—Fête of June 10, 1839—Versailles now a Museum—Statue of Joan of Arc—The old Marshals recognising Themselves in the Paintings—Varied Tastes—The Petit Trianon—Marie Antoinette A Vision—The Railroad—The Arc-de-Triomphe	73
--	----

CHAPTER XII.

Fontainebleau—The Gardens—Historical Associations—Napoleon taking Leave of the Imperial Guard—The Château—Abdication of Napoleon—Great Changes—Francis I. and Napoleon—Ambition of Louis Philippe—Forest of Fontainebleau—The <i>Roche-qui-pleure</i> —Other Celebrated Rocks	79
---	----

CHAPTER XIII.

Saint Cloud—Passy—Franklin—Anecdote of M. de Richelieu— <i>La Muette</i> —M. Erard—Mount Valérien—Madame de Genlis—Terrace of Saint Cloud—Interview between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau—Ville d'Avray—Lantern of Diogenes—Park of Saint Cloud—A Ball—Fireworks—Forgetfulness of the French	84
--	----

CHAPTER XIV.

The July Fêtes—The Mât de Cocagne—The Parisian on the Seine—His Awkwardness—Various Amusements—The Place de la Bastille—Beaumarchais—Destruction of the Bastille—Monument of July—History of an old Man—Phantoms of the Bastille—The Colossal Elephant—The Revolution of July	87
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

Mineral Waters—The Lake d'Enghien—The Family of Montmorenci—The Village of Montmorenci—Rousseau—Gretry—Saint Gratien—The Marshal de Catinat—Eaubonne—Sannois—Epinay—Rousseau—The Forest of Montmorenci—imagination and Reality	92
--	----

CHAPTER XVI.

A Horticultural Fête—Ennui of the Flowers—The Dahlias—Useful Flowers—Barbarous Latin—Nomenclature of the Roses—Vexatious Ignorance—Tulips—Daisies—Pansies—Flora and Pomona—Vegetables—Fruit—Flowers—Talent of the Parisian Ladies—The Carnations—Favorite Names	95
---	----

CHAPTER XVII.

	Page
Music—Friendly Réunions—Madame Damoreau—Nourrit—Madame Nathan-Treilhet—Countess de Monténégro—Madame de Sparre—Madame Lafarge—French Hospitality to Foreigners—Burlesque on the Italian Operas—A beautiful Audience—Extraordinary Actors—Beautiful Singing—Discovery of Rossini—A Mistake—Burning of Babylon—Clorinda's Madness—Clorinda recovers her Senses—Reconciliation—Call for the Author and the Actors—The Author of <i>Esmeralda</i> —M. Monpou—Mademoiselle Pujet—Celebrated Pianists—A Family Concert—Love of the French for old Music—Wilhem—Kindness of the Parisian Ladies—Schlesinger—His first evening in New York—His Misfortunes—His Death—An Elegy written upon him by an American girl	100

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thoughts of Home—Impossibility of describing Paris—Parisian Urbanity to Strangers—Paris deserted in the Month of August—The <i>Etoiles</i> —Banks of the Seine—Arrival at Rouen—Dieppe—The Dutchess de Berri—Visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu—Mademoiselle—Narrow Escape of the French Royal Family—Arrival of the Queen—Enthusiastic Reception—Fête at the Mount d'Orleans—Intended Paintings illustrating the Royal Visit—The Concert—Excitement in Paris whether Queen Victoria would honor that City with her Presence—The Queen's Decision—Her Departure—Parisian Society—A Puzzling Question—Departure from France—Death of Victor Hugo's Daughter—Sentiment and Business	110
--	-----



THE AMERICAN IN PARIS,

DURING THE SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING PARIS—RETROSPECTION.

I WAS preparing to leave Paris ; it was the month of April : welcome, thou lovely month of April, which restores to us the spring, and takes me back to my native land ! Farewell, winter ! farewell, Paris ! Paris is the city of gloomy months, of gardens without flowers, of trees without verdure, of skies without sun. To enjoy Paris, you must have splendid fêtes by the light of wax candles ; balls, concerts, plays, love, intrigues. Paris must have the angry murmur of politics, and the buzz of witty conversation. Paris exists especially upon little calumnies, private slanders, projects, romances, vaudevilles, jests—all of them things which belong to the winter. Take from this city the fine arts, the geniuses, the popular beauties, the names of the generals who have gained such famous battles, the *nothings* of winter, the large fires on the spacious hearths, the drawing-rooms filled with chatting and wit, the brilliant reunions, the diamonds and the floating dresses, the flowers and the pearls, and you will see what remains of this immense city, so populous, and so well filled ! Nothing, but those institutions which are common to all the nations of the world ; for instance, the Bourse, the Palais-de-Justice, the Chamber of Deputies, the schools, the restaurateurs, the lawyers, and the manufacturers of newspapers ; all, things of the rarest and most exquisite interest ; all, things which I shall find again in New York. We must return home ; only we will take, as a remembrance of this delightful visit, the journal which we have written with so much joy ; an incomplete book, no doubt, but one which abounds with true sentiments, tried passions, and deeply-felt emotions ; a book written with the pen, and at the same time with the graver ; a simple tale, without pretension, without malice, without anything which contributes to the success of those pages upon which the crowd seizes, that they may find food for their wicked propensities. Indeed, it was our wish that the four months of the last Parisian winter should be reproduced in all their native elegance. You remember that long succession of chapters, in which Eugene Lami, the incomparable draftsman, had difficulty in following us, while Mr. Heath, the eminent English engraver, could scarcely keep pace with Eugene Lami ? Each of us walked with a joyous step through the various smiling aspects of the Parisian world, and the struggle was, which should understand them the best. What happy descriptions we unitedly supplied : the *Arc de Triomphe*, the *Champs Elysées*, the *Café Tortoni*, the *Soirée at the Duke of Orleans*, the *Panthéon* ! And the beautiful children in the Tuileries gardens, the future generation ; and the dances in the brilliant saloons, the varied apparitions so dazzling and so beloved, but all vanished so quickly ! But what does it signify ? I have

for my consolation the lines of my countryman, Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet :—

“Sweet April!—Many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed,
Nor shall they fail, till to its autumn brought,
Life’s golden fruit is shed.”

So saying, I prepared to leave. Not that, if I honestly confessed the truth, my resolution was immovable; on the contrary, the nearer the hour of departure approached, the more sad and undecided I felt.

Paris may well be called *the good city*, for however little a traveller may be pre-possessed in its favor, yet when once he has penetrated some of these elegant mysteries, it is not without a certain anguish of heart that he resolves to leave it. In this vast world of Paris, there is everything to know, everything to learn, everything to guess. The whole history of France and its different provinces is enclosed within these formidable walls. He who was thoroughly acquainted with the great city of Charlemagne and of Napoleon, would be, at the same time, the wisest antiquarian, the greatest politician, and the best poet, in the universe. His book would be at once a poem equal to the Iliad of Homer, a comedy worthy of the master-pieces of Molière, and a romance so wonderful, that even the Gil Blas of Lesage could not be compared to it. Imagine yourself placed upon some high mountain, whence the whole of France displays itself before you. At first your dazzled eyes perceive only an assemblage of confused and boundless grandeur—the Alps, the mountains of Auvergne, the gloomy forests, the Cevennes, the Pyrenees, are only the ramparts of this kingdom, of which Paris is the centre. Rivers descend from these well-loved mountains: the Loire and the Garonne, the Saône and the Rhone; and they flow here and there, spreading around them fertility and abundance. By degrees, this confused mass of inestimable wonders assumes a certain form; by degrees, each province detaches itself from this vast whole, and turns toward Paris, from which it waits, not without a secret trembling, the mighty impulse. First, we see Brittany, a country entirely Gallic, which has given to France many a bold and brave defender—many a celebrated philosopher: Duguesclin, Latour d’Auvergne, Abeilard, her greatest poet Chateaubriand, and her most terrible revolutionary M. de Lamennais. You recognise the rude province by her rude language, her old names of the ancient nobility, her faithfulness to the creeds of former days, the austerity of her manners, her indigent pride. She remembers her battles, she recalls all her griefs. She has taken centuries to learn the little of modern language which she has consented to speak. At the same time impelled toward Paris by that immense power which urges everything to the centre, present themselves in succession, Anjou, the country of the Plantagenets, who have given so many kings to England; Poitou, the vast field of battle, traversed by Clovis, by Charles Martel, and the Black Prince; Champagne, the country of Turenne; Auvergne, which gave birth to the two Arnolds, and the lofty mountains of which still remember Pascal. In its turn, comes the south, to salute the great capital; and you should see how prostrate Toulouse and Bordeaux fall before Paris. You recognise Provence by its festive appearance, the flowers which compose its garland, the wit and poetry by which it is surrounded. It is in fact the cradle of all the poetry of the French nation. From the twelfth century, the Provençal troubadours have been celebrated throughout Europe; they remodelled the language which they found: rebellious as it was, they forced it to obey certain laws, certain harmonious rules, which practical good sense dictated to them. There, also, more than one great orator has commenced his career. Massillon was a Provençal; Cardinal Maury was a Provençal; and Mirabeau, the great leveller, whence did he appear, armed with such passions and such vengeance? He sprang, as did M. Thiers, from the depths of Provence! Such are the men sent to Paris by the rest of France, as soon as their genius has developed itself. Of such choice minds, gathered from all parts of the kingdom, is the Parisian city composed. The city belongs to each and to all; few are born there, all pass through it, not one remains in it. Thus Dauphiny has sent to Paris Condillac

and Admiral Lalande. You may think these taxes and tributes difficult to pay, and yet they are paid, by every part of France. Next you behold Lyons, remembering the Romans; and Burgundy, the country of Saint Bernard, of Bossuet, of Buffon, of Bichat the physiologist, of M. de Lamartine; and Champagne, the home of the Villehardouins, of the sires de Joinville, of Cardinal de Retz. And that province worthy of being a kingdom, the subject of such inexhaustible history, Normandy, the country of so many wise legislators, so many brave soldiers, so many husbandmen. To grateful France Normandy has given the great Corneille, Flanders has given her Froissart and Philippe de Commines! Where will you find a more extensive prospect? Where a more beautiful sight? The Seine, that river celebrated among all the rivers of the world, would, of itself, suffice for contemplation during a whole year. Who can tell all the activity, all the labor, all the poetry of this great river; all the land that this water fertilizes; all the flocks that it nourishes; all the fruits and the flowers; all the old castles and modern houses, which it gently lulls by the sound of its undulating wave? Who can tell the thousand arms that it puts in motion, all the wheat that it crushes under the millstone, the wool which it converts into cloth, the iron of which it makes ploughs and swords, and the trades which are incessantly pursued in its industrious billows? On its passage, and in proportion as it needs more strength, the noble river summons to its aid other powerful rivers, the Marne and the Oise, and thus it reaches Paris triumphantly, like those great men of whom we have just spoken. The Seine is the pride of Paris. The city has banished her most beautiful houses to a distance, the better to see its course; she beholds herself in its waters, she plants the finest trees upon its shores, she builds magnificent bridges above this flood, which passes to a distance with regret. From Paris to Havre the river flows in triumph; every one salutes it when it passes; every one blesses it. The cities, the villages, the sunny islands, the clocks which sound the *angelus*, the herds, the boatmen, the husbandmen, the soldiers, follow with a tender look the mysterious and solemn river, which is about to carry beyond the ocean, to the most distant shores of America, *l'idée Française*.

Paris, then, is the history of all the provinces, of all the men, of all the passions of France. There, universal wit and genius have taken refuge. Between the porches of Notre Dame and the court of the Sainte Chapelle, has sprung up all the skepticism, all the citizen-like good sense, which preside over the nineteenth century, after having shaken and thoroughly overturned the eighteenth. Do you ask what wonderful minds Paris has produced? It has raised them all to its own attainments; but besides this, it has produced him who may be called French genius *par excellence*—the comic poet, the profound philosopher, the ever-laughing, and yet serious Molière; besides Molière, it has given you Voltaire: ask no more. All the other Parisians, strictly speaking, even those who are born in Paris, reassume, more or less, the particular genius of some one of the provinces of France. For instance, D'Alembert, the head of the Encyclopædia; D'Anville, the geographer; Saint Foix, the antiquarian; Bachaumont, the half-crazy poet; Bailly, the astronomer; Despreaux, with his good sense and satire; Bouhours, the wit under the waving robe of the Jesuit; Charles Lebrun, the painter of Louis the Great and Alexander the Great; the clever Guillaume Budée; Marivaux, the historian of the fashionable world of the Regency; Nicolas Catinat, with his courage, simplicity, and virtue; Chardin, the traveller to Persia; Pierre Charron, the friend of Montaigne; La Chaussée, the Thespis of the weeping drama; the well-known avocat, Henri Cochin: these are so many children of Paris, born in the midst of the Parisian city; but, nevertheless, not one of these celebrated men has the purely Parisian genius; there is not one, whom it would not be easy to place in some province of France. They were born in Paris by chance, and because one must be born somewhere; but the only thoroughly Parisian geniuses are Molière and Voltaire, each placed at the two extremities of French art. Besides, how few Parisians there are in Paris! how few even among the princes and kings of the French monarchy, are born in Paris! The Prince de Condé, however, was born in Paris; the witty Prince de Conti, the schoolfellow of Molière, was born in Paris; the

other princes of the house of Bourbon were born at Versailles, at Fontainebleau, at Saint Germain, at Saint Cloud, at Bellevue, even at Palermo, in the kingdom of Sicily, everywhere except in Paris. In point of Parisians, you have the three Coypels, and Madame Deshoulières, a charming Parisian of the Place Royale; and Dorat, the coxcomb, with too much wit; and Pierre de l'Etoile, the historian of the reign of Henry III.; and the clever family of the Estiennes, Robert, Henri, Charles, Robert-Estienne, Henry-Estienne, the celebrated printers; true Parisians these, workmen of Paris, scholars of the Sorbonne, and the University of France. The worthy friend of Fenelon, the Abbé Fleury, was a Parisian; the king's very witty valet-de-chambre, Dufresny, who so loved flowers, extravagance, and the fine arts, Dufresny was born in Paris, and what is better still, he died there, regardless of his poverty. Jean Goujon, the worthy rival of the best Florentine sculptors; Helvetius, one of those empty reputations of which so many are made in Paris; Houdard de la Motte, the lyric poet, as well as J. B. Rousseau, the Pindar of the great age, were so many children of Paris. Place also upon your list those names worthy of all our sympathy and respect; La Harpe, the useful author of the *Cours de Littérature*; M. de Lamignon, the honor of the ancient parliament; M. de Malesherbes, the defender of King Louis XVI., who was worthy to die the death of his royal client; Lancelot, the most artless and clever man of Port Royal des Champs; Lavoisier, the great chymist, to whom Robespierre's executioners would not grant eight days' respite, that he might finish some experiments which he had commenced; Ninon de l'Enclos, the coquettish problem, of whom so many impossible fables are told, which are simply true; and the Marchioness de Lambert. But enough of this—again I repeat that, strictly speaking, in all this assemblage of clever minds and strong wills, there are but two real Parisians; two men, who could never have been born or died in any other city—Molière and Voltaire, the author of the *Tartufe*, and the author of the *Essai sur les Mœurs*; the one, the best, the most devoted, and the most simple of men; the other, the most bitter, the most licentious, and the most treacherous of wits. The former, simple in his life, a kind, benevolent man, seeking the vices of his fellows, only to correct them by ridicule; the latter, brutal, malicious, sarcastic, and exulting whenever he could throw in the face of the human species, all the sting of his mind, all the venom of his heart. The first, who employs the foolish or serious, but comparatively innocent scenes, of comedy; the second, who knows only of violence, wounds, bites, and stabs, and who would be very sorry if he corrected the smallest vice, without substituting in its place some hideous monstrosity. Molière, always serious, even in his most foolish scenes; Voltaire, always a clown, a cruel, pitiless clown, even in the boldest ferocities. Molière who pardons, Voltaire who is merciless: Molière who dares to attack religious hypocrisy, the most shameful and dreadful of hypocrisies; Voltaire, the cowardly and insolent poet, who knows nothing better than to cover with mud and dirt, in a poem full of license, scandal, and blasphemy, the young girl who defended and saved France, the *Maid of Orleans*.

And this is the city which I imagined I had seen, studied, and understood! Really, because I had described some of its features in two or three hundred pages, I fancied myself a great politician, a profound observer, a learned antiquarian. Fool that I was!

I have heard it very gravely told, that Lord S——, one day, wished to visit Rome, the eternal city. He arrived in Rome in the month of January; he remained there six months, and during the first two days, was busily occupied in perambulating the place. This done, he began to feel the need of rest, and immediately he stopped sight-seeing. Play, idleness, letters to read, letters to write, lounging walks in the fine weather, music in the evening, in the drawing-rooms, and the fêtes of the banker Torlonia, made the well-filled days appear to him very short. He already forgot that he was in Rome, a foreigner and even a heretic, when suddenly arrived the hour of departure. Important interests recalled our traveller to the upper house, of which he is one of the most silent members. Already the post-chaise was standing beneath the windows, the horses neighed, the postillion cracked his whip, the passers-by stopped

to look, the young flower girl of the street, the beautiful black-eyed Transtévérine, with her bold step, and proud, but yet graceful look, held in readiness, her farewell nosegay. At that moment, Lord S—— thought he would open his album, to see if he had omitted anything in his projected travels. He found that he had omitted nothing, or almost nothing; only, in the midst of a blank page, the father of the young lord had written in large letters, "*Do not forget to visit St. Peter's at Rome.*" But our traveller had entirely forgotten the basilic and the dome of Michael Angelo, and the frescoes of Raphael, and all that vast and inestimable treasure of Christian art.

Lord S—— was much vexed; but what should he do? He was the more embarrassed, because he had yet to take leave of a beautiful Venetian lady in the neighborhood. Then, bravely coming to a decision—"John," said he to his valet, "go quickly, and visit a church called Saint Peter's at Rome, and on the road you can tell me what I ought to think of it."

You laugh, my reader; nevertheless, such is my position in the midst of this Paris, of which we have scarcely seen the surface. In very deed, on the point of finishing my delightful task, the blood rushes to my face, at the mere thought of the great things which I have forgotten. I now, at the moment of my departure, understand that Paris is the kingdom, the history of France: it is the heart of this great body; it is the universal rendezvous of all the passions, all the remembrances, all the ideas, of this noble people. From these ramparts, which are raised so hastily, as if such a world needed citadels to defend itself, issues the movement of each day—thence come submissions and tumults; Paris is the deadly cloak, which contains in one of its enormous folds, peace and war! Seek only in Paris, the genius of this people, the eloquence of the Burgundian, the irony of the Champagnese, the warlike courage of the Lorrainese, the bold and sincere self-will of the Franche Comtian, the fanaticism of the Languedocian, the sharp petulance of the Gascon, the conquering spirit of the Norman, the careless indolence of the Fleming, the obstinacy of the Breton. Paris is the vast sea, in which mingle the various living and deep sources of French mind. United in the common centre, all these different men recognise, observe, and study each other, until well assured that they are the children of the same country. In vain, when the Fleming is in Flanders, does he remember Germany; in vain, when the Gascon is at Bordeaux, does he think of Spain; in vain, when the Provençal is in Provence, does he recall Italy; all these remembrances—which are not regrets—vanish as they enter Paris, and those who once indulged them, become French; just as the rivers lose their own existence, in mingling with the ocean, and thenceforth form a part of the ocean itself. Unity is the mother of Paris; she is its boulevard, its mighty power. Unity has produced the beautiful French language, the polished society, the court of so many brave, acute, benevolent kings. Unity is the mother of the academies, the schools, the theatres, the powerful works, the ever-recurring revolutions which leave Paris daily, to impose their laws upon the rest of France. What a madman then was I, who thought to enclose this great epic machine within the covers of a volume in octavo! Then I began to recall that merry pleasantry, so completely French, the *Ouverture de Don Juan* of Mozart, arranged for two flagelets. Without M. Eugene Lami, my painter, and Mr. Heath, his worthy translator, I should have thrown my manuscript to the winds, you may rest assured.

And besides, said I to myself, what strange Paris hast thou been studying? The Paris of nosegays and velvet, the Paris of balls, of the Opera, and the Italian boulevards! The dull city, made up of deputies, dancers, poets of the French Academy, monuments of yesterday; nothing romantic, nothing curious, nothing which recalls past times, any more than the savage and picturesque manners of former days. Ah! it is not thus, like a happy well-dressed man, whom everything obeys, and who walks much less than he drives, that the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* has viewed the great and turbulent city which it has been my wish to describe. Ah! it is not thus—in perfect indifference, in the midst of a gilded saloon, or upon the threshold of some fashionable restaurateur—that the terrible poet has studied the city of his adoption and of his

love! No, no, he would never consent to follow on foot, the children playing in the walks of the Tuileries, the soldiers whom the king reviews in the court of the Carrousel, the peers of France walking under the trees of the Luxembourg. *Fy!* *he* pass through these beautiful gardens, adorned with flowers, water, and singing-birds! *He* lose his time over the happy spectacle of the boulevards, where the loveliest crowd passes and repasses in its most elegant dress! *He* amuse himself in the streets brilliant with light, and washed at every hour of the day! You do not suppose it, Americans as you are! No, no, this is not the Paris of M. Hugo; he must have the Paris of mud and darkness, of the pillory, and the Cour des Miracles, the Paris of gipsies, and thieves, and gallows. Let people murder, and cut one another's throats; let the king on one side, and the people on the other, abandon themselves to every kind of violence, this is what suits the taste of this wild poet; murders, blows, mud, drunken soldiers, priests enervated by luxury; all these disgraceful things, and in the midst of the most menacing phrensy, the river which carries lank living corpses in a sack; in a word, *La justice du roi qui passe*, this is the true sight, the real Paris. The rest is void of interest, the rest belongs to the citizen, to the National Guard, to the Chamber of Deputies, to the prefect of police, to the manufacturers of asphalt and bitumen pavements. *Fy!* The lighted gas, which robs the night of its profound darkness—can you think of it? The brilliant shops filled with valuables, protected only by a slight glass which a mere nothing would break—can you think of it? Where is the beautiful, where is the picturesque, where is the wonderful in all this? Let us cover our heads, and submit—the good King Louis XI. is dead!

And yet this is the city, which M. Hugo and the architects in his suite, would fain rebuild! How many tears shed, upon these frightful ruins which no longer exist! What would they not give, to recall these ancient scenes? Dark houses, passages without air, an entire absence of the sun, thieves in every street, hungry wolves at each gate of the city, anguish everywhere, hope returned to Heaven, which refuses again to restore it to the earth. Long life then to the black, gothic, muddy, feverish city; the city of darkness, and disorder, and violence, and murder, and misery!

Nevertheless, from the height of his elevation, with his arms crossed upon his chest, the poet admires, at his ease, this beautiful, marvellous Paris of the fifteenth century, his passion and his dream. Come, we will be younger by some hundreds of years! Paris, which was at first only an island, crossed the Seine with the kings of the first race; Philip-Augustus long afterward built walls and fortresses, around which all sorts of houses raised themselves—melancholy, deep, above all high, pressed one against the other, like houses which are afraid, and shrink into nothing, to escape from the tyrant. Not one open square, not one street, in which two can pass abreast; no air, no sun. Were not these men very happy, and very well lodged? However, by degrees they quit the masses of ill-shaped stones, the gloomy houses exposed to the weather, which nothing enters except the rain of heaven; they dare to look at the sun; but alas! they must take care not to go too far, for in default of enemies beyond, the city itself is full of ambuscades and slavery; for in this miserable place, all kinds of privileges, powers, and usurpations, dispute with each other, the ownership of the body and the possession of the soul. Look carefully, and you will recognise these different powers, by their prisons, their citadels, their fortresses, their dungeons, their convents, their various jurisdictions. The Grand-Châtelet, the Petit-Châtelet, the Tournelle, the Tour de Nesle, the Tour des Bois, the Louvre, the Hotel-de-Ville, the Sorbonne, the Pré-aux-Clercs, the Palais de Justice, and to crown the whole thing properly, the gibbet of Montfauçon. Oh, what a beautiful and touching sight! And at each entrance of the city, a tower, a fortress, a bastille, the tower de Billy, de Saint-Antoine, the tower of the Temple, the tower Saint-Martin, Saint-Denis, Montmartre, Saint-Honoré. Each tower has its fossé, each fossé its armed soldiers and its liquid mud; when night comes, everything is closed and barricaded; chains are laid in the river . . . oh, it was charming and delightful to see! it was not a city, it was a labyrinth, or better still, it was a *net*, to make use of an expression that M. Hugo has bor-

rowed from some honest woman; in fact, an inextricable net; each mesh was a street, and all these numberless streets crossed each other, mingled, and were so confused, one within the other, that you would have supposed it a dance of witches, on some festival night. Streets—count them! spires, domes, bridges, banks, strands, rivulets, chapels, churches, banners—count them, count them! There was nothing but gables, pointed roofs, dungeons, arabesques, fantastical towers, dwarfs and giants, whims, fancies, and deformities. The old roofs were covered with a yellowish moss, blackened lead, or half-broken slate. You would have said, to see them from a distance, on stormy days, that these sharp, pointed stones were about to fight, to wrestle, to destroy each other. As for the Seine, that sparkling stream, it disappeared beneath the houses, the filth, the bridges, laden with wretched cabins. In the streets, the uproar was frightful; scholars, artisans, washerwomen, old soldiers, uttered, each in his own way, the cry of his profession; without reckoning the all-powerful and respected monks, before whom suddenly fell back the whole mob; the Bernardines, the Genovefians, the Mathurins, the Benedictines, the Cordeliers, the Augustines; each of them having his tower, his justice, his prison, his church, his chapel, and his blessing, to bestow upon the heads which bow as they pass before him. And the churches, who can count them? Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, Saint Jacques du haut Pas, Saint Magloire, Notre Dame des Champs, Saint Germain des Prés; and the pillory, and the tile-kiln, and the public oven, and the lazaretto; for to all the singular beauties we have already named, you must add the leper. You have also large hotels occupied by insolent and merciless noblemen; the hotel de Jouy, the hotel de Sens, the hotel Barbeau, and the hotel des Tournelles, and the hotel Saint Paul, where dwelt as many as twenty-two princes, each as powerful as a king. There were also the hotels of the Abbé de St. Maur, du Petit Muce, du Comte d'Etampes, and each of these hotels had its bravos, its stronghold, its large prison, its fortifications. Towers, battlements, and terror! Arrows, little bells, weathercocks, spiral staircases, turrets, flags; and do you see that accumulated mass of *black towers*, where the drawbridge is always raised, the portcullis always lowered? It is the Bastille, surrounded by cannon. And all this, bounded by ditches, walls, ravines, gibbets, extended chains—by monks and executioners—by cemeteries, filled with the dead—by sewers and sepulchres—by holes in which live recluses—by intersections of houses, blind alleys, mazes, crossways—by large muddy places, inhabited by beggars, a horrible nation, the different names of which were as horrible as its language; cripples, the humpbacked, the lame, the maimed, impostors, lepers; bellowings, clappings, shoutings—in a word, the Cour des Miracles. The Cour des Miracles, that Pandæmonium, that hideous sewer, that collection of all the refuse which the church, the university, the city, the Jews, the Spaniards, the Mahomedans, and the *so-called* Christians, could produce. There, each province, each people, each misery, each vice, has, most certainly, its faithful representative. Such was the decoration; such were the actors; houses of mud, comedians of the most depraved character. And yet great contemporary minds have tried to prove to us, that this was beautiful Paris! They ridicule the well-paved, brilliantly-lighted city, so carefully guarded, and so well washed every morning. Stupid Parisians of 1843 and some preceding years, who prefer a good municipal guard to the footmen of Clopin Trouillefou, king of Tunis, successor of the great Coësre; ungrateful citizens, who sleep more quietly under the prefect of police, M. Delessert, than under the surveillance of Mathias Hungadi Spicali, duke of Egypt and Bohemia! O justice! for an honest fireman, waiting to throw himself into the midst of the flames, this Paris citizen would, without hesitation, give up Guillaume Rousseau, emperor of Galilee, and his *archisuppôts*! The picturesque! when you have said that, you have said all. Art, taste, fireside comfort, the peace of the domestic roof, the gentle warmth of a well-closed house, the friendly chatting by the bright fire, the clear glass which suffers the light of day to enter without admitting the cold, the Aubusson carpet under your feet, the walls covered with beautiful engravings, the well-bound, well-chosen books; the child who bids you good-day, the dog who jumps upon you, the young, well-dressed servant, the eager valet, the threshold of the door so clean

and well guarded, the quiet street, the public place overshadowed by fine trees, the Grève without a scaffold, Montfauçon without the gallows, the king's hotel without a drawbridge; in the churches, prayers, instead of blasphemies; in the body-guards, honest soldiers, and not night-robbers; on the throne a constitutional king, the promoter of peace, the enemy of war, the happy and respected father of a delightful family, and not a tyrant stained with blood; in the shops, sworn citizens, electors, national guards, who judge, and govern, and defend themselves, and not slaves, obeying, at the same time, the nobleman, the bishop, the city, the university, the monks, their wives, and the whole world. What is the use of all this happiness, which has no distinctive features? All such details of happy life have the great misfortune of not being picturesque; the picturesque is the rags under which the poor wretches shiver, and not the prosaic cloak which shelters from wind and rain; the picturesque is the naked foot, the ill-combed hair, the panting chest, the miserable look, the soiled velvet coat, the dirty brocaded dress. Do not tell us of a beautiful cheek, washed and blushing; but of skin, the very touch of which seems poisonous; do not tell us of pretty, little, delicate hands, but of large, coarse, hard ones. A citizen who pays taxes, is so ridiculous! Tell us, on the contrary, of beggars, of subjects in the kingdom of *argot*, of the free citizens of the kingdom of Tunis, who have neither to pay for cleansing, nor lighting, nor the poor. And the well-dressed ladies, who take their lovely children to the Tuileries gardens, to walk under the blossoming chestnut-trees, can you compare them to the female beggars, Collette la Charonne, Elizabeth Trouvain, Simone Jodouyne, Marie Piédebou, Thonne la Longue, Bélarde Fanouel, Michelle Génaille, Claude Rouge Oreille, Mathurine Giroron, Isabeau la Thierree—do not these names sound well, is not this all real?

Most certainly, a powerful imagination was necessary, not only to invoke the ancient Paris of King Philip-Augustus, and of King Louis XI., in all its ugliness, but still more to render supportable, to an attentive look, this darkness piled upon barbarism. And what a mind was necessary, to declare that the Paris of Charles X., and of Louis-Philippe, was only the ill-shaped and discoloured shadow of the Paris of former days! Fy! if you will believe the king of the picturesque, the city of the Parisians is now only plaster; they change their houses just as they change their old clothes, and put on new. If by chance they determine to raise some monument, which is not to be an edifice of plaster or wood, look seriously at this monument when once it is built, and see if you can find anything more ridiculous. The Pantheon is a cake from Savoy; the palace of the Légion d'Honneur a palace of pastry; the Halle aux Bleds, a cap, and better still, the cap of an English jockey! What are these two large clarinets, surmounted by a crooked stick of menacing size? They are the towers of Saint Sulpice, and their top the telegraph. To what architecture does the Bourse belong? is it Roman, or is it Grecian? Really, those people are very obliging who pronounce it a fine building. As for the best streets in Paris, where the inhabitant of the city walks so peaceably and so proudly, the Parisian has never been more absurdly foolish than in admiring these vast openings, filled with air, motion, space, and sun. For instance, can you imagine anything more tiresome than the Rue de Rivoli, where you may walk without wetting your feet, where you are sheltered from the rain in winter, and the dust in summer, where the most splendid shops vie with each other, in offering you the treasures of the world, where the garden of the Tuileries displays its most smiling appearance, while at your right, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile rises in all its majesty? But what is the use of interfering with the fancies of poets? The historical paradox has never had more intrepid defenders. Innocent and courageous men! if you press them closely, they will maintain (always aiming at the picturesque) that it is a great pity that men are no longer broken on the wheel, on the place de Grève, or hanged at Montfauçon; and that the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, now so silent, and in such good order, no longer tolls from time to time, the funeral knell of St. Bartholomew!

CHAPTER II.

1740—1840.

THUS indignant was I, with these paradoxes in favor of times past, for if the fifteenth century is worthy of so much admiration and praise, most certainly we, who so much admire the present century, who pay to it such homage, who publish such elegant books in its praise, must be simpletons and ninnies. Nevertheless, without going back so far as Philip-Augustus, perhaps it would not have been unworthy of a real traveller and his conscience, to inform himself, at least, as to the state of Paris in the last century. The age of Voltaire and Louis XV., of Louis XVI. and the National Convention, doubtless deserves our attention and our respect; it was the liberal and turbulent age which so much assisted America, which gave her General Lafayette, which restored her great citizen Franklin, better instructed in the various movements, passions, and interests of Europe. On this account, the Paris of which I speak, ought to interest us children of America, much more than modern Paris. And besides, was not last century the century of elegance, of the fine arts, of *fashionable vices easily overlooked*, of innocent rebellions, the century of the Encyclopædia and the Social Contract? Yes, I now feel conscious that I ought, above all, to have set myself to the study of this vanished society, so that my New York friends, for whom this book was written, finding in it all the high-sounding names, which are even more familiar with us, than they are in France, might recall former hopes and struggles. An American in Paris! Unhappy man! How little of Paris did I see! And if I could not see all, in the short visit I at first contemplated, why did I not extend it, that I might devote more time to this long study?

Imagine this great capital, some years before the French Revolution;—the court is still at Versailles, the people are masters of the city;—in this immense crowd you will find living samples of every nation in the world. From the heart of Asia, and the snows of Lapland, men have come, expressly to study this civilization which pervades everything. The Arab, the Hottentot, the Indian, the Negro, the Persian, the Brahmin, the Faquir, the Greenlander, are all represented in this vast inn, open to all; and once within these inspiring walls, all these people change their appearance; intelligence comes to them through every pore. No sooner have they arrived, than they begin to study, to understand, to hear, to know: nothing of their original nature remains to them, except their dress and some few childish customs. This is the sense in which it may be said, that intelligence circulates in the streets. Intelligence circulates in the streets, just like air and water, and noise, and the smoke of the tall chimneys; and by its side, walks science with a rapid step. Paris is particularly the city, in which the most common and the most difficult sciences are equally taught. A verse of Virgil will occupy a professor for a week; an hour will be sufficient for another man to explain to you the whole mechanism of the human frame; this one passes his life in analyzing bodies; that one loses his mind in analyzing ideas. Next to teaching, the great curiosity of these people is the theatre; there they unite, there they become excited to overturn everything; there they revive their passions when they have subsided; there they caper like young men, and meditate like old ones; the theatre is the great joy and the great pride of the French nation, which has not yet been called to give its opinion upon the affairs of the world. Until the year of liberty, 1789, Paris had no place of free discussion, except the pit of the theatre, or the midst of the café Procope; but he would have been a most imprudent man, who had dared to impose silence on the Parisians, in these two retrenchments.

After the manufacture of plays (and this is the case even at the present day), the great manufacture of Paris, the most active, the most powerful,—indeed invincible,—the excellent, transitory production, always new in the morning, and always sacrificed in the evening, was the new fashions. The Parisian fashions have done more for the popularity and universality of France, than even the

French language. The *modistes* of the Rue Vivienne conquer more rebellious spirits, than the most beautiful verses of the greatest poets, or the prose of the boldest inventors. A little gauze, a cap, a flower, a ceinture, a bonnet, a knot of riband, a waving feather, a dress, a shoe, a pair of gloves,—here is enough to stop more than one war, which would have been interminable without the intervention of European coquetry. And then the Paris of a hundred years ago, was, without contradiction, more amusing than modern Paris, from the invincible power of contrast. Now no one is rich in Paris, but at the same time, no one is poor. You would be troubled to find men in rags, but you would be equally troubled to find them in embroidered coats. All the inhabitants of this great city, all without exception, have a carriage at their command; the omnibus, that moving island, which for a very small sum incessantly perambulates every quarter of Paris; but then, on the other hand, there is not a single *danseuse* at the opera, who has any other carriage than the omnibus. The different stations allow themselves nearly the same luxury. In what house, for instance, will you not find a Venitian mirror, a China vase, lace from Malines, an Italian painting, one of Erard's pianos? Where will you not find the productions of America, of Africa, of Asia, of every part of the world. Necessaries are for all, superfluities for none. Do you speak of the picturesque? The eighteenth century was the age for the picturesque. There was then, under the roof of every house, a hole, burning in summer, freezing in winter, and in this hole usually lived the poet, the politician, the utopian dreamer, the philosopher, the artist,—those mendicants of art and science. But since then, these mendicants have come down to the first floor, where they think themselves much more suitably accommodated. The picturesque has lost in this, but equality has gained. The garret is never pleasant nor beautiful, except at the age of twenty; at that age it does not interfere with the slight attachments, the poetical fancies, the inspiration which animates and even colors misery; twenty years later, the garret makes the noblest hearts bad; the most benevolent, malicious; believers, skeptical; the loving, indifferent; the bravest, cowardly; the boldest, timid. There are no garrets in the modern houses; this is good legislation and good morality; only instead of the garret, they build pretty and very inhabitable *mansards*. The mansard is a first floor, placed under the roof; with the same luxury, the same riches, the same ornaments. What a vast and immense city is this Paris, filled, agitated, skeptical, and furious! "*I would burn it,*" said Peter the Great, "*if I were king of France.*" Admirable and prophetic words, when it was written that sooner or later, this immense head would involve the fall of the great body!

Around Paris are extended, like so many open pits, all kinds of stone quarries, where the workman has not left a single piece to pick up;—from these profound caverns Paris has come out whole. You may judge of the extent of the city, by the depth of the abyss whence it has sprung, and *vice versâ*. And to think of studying all these stones in so short a visit as mine!

Without going back more than a hundred years, each man in this immense city, had his coat, his badge, his look, his character, which was peculiar to himself, just as each artisan had his banner, each tradesman's company its rallying word. This active and turbulent crowd was met each moment, by all kinds of gentlemen, who had come to seek their fortune in Paris, no longer finding it either at home, or at the court; they entered the city by the forty-five barriers raised at the expense of the farmers of the public revenue, who thus compelled more than one laborer to reside in Paris. Once arrived, each took up his abode, according to the money in his purse, or the whim of the moment—in the faubourg du Roule, in the Rue Blanche, at the barrière des Martyrs, at Belleville, at Saint Mandé, on the boulevard Saint Jacques, at Sèvres—wherever lodgings were cheap, wherever they could patiently watch the growing of the trees, and listen to the singing of the birds! The boldest among these honest fortune-hunters dwelt in one of the islands of the Seine, the knights of Saint Louis in the island of Notre Dame, the petitioners in the city; but all avoided, as much as possible, the quay of the hospital. Poor men! lost in this abyss, they knew not what to do, what to become; every door was closed against them, every house was forbidden to them; they exhaled I know not what odor of ruin and

misery, which surrounded them like a solitude. And yet it was necessary to repair once or twice a week to Versailles, to pay court to the king, or to salute the ministers. Poor men! anything like trade was forbidden them, under penalty of losing caste; thus they would have thought themselves dishonored, if they had set foot upon the slate wharf, or the corn wharf, upon the wharfs devoted to the sale of coals, cider, wood, iron, hay, fish, or salt. Some of them, however, when they met devoted friends, gray or black musqueteers, would allow themselves to be led to the wine or tobacco wharf. In the savory smoke of the never-ending matelot, which is made in these favorite resorts for wine and good cheer at a cheap rate, the poor wretches forgot their ruined castles, their uncultivated lands, their children without clothes, their daughters without husbands, and their idle Penelopes who were hoping for their return.

Or else our gentlemen, discouraged, and loudly denouncing the reigning ministry, commenced visiting the curiosities of Paris; the pump on the *Pont Notre Dame*, the *Samaritaine*, the *Machine de Chaillot*, the *Aqueduc d'Arcueil*, and by degrees, after walking, dreaming, and sighing aloud, they ended by thoroughly knowing the eleven hundred and nine streets, the hundred and twenty blind alleys, the eighty-two passages, the seventy-five places, and the five hundred and fifty hotels, in the city. They had a walk for each day in the week. Monday they spent in the garden of the Arsenal, which still remembered M. de Sully, the best friend and most faithful servant of Henry the Great; Tuesday, in the garden of the Apothecaries, where grew the choicest of flowers; Wednesday, in the park de Mousseaux—Mousseaux, that spacious park, celebrated for mysterious and foolish adventures, fabulous anecdotes, and impossible meetings; Thursday belonged to the garden of the Luxembourg; and the following days were spent at the Jardin des Plantes; at the Champs Elysées, in the Allée des Veuves, or the Cours la Reine; and in the Champ de Mars; as for the garden of the Palais Royal, our gentlemen were there at all hours, but especially at mid-day, to hear the cannon fire.

You will easily understand, that if there were in Paris at that time, so many poor fellows without money, and almost without asylum, there were also in this city of equality, the largest fortunes. No one can now imagine, even in France, what it was, in the palmy days of the monarchy, to be a king of France, or simply a great lord. He who spoke of a duke and peer, spoke of a man who possessed four or five duchies, two or three millions of rent, and estates as large as a province. This nobleman considered it to be one of the duties of his station, to spend more than his revenue; for his vassals, his servants, the gentlemen in attendance upon him, the convents founded by his family, the churches which contained the tombs of his ancestors, had equal claims upon his fortune with himself. Moreover, it was by no means the same kind of life as that of the present day. Recall the wars, the battles, the long sieges, and on their return, the fêtes, the pleasures, the amusements—the elegancies of which appear to us now, as so many fables. The chase, for instance; how nearly is this amusement abolished! how almost forgotten is this passion once so strong! His majesty, King Charles X., took with him into exile, that which yet remained in France of former luxury. The people of 1830 made an incursion, gun in hand, into the royal forests; for once they thoroughly enjoyed them; the beautiful pheasant, the flying purple which throws gold and azure into the air—the deer, that timid and charming race—the stags of seven years old, the pride of the forest, fell beneath the blows of the conquerors of a whole dynasty. I know one man who is a great huntsman, and at the same time a moderate revolutionary. He troubles himself very little about the reigning king, but has all his life been interested in anything which concerned hunting. While all Paris seemed inclined to fight, our friend went out softly, and reached the forest of Compiègne; the king had just fled; the family of the old Bourbons had bade adieu to its last domain; the forest was once more silent; the happy sportsman brought down at his pleasure the richest game; as he saw these brilliant tenants of the forest pass before him, and fall, uttering cries of alarm, the intrepid poacher was overpowered with joy; he was so happy, that he thought himself the plaything of a dream. While he was thus en-

gaged, an old guard—who could but ill understand why the king had set out with so much haste from Compiègne—seeing this *murder*, yes, that is the word, at last summoned courage, and advancing with a military air, “By what right,” said he, “do you hunt the king’s game?”—“The king,” replied the sportsman, “is the people, now I am of the people, therefore I am the king.” So saying, he brought down the finest stag in the forest.

Immense forest of Compiègne! never disturbed at this day, except when, from time to time, some young prince in the family of the king of the French—when he is not absent in his father’s service, when he is not at the African war, or on the distant seas—allows himself to let loose the hounds in these gloomy depths; then the forest, aroused for a moment, thinks itself restored to its former days of happiness; echo repeats with delight the barking of the dogs, the sound of the horn; eager youths join the train of the sportsmen; for a moment the old passion reappears; but it is with these transitory huntsmen as with the master of the buck-hounds in the forest of Fontainebleau; an invisible phantom! which causes far more alarm than real mischief, to the game in the forest.

At the present day, then, allusion is scarcely made to such amusements as these, except in the *Royal Almanac* of former times. Perhaps you would not be sorry to know what becomes of the old almanacs. To a philosophical traveller, an old almanac is a prolific source of morality, wisdom, and learning.

In these little books, which each year carries off, just as the wind of autumn carries away the leaves of the forest, you will find, expressed in the simplest terms, all the grandeur and all the vanities of the world. Do you know anything more lamentable to read, than the almanacs which contain the most glorious names of this house of Bourbon, which has not its equal under the sun? To each of these names before which the earth bows, the French might reply, *died upon the scaffold!* The king? the queen? Madame Elizabeth of France? died upon the scaffold! After these august names, the royal almanac inscribed upon its proud list, all the great dignitaries of the church and the court, the cardinals, the archbishops, the bishops, the lay abbots—beheaded, robbed, banished, crushed beneath the wrecks of the temple and the altar! Then came the parliaments, the supreme courts, the members of the royal household, the king’s secretaries to the number of nine hundred, who were enjoined to be faithful amanuenses! After which shone out most brilliantly the royal order, the noblest and most admired of the orders of Europe, with those of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, the order of the Holy Ghost and the order of Saint Louis, and those of Saint Lazarus, of Jerusalem, and of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel, and that of Saint Michel, which was instituted by Louis XI., a plebeian and citizen knighthood, like the king who founded it.

What excitement there was, at that time, about occupying but one line of the royal almanac, and what anxiety to know on what page, and on what part of the page, they were to be placed! Important battles, of which the sovereign judge, next to the king, was M. Chérin, a man who knew the ascendants and the descendants, the children and the kindred of all the noble families in France, at least as far back as Adam! No one was skilful or bold enough to ask an injustice of M. Chérin; he gave to each and to all exactly the authority and respect to which they were entitled. This one, named yesterday, scarcely obtained from M. Chérin the title of *Messire*; at the most they were addressed as *M. le chevalier*, *M. l’écuyer*. Those who had been lately ennobled, were the lowest upon the ladder of nobility; then came, already more important in the peerage of France, the members of the twelve parliaments of the kingdom, of the court of exchequer, the court of aids, and the *cour des monnaies*, the masters of requests, the great bailiffs, generals, governors, military lieutenants-general. If you aspired to the highly-envied honor of riding, for once in your life, in the king’s carriages, which would give you a right to follow the king to the hunt, and to be presented at court, M. Chérin would demand proofs of your nobility, certain, authentic, uninterrupted proofs, from the year 1400 at least. Were you happy enough to trace your ancestors back another century, M. Chérin would give you a low bow into the bargain. When the question was about things less important than riding in the king’s carriages, there was not so much

strictness exercised. For instance, to be a page of the great or little Mews, to be a page of the bedchamber to the king, nay, even to the Duke d'Orleans, the Prince de Condé, or the Duke de Penthièvre, only two hundred years of nobility were requisite.

At that time dress made a great distinction among men. Now the black coat is the universal one; master and servant wear nearly the same. Formerly, there were as many different costumes, as there were different professions, and almost as many as men. Royalty had made of the slightest distinctions, so many privileges; witness the close coat worn by warrant of Louis XIV.; witness the red heels of the *Œil-de-Bœuf*. The use of the red-heeled shoe was restricted to the highest noblemen, dukes, counts, and marquises; some barons might wear it, but not all. The whole history of France in the brightest days of the monarchy, would be found, by him who understands how to read it, in the royal almanac.

The copy of which I speak—and which I take back to my native land, to show my fellow-citizens, in how small a space can be contained royal majesty, with all that it has most pompous and magnificent—still bears the arms of the royal family of France, the fleurs-de-lis surrounded by the collar of the order of the Holy Ghost. This book, sparkling with gold and heraldic emblems, I bought for threepence on the parapet of the Pont Neuf, from among the heap of literary dirt, on which rain, sun, dust, and the northeast wind incessantly beat, as if the more quickly to overcome this vile refuse of the human mind. This, then, is the misery for which thou wast reserved, poor royal almanac, fallen from the throne with thy master! Thou art now only a name, a fragment, a wreck, of the silken vanities of former times. An old worm-eaten book! and yet this worm-eaten book has been the manual of the king and his nobles; at the court of Versailles, it was consulted night and day; the curious people learned in these now faded pages, the names, titles, and dwellings, of their masters. All were found there, from the princes of the blood down to the criers at the Châtelet. If you were not in the royal almanac, you were nothing, you could be nothing; you had scarcely a name for your baker and your butcher. And yet equality commenced even with the royal almanac; in that, no one occupied more space than his neighbor; the recorder had his line just like the first president; the police officer with his short dress just like the gentleman of the bedchamber. In Fontenelle's opinion, *it was the book which contained the greatest number of truths*; and it was in the hands of all. It told the position of each and of all; thanks to its pages you knew the courtier with whom you were connected; whence any man came, who he was, what he was, what he was worth. Mercier called the royal almanac the *vampires' almanac*.

There recently died, in a lone house of an obscure street at Fontainebleau, a wretched woman, nearly a hundred years old; this woman lived on brown bread and unwholesome water, and was covered with tatters. The rivulet of the street became more muddy when she ventured to cross it—the smell of the sewer more poisonous. It was dreadful to see the abominable creature, thus crawling along in the filthy attire of the most abject avarice. Her house was not a house, but a fortress, built of freestone, cemented by iron plates; for in it were contained immense riches. There this miserable being, with whom neither alms nor charity had anything in common, either to give or receive, had heaped, not only gold, diamonds, and pearls, but the choicest furniture, the most exquisite marbles, the rarest paintings, the most charming master-pieces of every art. The smoky hole in which this woman, on Sunday, cooked her food for the whole week, contained the finest and most delicate chefs d'œuvre of the Flemish masters; the Dutch enchanters, the joyous fairs of Téniers, the elegant scenes of Van den Berg, the whims, caprices, and beautiful countenances of Gerard Dow; more than one simple and whimsical drama of Jan Steen's, more than one beautiful heifer of Paul Potter's, more than one fresh and glowing landscape of Hobbima's, more than one sweetly-lighted forest of Cuypp's or of Ruysdaal's!

These beautiful works, which had been the ornaments of the palaces of Marly, of the great and little Trianon, or at least of the galleries in the Palais Royal, were dying for want of air and sun. Smoke, cold, and time, which

consumes everything, overpowered with their formidable tints, the splendid colors, which but lately had rivalled the wonders of creation. So that the stupid rage of this woman crushed, at pleasure, the joy of the future, the glory of past generations, the ornament of the present time. In her fits of ill-humor, oh shameful abuse! the horrible old woman struck with her abominable foot, these delicate gems of the fine arts; she treated them as she would have treated lovely, chattering children, as if she could have heard, for her delight, their groans and sobs. How many did she break! what numbers did she destroy! Did she want a board to hold her breakfast of onions, she made a table of some panel of Watteau's; did she want a piece of copper to mend her saucepan, she took a little painting of Vandyke's. The rarest cloth served her to mend the tapestry which hung on the poisonous walls. The same abuse was found in the smallest details. The mug from which the toothless hag drank her cold milk, milk weakened by dirty water, was nothing less than a beautiful porcelain vase of the Sèvres manufacture, on which was yet visible, though cracked, the noble and beautiful likeness of the queen Marie Antoinette. Oh, profanation! that such a mouth should touch the edge of the limpid vase, on which had rested the soft lips of the greatest and most lovely woman in the world! Such was the frightful and startling confusion of this house. A dirty apron, stained with the blood of some unhappy pigeon, fallen in this dwelling, ignominiously concealed the richest laces, magnificent remnants from the small apartments at Versailles; a golden spoon, graven with the arms of a Montmorency or a Crillon, was put into a wooden porringer. When the hag returned to her hole, she extended her limbs upon the gilt sofas which she had bought at the revolutionary auctions; she placed her half-broken *sabots* upon marble brackets, she looked at her wrinkles in the finest Venetian glasses, she covered her hair with a greasy hood, but round this frayed cap she hung, in derision, pearls large enough to be envied by the princesses of the blood royal. Around her, all was gold and dirt, purple and the coarsest cloth, the finest art and the commonest utensils. She put her vinegar in cut glass, and frightened away the bold flies that rested upon her forehead, with a fan that Greuze himself had signed. Her bed, or rather her pallet, was covered with the richest brocades; the straw upon which the monster sought sleep was enclosed in embroidered velvet; but sleep did not come, remorse took its place; during the sad nights, the life of the miserable creature unrolled itself before her, her life of luxury and fêtes, of vices and crimes, of shameless profligacy, for she had even put profligacy to the blush. A melancholy dream was hers, and sad was every awaking! Dreams carried her through an endless turmoil, in which mingled blows and caresses, good fortune and misery, brown bread and champagne. At the same time, to amuse her for a moment, to draw from her a smile (always in her dream), she had at her service poets who sang loudly of wine and love; she had at her table hungry philosophers, who attempted to show that Providence was an idle name; she surrounded herself with men whose aim it was to prove that the soul was not immortal. It was to amuse such women that Voltaire wrote *Candide*; that J. J. Rousseau, the simple orator, told the melancholy story of *Saint Preux and Heloise*, without reckoning young Crébillon, who, every morning, placed upon madame's toilette his little page of wickedness and vice.

Thus she lived on the purse of some, the license of others, the impiety of all. Miserly among the spendthrifts, skilful and prudent among the dissipated, the sole desire of this depraved creature was to enrich herself with the spoils and sophisms of all these men. She swallowed up everything; she was like the north sea, in which nothing reappears after a shipwreck. Thus, in the great shipwreck of former times, she alone survived. She saw all her admirers, one after the other, depart for the scaffold, or for exile; they left without a louis in their pockets, a coat upon their backs, or a hat upon their heads, and yet it never occurred to her to lend them so much as her coachman's cloak. She saw crawling to the baker's door, those whose husbands she had ruined by her extravagance; and for these poor, weak, emaciated beings, she had not even a piece of black bread! Even in 1792, this woman could think of counting the money in her strong box! Even in 1793, when distracted kings listened to the

noise of the falling axe, she counted her gold ! She was accumulating heap upon heap ! She went round the scaffolds, to collect the last garments of the victims ; she entered the deserted houses, to buy for a mere nothing the spoils of the absent masters. She would not trust land, even to buy it cheap, for land is faithful, and often returns to its owners ; but she trusted gold, which is a vagabond and a traitor, like herself ! It was her delight to carry off to her closet the beautiful ornaments and master-pieces of former days, and to insult them in her own fashion ! This was her way of revenging herself upon those good ladies who would have washed their hands immediately, if they had happened, in passing, to touch the cloak of this despised creature.

Such had been her life, and this life was repeated, set in remorse, every time that she attempted to sleep. But after these frightful slumbers, she again became the pitiless harpy, whose very name, for three leagues round, made people tremble with fear. The poor who passed, turned from the house, lest a tile should fall to strike the beggar ; the child who sang in the street became silent at the sight of that livid wall ; the most joyous bird hushed his warbling, when he flew above the court of the house. In the garden, the lilac had no flowers, the bush sprouted reluctantly, the turf withered under her footsteps, the indignant fruit escaped from her soiled hand, at the approach of the monster the tree was tempted to fly ! Her dog would not eat what her hand presented to him ; he would rather have died of hunger, than to have gnawed the bone which she had picked with her iron-like gums. The poisonous caves, the avenues of which Virgil speaks, the pestilential seas, are nothing compared to this green sink, where even the toad refused to show himself. The very thieves, when this heap of treasures was named, shrugged their shoulders with an oath ; they preferred stealing a crown from an honest man, to attempting all this woman's money. She was as effectually protected by her baseness, as if she had been surrounded by the cannon of the Invalids. The miserable knew this universal horror, and after having rejoiced at it, finished by discovering that men were right in overwhelming her with hatred. She hated all the world, but she could despise no one ; it was in vain to attempt it, although this would have been some consolation.

What a life and what a death ! what a dreadful old age ! She, to whom vice was as necessary as money, had been suddenly arrested in her career by a revolution, and this revolution had startled from their sleep all honest minds—soldiers, magistrates, princes of the blood ; it had despised only women like herself, and had left them in the depth of their degradation. Suddenly was arrested the life of foolish joys, intoxication, and delirium, which had so long prevailed ; suddenly the storm had lowered, which restored these young and old men to duties too long forgotten. Madmen ! during these days and nights of dissipation, they had left royalty defenceless ; they had abandoned to insult the altar of God, just as they had overturned the king's throne ; they had allowed ancient prepossessions to be sacrificed to that ardent wish for novelty, which is only satisfied with murder and suicide ; they had abused everything. But now a thunderbolt had restored them to themselves. By the light of this ominous fire, they had found a little of their good sense ; they were alarmed at so many disorders ; they had come to themselves, in this fatal night of their wandering intellects ; they had cried out, *Help, help !* Then, panting for breath, without finishing the half-emptied cup, with scarcely time to place upon the table the ivy crown of the drinker, or the rosy crown of the lover, they rallied at once round the throne of France, to fight and to die ; and there they fought, and there they fell. And when the good king of France, Louis XVI., had left this world, not one of the men who had led such a life, could recall without shame and remorse, that forgetfulness which had caused the ruin of everything. But with such feelings this woman had no sympathy.

The utter neglect which she now experienced, produced no good effect upon her mind ; she was still as despicable as ever, in the midst of her ill-gotten fortune, among the treasures she had heaped up, with so much of rage and despair. Sometimes she felt jealous of those unhappy beings who, feeling their sin and misery, began to think of repenting and turning to God ; but these were transient

rays in the hideous darkness; in all the bitter language of remorse, there was one word which this woman never could, and never would, pronounce—the word repentance!

Dead to the world, dead to all human joys and affections, overwhelmed by public contempt, which weighed upon her heart as heavily as the earth of her tomb now weighs upon her body, she nevertheless had strange and sudden fits of anger. It is said, for instance, that when Charles X. hunted in the forest of Fontainebleau, she was in the habit of seating herself in some crossway of the forest, in the middle of the road, and there she waited till the king passed. Then she would stand up, shaking her rags; she would gaze intently at the howling pack, who uttered plaintive groans on their road; then, when it was the king's turn to pass this woman, he would hesitate, become pale as death, and shiver from head to foot. Alas! she recalled to the king of France, now old and threatened on every hand, the folly and madness of the young Count d'Artois.

But at last this woman is dead; she died alone, in her remorse, without one charitable hand to close her eyes, without the voice of a priest to impart to her any instruction. Her agony was silent and terrible, the agony of a venomous being who has no longer anything to bite. During the ninety-two years that she had been upon the earth, this woman had found no one person and no one thing to love or to help; not a child, or an old man, not a poor nor a wretched woman, not an innocence, or a virtue. And so, in dying, she left nothing to any one but her strong and powerless curse. All those treasures of art which would have formed the pride of the noblest mansions, she had broken; all the masterpieces of the greatest painters and sculptors she had annihilated; her gold she had melted; her notes of the bank of France she had burnt. What would she not have given, to have been able to take with her her land and her house? Or, at least, if she could have cut down the trees in her garden, destroyed the hope of the next autumn, crushed in their nests the eggs of the singing-birds, poisoned the fish in her ponds! If she could have set fire to her crops, and herself disappeared in the flames! But she had hoped to live long, and now she had not breath to light the spark which would have devoured all.

It was necessary to break open the door to find the corpse, which was stretched upon the ground, where it had lain some days; a volume was by her side; it was the poem in which Voltaire covers with slander the sainted Joan of Arc, the purest and most heroic glory of the history of France. The last rattle of the depraved woman was a blasphemy.

She was thrown into a hole, away from consecrated ground, and upon the dishonored pit was found, written in a bold hand, this funeral oration: "*Here lies the courtesan who has dishonored even her own trade.*" Oh that this woman may be the last of such a character!

She was called Euphrosine Thevenin—Euphrosine, the name of one of the Graces, and if you ask me why this recent history occurs to me, apropos of the royal almanac, it is because this strange being was in the habit of requiring from each of her lovers that his name should be inscribed in the royal almanac.

I return to my description of Paris. Doubtless, at the moment of quitting the noble city, perhaps never to return to it, it is rather late to remember these notes taken at the time; but it is natural to the human mind to return with the liveliest feelings to those recollections which we are about to leave. The few months I spent in Paris, amid the excitement of fêtes and pleasures, did not leave me sufficient calmness to enter at the time into these details, which are nevertheless not without interest. The great misfortune, I had almost said the great vice of all travellers to Paris is, that they immediately seek those things which are most brilliant and striking. That to which they first turn their attention, even before the history and the manners of a people, is noise, entertainments, trifling amusements! The Opera takes precedence of the cathedral, of the Hotel de Ville, of the Hospital, of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Chamber of Peers. When you have named the Opera, you have named all: that delightful spot—that rendezvous of Parisian causerie. Even now I hear Eugene Lami, the tempter, calling me to the splendid enclosure. "Come," says he, "come, the saloon is brilliant with light; the ladies are beautiful and well dressed; in

one corner of the orchestra, you may see sparkling with fire the black eye of Meyerbeer; in that little box above, that young and beautiful woman is the happy wife of the author of *La Juive*, and of *Charles VI.* What an attentive and delighted ear she lends to these sweet melodies inspired by the honeymoon! Come, then, with us to the Opera, and leave behind you your ancient Paris; you will find it again to-morrow!"

And I, who like nothing better than to yield to persuasions of this happy painter of every kind of elegance, I accompany him wherever he wishes to take me. I find in the same place all the beauties of last winter; but already health has reappeared upon those lovely countenances, the fire has returned to those sparkling eyes; a few fine days in the month of May have proved sufficient to recruit these beautiful ladies after their fatigue. The first songs of the nightingale, which Madame de Sevigné calls the herald of spring, have restored calm and repose to these minds, distracted by the excitement of the ball and the fête. But, before taking their final flight for distant climates—to Italy—to the borders of *Father Rhine*—to old ruins in the young provinces—to the midst of the sweetest landscapes with which they are already so familiar—to the shores of the roaring sea—or simply to the neighborhood of some celebrated forest—to Ermenonville, for instance—they wished to lend an attentive ear to the delightful and touching melodies of the new opera.

CHAPTER III.

PARISIAN CHURCHES.

AFTER having listened, admired, and applauded, the next day I returned anew to the study of that Paris which I have learned so much to love. But, however, the greatest difficulty in all this is, not to study the city which is before one's eyes, but to give an account of what it was previous to a revolution which has changed its laws, its customs, its passions, its manners, its habits; which has changed even the names of the streets and the public places. A few, however, of the old ones have remained, through that involuntary homage which the present generation always pays to that which is past. Above all, what is most difficult to change, with a nation that respects itself, is the form of its temples, the names of the saints that it has venerated, the patrons of the churches in which its ancestors have been buried. Even when the bones of their fathers have been violently taken from their last asylum, the people remember the holy patron once supplicated within the walls. This is the reason that you still have, in Paris, the saints of former days under their popular designations: *Saint Pierre aux Bœufs*, *Saint Pierre aux Liens*, *Saint Jacques le Mineur*, *Saint Jacques le Majeur*, *Saint Jacques la Boucherie*, *Saint Jacques l'Hôpital*, *Saint Jacques du Haut Pas*. The very people who have overturned everything, will not forget the old calendar of their forefathers; they hold more strongly to their superstition than their belief. A changeable and inconstant people, it is said; and yet, in the same muddy streets, gloomy houses, close passages, unwholesome places where they were born, you will still find them crawling from century to century. There are certain streets so dark, that the lamp burns in them at all hours of the day. I have seen, in the Rue du Roule, a passage so narrow, that the owner of the house, being compelled to keep her bed by an accident which had happened to her leg, increased in size so much, that when her leg was cured, it was impossible for her to go out; and thus, by her own *embonpoint*, the poor woman found herself condemned to an endless seclusion. She passed her time at the window, and you may guess whether she was a gainer, by the permission to become so disproportionately large. On the other hand, you enter the neighboring houses by

large *porte cochères*. The door was formerly kept by a Swiss, ornamented with a large shoulder-belt, on which were engraved the arms of his master. On your entrance, the Swiss whistled to give notice of your arrival. The Swiss played an important part in the intrigues of monsieur and madame; the less he understood the language of the country, the more was he valued as a good and faithful servant. At any rate, he was better than the abominable porters, who exercise their noisome industry at the bottom of each modern house.

Now while I think of it, and while the city already appears in that distance, which is so favorable to observation, it seems to me, that I have not rendered justice, to those remembrances which rise in crowds, beneath the feet of travellers in this immense city, through which have passed the greatest and the worst characters recorded in history, the most horrible crimes, and the rarest virtues. You can not take a step, in the streets which but now appeared so terrible, without meeting one of those names which make the heart beat with joy. At the Observatory, you are at once reminded of Colbert, that great man, whose memory, throughout France, is equally honored with that of Louis XIV. Farther on, that house—the refuge of such children as the city will not protect; orphans, whom their own mothers have rejected from the bosoms so well able to nourish them, that dark and melancholy abode, where even infancy is serious—will recall to you the greatest name in France, Saint Vincent de Paul; and still more, those walls once formed the abbey of Port Royal, that cradle of the most beautiful French language, that commencement of opposition to the authority of one alone; austere abode of the most austere virtues! A whole history belongs to the walls which approach so closely to Port Royal des Champs, to Solomon's Song which was chanted night and day in the valley of Chèvreuse, by so many hermits of such rare constancy, and admirable genius! In the Rue d'Enfer you will find King Saint Louis, who gave the whole street to the Carthusian friars; you will find the unhappy La Vallière, sister Louise de la Miséricorde, that poor girl so much beloved, and so quickly sacrificed to the inconstancy of a young king! How many tears did she shed in that convent of the Carmelites, where she undertook the most menial employments! Not far from the Rue d'Enfer, rises the institution of the Abbé de l'Épée, the tutor, or more properly speaking, the Vincent de Paul of the deaf and dumb. Already has commenced the fame of this excellent philosopher, who has drawn speech from silence, and light from chaos, who has made the deaf hear, and the dumb speak; his memory is as much honored as that of the most renowned upon earth; his name is blessed and welcomed by the generations of poor children, whom his genius and charity have saved. I have myself been present at the birthday fête of the venerable de l'Épée, and no one can describe all the joy, the pride, and the eloquence of these deaf and dumb children, kneeling before the bust of their father and their benefactor! At a little distance, nearly opposite the delightful gardens of the Luxembourg—beautiful verdure—blue and transparent sky—shrubs, rose-trees, large park—white statues—rises the dome of the Val de Grâce, separated from the gardens by a long succession of frightful houses. The dome recalls to you Anne of Austria, the queen with the beautiful hands, the wife of King Louis XIII., the mother of King Louis XIV. François Mansard was the architect of the Val de Grâce, Mignard was its decorator. In the depth of these sunless streets, Queen Blanche, the mother of Louis IX., resided; Queen Margaret, the wife of the sainted king, there founded an abbey, and here her young daughter Blanche died. Great princesses, humble virtues, noble remembrances, which preserve these wretched houses from contempt! The Parisians are surprisingly well acquainted with the history of their own city. In this church, reposes a whole generation of kings; James II., king of Great Britain, Louise Marie Stuart, his daughter, and all the faithful Fitz-Jameses, who have come to lay themselves down at the feet of their buried monarchs. Here lies Marshal de Lowendal, a descendant of the old heroes of Denmark. The Jardin des Plantes alone, that oasis lost in the darkness, that spot of refreshment and repose, placed at the top of that beautiful hill, would be sufficient to fill a large volume. The whole world appears to be contained within its vast enclosure. Listen, and you will hear the

singing of every bird in the air, the roaring of every beast in the forest; the lion and humming-bird; the giraffe and the wild cat; the whole family of the monkeys; all the plants of the south and the north; all which lives, all which has lived; the animal and its skin, the feather, and the hair, and the shell;—the color and the form; the skeleton and embryo;—all suit this vast assemblage of all the beauties, all the curiosities, and all the phenomena of nature. Neither are great names wanting, and those of the most celebrated; Buffon, Daubenton, Jussieu, Tournefort, Vaillant, Linnæus—and Cuvier who presides over them all, by the extent of his mind and genius. Let us, then, leave the poets to their ill humor; with a sweeter and serener philosophy, it is always easy to find, even near the refuse of the noble city, a consolation or a hope; by the side of an hospital, a garden; by the side of a ditch, a fountain; on the edge of a precipice, a flower. What is there more delightful? and yet what more natural?

Here we have now the abbey Saint Victor, which recalls to us one of the greatest poets of France, the poet Santeul, *a wit in Latin*. The church still sings, on her high days, the beautiful hymns of the poet of Saint Victor. The old fountains which throw their scanty shadow, across the richest ornaments of the stone or marble of Jean Goujon, bear on their fronts the sweet lines of Santeul; he was, like a Christian Martial, always ready to lend the scanned grace of his poetry, to the slightest event in his beloved city. No Parisian has had more wit in French, than the poet Santeul displayed in Latin. Read, for instance, this beautiful distich written upon the fountain near the library of Saint Victor:—

“Quæ sacros doctrinæ aperit domus intima fontes,
Civibus exterior dividit urbis aquas.”

“Beneficent house! Enter, you will here find all the sources of science; while without, she gives to each, the limpid crystal of its waters.”

It seems to me, that this consecration of the beautiful monuments, by Latin poetry, was not devoid of charm and grace; and besides, it was an elegant way of recalling to the great French city, its Roman origin; whether the word *Lutèce* comes from *Luteum*, which is found in *Cæsar's Commentaries*, or whether the word *Paris* is derived from *Paratridos*—the origin is certainly ancient and heathen. Only, in opposition to the meaning of *Lutèce*, the muddy city, Strabo, in his picturesque language, calls it the white city, *Leukotokia*. It has required not less than nineteen centuries, to place the white city in its present beauty, opposite the muddy city; the former having been long governed by the latter, until at last *Leukotokia* has taken precedence of *Lutèce*. Two distinct cities in one—*Lutèce* stands cold, melancholy, and serious at the summit of the hill of Saint Geneviève; *Lutèce*, learned and pedantic, and still remembering the Emperor Julian and the Emperor Charlemagne: *my dear Lutèce*, as Julian called it. There stood his *Palais de Thermes*, and near it had risen the *Sorbonne*, two ruins which we must salute with respect. The other city, *Leukotokia*, has long since shaken off the dust of former ages. Upon sites covered with beautiful trees, and gardens in flower, she has built herself exquisite houses; she has made a gracious and delightful appeal to the light, the sun, space, green turf, clear fountains, and the beauties of the Parisian world! These two cities, so different from each other, are at the two extremities of the capital; between them flows the Seine, stands the Louvre, and rises, in all its grandeur, the tower of Notre Dame. In the new city, it is in vain for you to search—you will not find one vestige of past times, not one remembrance of Cæsar or of Chilperic, not one relic of Captain Labienus or King Chilbert. All is new in the white city, the city of yesterday; the very temples have a festive look, the houses are coquettish and elegant, the sculptures belong to the modern school, and not to the ruined temples of Ceres or Vesta. There, you will neither hear of Jupiter, nor of Vulcan, nor of Velleda, cutting the mistletoe from the oak with her golden pruning-knife; nor of Mercury, the god of the city, nor of Maïa, his mother; or, at least, if these deities are named, from the Boulevard de Grand to Notre Dame de Lorette, it is apropos of a ballet at the opera, or a lesson in mythology. In *Leukotokia*, there is nothing serious,

nothing solemn; all is entertainment and pleasure; love is the great occupation of this isolated city. There, you will find neither a college, nor a convent, nor anything resembling the School of Law, the School of Medicine, or the Sorbonne. Not a remnant of the *Circus*, or the *Amphitheatres*, or the *Forum*; not a trace of the old Capetian palaces; not one saint of the long list who walks at night, carrying his head under his arm, as did Saint Denis the martyr, on the top of Montmartre. No, no; the new city would be afraid of these gothic palaces; scarcely does she think of the future, much less of the past—for her, the principal business, the important action, the all-powerful interest, is the present moment; it is the hour which sounds on these pendulums, the signal of pleasure and of love; this is the supreme law. In this beautiful part of the city, you will find neither judge, nor notary, nor attorney: savings' banks are here considered fables. The only institution of ancient Paris which would have been welcome in Leukotokia, was the *Pré aux Clercs*, a delightful spot, where the youth of past ages—for the past was once youthful—vied with each other in coming to drink, fight, and talk nonsense. Carelessness is carried to such an extent in these privileged places, that no one thinks of death; there is not a single doctor, not a single nurse. The one healer of all ills in this city of sybarites, is the fashionable milliner; an eminent dressmaker, a skilful hairdresser, a beautiful Cashmere shawl, a handsome ornament, or at least a good supper—these are the grand remedies, the universal panacea. Who talks of dying? They do not even know what old age is, here. In this little corner, under the ever-blue sky, all the ladies are twenty years old, sometimes less than twenty years, but never, under any pretence, one day more!

The only one of the beliefs of ancient Paris that has passed into the city;—oh! who would guess it?—is the belief in Saint Geneviève, the patroness of the city, the virtuous and courageous patroness, who announced long beforehand, another heroine equally dear to France, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Thanks to the remembrance of Saint Geneviève, thanks to this popular name, the city of grace and gallantry has not been left without a saint to invoke, on those days which to her are heavy with clouds and remorse. Modern Paris even prefers Saint Geneviève keeping her flocks, to the repenting Magdalen, whose temple forms a boundary to the new city, so long predicted by Saint Augustin. But let us return a little to ancient Paris; do not let us neglect that, for the one so fond of display; let us seek respectfully the traces left in the old streets, by the kings of the third race. On the site of Hugh Capet's palace,—that terrible count of Paris, who gave his son for a tutor Richard Duke of Normandy,—has been built a dancing-room; this room is called the Prado, and here come almost daily, students and grisettes to dance; the student thinking no more than the grisette, of the most important articles of that civil code which he professes to be studying.

In the church of Notre Dame,—that immense work, which is a whole poem,—entire generations have been buried. How many eminent men were interred there, between the reign of Chilbert and that of Louis XIV.!

Alas! when once you have abandoned history to that time which devours all things, you will find, that of all histories, that of tombs is the most fruitful. The dust which once disturbs, throws around it solemn lessons; the great names of former days hold an imposing place, even in the disordered scrap-books of the passing traveller. How is it that I—scarcely escaped from Parisian fêtes, I who have pursued so warmly these incredible elegances, I, the hero of the opera, balls, and concerts,—now find myself occupied in reading upon these half-broken stones, names carried away by death? Where are ye, O ye heads of science, and ye masters of the people? Guillaume de Champeaux, Abeilard, and you also, Heloise? But we have wandered far away from our point.

Not so far, however, but that we have arrived opposite that curious monument called the Sorbonne; that monument now filled with profane eloquence,—impatient minds in the pulpit, rebellious minds around the pulpit, youth whom even M. Saint Marc Girardin that man of extraordinary talent, of ingenious intellect, of eloquent composure,—has so much difficulty in restraining. In this school, which has no longer any barriers, you will vainly seek some vestige of

the revered Sorbonne; scarcely will you find the scattered and half-effaced remembrances of that venerable institution, the theology of which, in former times, was all its science. In bygone days, whoever named the Sorbonne, named the three theological virtues, *minus* charity and hope. The Sorbonne was, so to speak, a parliament without appeal, where all questions relative to the Roman catholic belief, were gravely and severely discussed. And, as, at that time, faith was everywhere, in the smallest pamphlet of the writer, in the slightest word of the orator, in the confidential letter,—it follows, from this ubiquity of faith, that the Sorbonne also was everywhere, that it entered every conscience, and had the right to inquire into books and ideas, which are now most foreign to it.

It was, in truth, a kind of religious inquisition, which, in case of need, had its dungeons and its funeral piles; more than once it employed even the executioner, against persons and books. But compared with other inquisitions, that of the Sorbonne was benevolent, even enlightened. It summoned around it, the noblest minds, the greatest names, and the boldest and most courageous men; it was afraid of nothing but innovators. With the Sorbonne, novelty was in all things the worst of schisms. Thus even to the end, this grave and learned institution,—which had heard the Prince de Condé and Bousset support within its enclosure, their theological dogmas,—remembered the instructions of its illustrious protector, Cardinal Richelieu. It defended itself as bravely as possible, from all the rebels against authority, which the end of the seventeenth, and the whole of the eighteenth century, produced. It defended, step by step, the moral dominion which the Romish church had confided to it; and when at last it was compelled to give way, it did so honorably, after having stood alone against all, alone against Voltaire, alone against the whole Encyclopædia. What do we say? It had stood alone against M. Arnauld and against Pascal!

Undoubtedly, when the hour of desolation comes, it is well to fall as nobly as did the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne fell like the royalty of France, like the nobility, like all that belonged to past times, with courage and resignation. The revolution entered its gaping wall, nearly in the same way as the First Consul Bonaparte entered the orangery at Saint Cloud; all the old doctors of the old Romish faith were driven from it, as the straw is driven away by the wind.

There is yet one thing to be said of the fallen Sorbonne, and that is, that long before 1793, it was a power conquered for ever. When once it had been defeated, in its duel with the *Emile* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, with the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* of Voltaire, with the *Œuvres* of Montesquieu, with the whole Encyclopædian school, the Sorbonne was as effectually conquered as was the Bastille, for instance, a month before July 14, 1789.

When the Bastille was taken, there was only a nominal governor; when the Sorbonne was attacked, its walls enclosed nothing but a few old Latin theses upon the bull *Unigenitus*, or perhaps for and against Aristotle; thus it may be said, that the old Sorbonne, when it died, had fulfilled its mission; the liberty of minds and the slavery of consciences had no longer anything to hope or to expect from it. The Sorbonne had uttered its last fiat in the world of ideas, just as the Bastille had issued its last *lettre de cachet*; and therefore, when the Restoration wished to refund the Sorbonne, it foolishly attempted a thing as impossible, as if it had desired to rebuild the Bastille, and again put in force the *lettres de cachet*.

But the Restoration failed in foresight; it was as obstinate as it was benevolent; it wished for the past; the whole past, alas! and nothing but the past. The emigrants and the priests,—people, for the most part, quite indifferent to the religious doctrines of which they were incessantly talking; had so long said that the throne was the altar,—that the obedience of the people was founded upon faith,—that the *sum* of Saint Thomas ought to take precedence of the Charter,—that Saint Gregory was a greater orator than Benjamin Constant, and that General Foy himself was nothing compared to Saint Jean Chrysostome; the old Bourbons had been so often told and retold, that they could only extricate themselves from their difficulties, by the help of the old casuists, and that the Chamber of Deputies would one day vanish in smoke, before the holy councils, that the imprudent kings began to dream, among other restorations, of restoring

the Sorbonne. By their order, the edifice was repaired, the pulpits, in which dogmas were to be taught, were re-established; they blew upon the extinguished cinders, they awoke the old echoes, they raised all that learned powder which had formerly darkened the sun. The tomb was renewed, a bad, vulgar Latin, a melancholy, proscribed cant, was recalled to those walls, which had once resounded with so elegant a Latinity. So that, on account of this revived Sorbonne, the theologians, princes of the blood, noblemen, and ministers, the whole right side of the chamber, sang the most short-sighted of *Te Deums*.

They thought the monarchy was saved, since the Sorbonne was restored to it. They clapped their hands at the new faith which would so soon flourish again. Vain efforts! useless hopes! cruel deceptions! For, no sooner was the Sorbonne reopened, no sooner had it been announced that the Abbé *Such-a-one* would speak upon grace, *Veneris die* (*Venus's day*); the Abbé *Such-a-one* upon confession, *Martis die* (*Mars's day*); the Abbé *Such-a-one* on cases of conscience, *die Mercurii* (*Mercury's day*); than immediately, by the mighty power of this invincible revolution, against which the restoration was gathering—the new philosophy, the German eclecticism, the Voltairian skepticism, all the ideas of this revolutionary age, against which they endeavored to raise this theological school, themselves intruded upon the restored Sorbonne. Philosophy took possession of the pulpits where the theologian was expected; history filled with its lessons, the oak-seats placed for doctrine. The abbés appointed for the instruction of youth, had nothing better to do than to be silent and fly, seeing themselves without audience and without echo, so that Saint Sulpice thought itself but too happy to take back, safe and sound, the theological professors and the theological auditors, whom they had lent for this solemn juncture, as a man lends his cloak to a friend who has pawned his own. But it was well worth while truly, to re-establish the Sorbonne for the comfortable accommodation of the three men who had the greatest power over the young minds by whose aid the revolution of July was about to be planned and accomplished.

Even to those who are most foreign to everything belonging to modern France, it is unnecessary to repeat the names of the three eloquent and impassioned professors, who have held in their hands the destinies of the new Sorbonne:—their words have produced upon the young spirits of the restoration, the same effect as lighted torches thrown among sheaves of wheat. They have defeated, day by day, those slow moral repairs which the restoration attempted so painfully by the aid of a conquered sect, and an exhausted nobility. They have no love for each other, and have therefore never come to a mutual understanding, and yet, by their joint, though not united efforts, they have baffled all the attempts of the royalist and religious party. These three professors, the honor of public instruction, you have already named—M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin.

I know what answer will be given me, and that at first sight you will be much astonished to hear me call them revolutionaries; you will tell me I flatter them; but notice, I beg of you, that it is even on account of their apparent moderation, and by the mighty power of their real prudence, that the instructions of these three masters have been, and in fact must be, so formidable. If they had possessed more courage or less prudence, if they had concealed less skilfully, the dominion which they had acquired over the mind, the government of the restoration would have been upon its guard, and would have defended itself with all its power; it would have closed these traitorous schools, and thus have obtained some respite in an open war. This war, however, was anything but open; on the contrary, the three champions brought to this daily combat, each according to his own peculiarities, the most judicious limitations; they enveloped themselves in all kinds of marvellous circumlocutions, never avowing their hopes, even those most distant. They wished to see a revolution accomplished; but they dreaded, as much for their fellow-citizens as for themselves, the disorders, the misfortunes, and the ambitions, that all new revolutions bring with them. Even in their anger, they were cool; even in their revolts, they chose to have right on their side. But in the general struggle of parties, in the general stir of opinions, in the tumultuous and turbid mixture of political feelings,

these are just the men to fear; it is these who are strong because they are prudent, who are dangerous because they are wary, who attain their point because they walk with a slow, sure step; defeats renders them popular, victory makes them powerful; if conquered, they are laden with praises; if conquerors, they know at once where victory ought to stop.

In point of revolutions and revolutionaries, the dangerous man is not he who talks and agitates, it is not he who openly lavishes his slander and his insult, it is not he who uses the poison and the dagger; it is not the demoniac in the newspaper, or the fanatic in the tribune; these are well-known; people know how to defend themselves from them; to oppose them there are the king's attorneys, the gendarmes; they may be imprisoned, or bribed; at the worst, they can be let alone. But the others, the revolutionaries who respect the law, the eloquent men whose speech is as ingenious, as it is high-sounding and impassioned, the faithful subjects, who, under pretence of shaking the throne, in order to rouse the king from his lethargy, plunge into the same abyss both throne and monarch; all these revolutionaries, whom no one suspects, and who do not themselves know the full power of their minds, these are the formidable ones, depend upon it.

And yet to such men, the restored Sorbonne was about to yield itself.

It must be owned that a long period will elapse before three orators of such strength will again be assembled within the same enclosure. They had, between them, the materials for composing an orator, more powerful and more terrible than even Mirabeau, when he was surrounded by the first tokens of the greatest revolution which has ever astonished the world. The first leaned upon history, attaching himself simply to facts, from which he drew all the clear, positive consequences which he needed for his system; the second, on the contrary, was by turns, and according to the necessity of the case, an excited fanatic or an obscure German, wrapping himself in exhalations from beyond the Rhine, a luminous column, exhibiting only its shady side. He usually spoke loud, and as if fully convinced of his position; a harlequin philosopher, whose coat was composed of all kinds of brilliant rags, torn from Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Herder, and even Condillac, for he borrowed from everybody: the third and last, the most admirable and inspired of rhetoricians, with the greatest powers of extemporaneous speaking, giving dazzling but fugitive periods, to which the delighted ear readily yields itself, with lively wit, and irresistible grace, so that he might have become, if he would, the most eloquent and the most interesting of orators.

Such were these three orators; and, although divided upon all points, and although the learned and grave historian thought but little of the eloquent jugglery of the philosopher, while the professor, pre-occupied with form, scarcely knew, when absent, what was said by his two rivals, the historian and the philosopher; yet such was the mighty power of the ideas which they advanced, that, without ever having held any communication, they understood each other wonderfully. They were like three workmen, laboring, each at his own post, to overthrow a rampart, and who, without having met, strive which shall give the most furious blows of the axe, until the wall being pulled down, the three recognise each other, astonished, and almost frightened at the devastation they have made. Or, if my first comparison alarms you, these three professors, each speaking to the youths who understood them with half a word, represent to you the three terrible orchestras of *Don Juan* during the violin scene. Each orchestra sings, in its own way, its complaint or its anger, without disturbing itself as to the neighboring orchestra, until they all three burst into the same malediction. Alas! who would have thought it? this anathematized *Don Juan* was his very Christian and very benevolent majesty, King Charles X.!

To be able to form a just idea, of the power of these men over the fine youths of the restoration, who lent to them such attentive ears—you must have heard them; for their lessons written out in haste, like the analyses which have been made of them, bear no resemblance to their speech—so animated, so warm, and which exhibited so strongly all the marks of sincerity and conviction. M. Gui-

zot, for instance, reached the pulpit with a firm and somewhat solemn step. At his appearance, the restless and agitated crowd became silent; he began to speak immediately and without hesitating, his voice was clear and short, he was authoritative and cutting in his discourse, his sentences were abrupt, but little flowery, and often wanting in elegance, but what was lost in elegance, was gained in power and energy. The person of the orator answered exactly to his discourse. It was the proud, dull look, which only sparkled at rare intervals, like fire concealed beneath the ashes. It was the sombre hue which nothing alters, neither joy, nor melancholy, nor the pride of delight, nor the vexation of defeat. It was the broad, intelligent forehead, upon which were exhibited none of the passions of the inner man. In this ancient Sorbonne, which had defended with armed hand the holy purity of the Romish doctrines; in this religious echo, which still remembered confusedly, but not without emotion and respect, so many eminent doctors of the Sorbonne, defenders, executioners, and martyrs of the Romish faith; M. Guizot, the protestant, was animated with an indescribable feeling of triumph, which, in such a spot, formed a large part of his eloquence. It was a source of great delight to him, that he should be permitted to speak aloud between the two statues of Fenelon and Bossuet, opposite the likenesses of Massillon and Pascal; that he, the convinced child of Luther, should give such a contradiction to the *Histoire des Variations*! And, as in this vast city of Paris, every one is acquainted with all that regards these heroes of the mind—people knew that M. Guizot was poor, that he had fallen under the displeasure of the monarchy, to which, while yet young, he had given the most loyal proofs of his devotedness and his zeal. It was said that he had an old mother, a matron of primitive times, of great tenderness, and inflexible duty, whose life was modelled from the Bible, and that before this old mother he knelt every evening, saying to her, "Bless me!" It was known that he, with his wife, who was a clever woman, passed night and day, in earning a livelihood by literary labors, accepting all that was offered—articles to write in the newspapers, the *Memoires de l'Histoire d'Angleterre* to arrange, the bad translation of Shakspeare by Latourneur, to be revised, corrected, and explained. Madame Guizot rectified with admirable patience, the misconstructions and grammatical faults of Latourneur, while her husband wrote at the head of all Shakspeare's tragedies, short prefaces, which are masterpieces of penetration and good sense. A melancholy occupation, say you, for such a man, for such a politician, who was one day to hold in his hands the destinies of France and of a revolution! A melancholy occupation, to be on hire to M. Ladvoat, the bookseller! But what could be done? The greatest comic poet of ancient Rome was glad to turn a millstone in order to live! Thus all admired M. Guizot for his modest and laborious life; his patience was taken for resignation; he was valued for what he dared to say in his course, and above all, for what he did not say. In a word, he was loved like a man who shows you only half his thoughts; for since torture has been abolished, all agree that this is the greatest punishment which can be imposed on him who writes or speaks. Indeed, even to the religious conviction of M. Guizot, even to that belief which was not the Romish belief, there was nothing in him which the youth of the Sorbonne did not admire. Ah! you wish these young people to be catholics. Ah! you would bring back the Jesuits to Saint Acheul, and you would re-establish the Sorbonne. Ah! you would forcibly expel by every means, even by the eloquence of M. Lamennais, Voltarian skepticism! Well! you shall see what a contradiction we can give you. We will attack you on your most sensitive point; we will applaud, not doubt, but schism; not only will we deny as strongly as possible the religious belief of the house of Bourbon, but we will honor, in every conceivable way, the protestantism of M. Guizot. And really these young men, in their rage for opposition, were clever to reason thus, for there was one man, whom the French clergy hated still more than Voltaire, and that man was Luther. But who would have said at that time, and when the restoration—aroused at last, but too late—closed the course of M. Guizot, that this protestant, applauded in open Sorbonne, because he was a protestant, would one day become minister of public instruction, of the French kingdom, just like the Bishop of Hermopolis?

Let us turn to the other orator, to the other minister of public instruction, M. Villemain. The latter exhibited in a far greater degree than his colleague, all the freedom of a man whose principal concern was to breathe classic air, and who troubled himself but little about the future, so sure was he, that Latin and Greek, and beautiful Ciceronian periods, would not fail him for the rest of his life. M. Villemain was, if you please, a man in the opposition, but by no means violent in his feelings; on the contrary, he was one of those cautious opposers, who can to-morrow, without meanness, advocate ministerial measures. Far from being isolated, like M. Guizot, and given up to barren labors, M. Villemain had around him to love, protect, and defend him, some of the powerful journals, a part of the Council of Public Instruction, the whole Academy, all the graces of his speech, all the fascinations of his mind. The public had long been accustomed to love him, for, from his first successes at the university to his first success at the French Academy, from his beautiful translation of Cicero's *Republic*, happily refound, to his formal opposition to M. de Villèle, M. Villemain had been without intermission the hero, what do I say? the spoiled child of popular favor. And yet more, what had been done for General Foy, had just been done for him, a national subscription had been made, to recompense him for a dismission, warmly given, at the very moment when the greatest minds in France separated from the old monarchy. Thus supported by all which constitutes power, M. Villemain can not in any way be compared, for credit and position, with M. Guizot; for in proportion as the latter stood alone, poor and without support, just so the former was surrounded by encouragement and powerful friendships. The one, out of his pulpit, had much difficulty in ranking among those rare ideologists who have since become the *doctrinaires*, and of whom he is now the sovereign master; the other, on the contrary, was the mind, the speech, the counsel, sometimes even the energetic and lively style, of this opposition, which was already mistress within and without, and which finished by becoming the revolution of July, ten years later.

Imagine that on some Monday, on one of those gray, dull frosts in the December of a Parisian winter, the neighborhood of the Sorbonne is filled with an unusual crowd; people run from all parts of the city, in all kinds of costume, some on foot, some in carriages, for among the impatient and shivering multitude, the prince of the blood must wait till the doors are open, as well as the student of one year's standing. At eleven o'clock, the immense court of the Sorbonne is filled; at twelve, the doors are opened. In a moment, the vast hall is entirely occupied; they push and jostle each other; the least space on the oak-seats is eagerly disputed; the crowd choose that the doors should remain open, and those who arrive late are kept at the foot of the staircase, only too happy to seize on their passage, some of those powerful vibrations which announce the presence of the master. At the appointed hour, and by a certain entrance, which is, like all the rest, obstructed by numbers, a man creeps with great difficulty, and makes his way to the pulpit amid a thunder of applause; he takes his seat in anything but an elegant posture, generally he crosses his right leg over his left; he leans his head upon his shoulder, like many of the great men of antiquity. But let us wait, he will soon raise his head, his animated look will run over the attentive crowd, his speech will become as animated as his look, and suddenly, the first hesitation passed, you must prepare to follow the orator, in the most impetuous caprices of his thought. Ah! what a wonderful literary labyrinth, what a bold mixture of the soundest sense and the wildest flights of imagination! an admirable collection of philosophy, history, and literature, in which the most different geniuses, the most opposite talents, are found blended and confused with incredible skill; Bossuet, by the side of Saurin, Shakspeare by the side of Molière, the *Télémaque* of Fenelon by the side of the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. And through the thousand flowery labyrinths of his thought, it was curious to see how this man contrived to make use of present literature; to summon to the aid of the ancients, whose mighty power and energy he proclaimed, the contemporary works which he subjected without remorse to his ironical analysis. You should have seen with what enthusiasm, and at the same time with what good sense, he spoke of the old masterpieces, which he made

one love ; of the great writers, whom he surrounded with respect, and how he made the youthful assembly support everything, even the praises of Louis XIV. Thus you would follow him, in the literary history of the three great centuries to which Francis I. gave the signal. The auditors of this animated professor would, in imitation of him, pass from Montaigne and Rabelais to Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine, from Saint Evremont and Fontenelle to Montesquieu and Massillon, until he has suddenly stopped before J. J. Rousseau and Voltaire, to whose cause he has not been false, even in open Sorbonne, any more than in open Sorbonne M. Guizot has been false to the cause of Melancthon and Luther !

I may perhaps be mistaken, but I do not think human speech ever caused to a younger audience more powerful and more sudden emotions. Once having flung himself into this literary arena, which he had made so vast, M. Villemain hesitated no more ; he became intoxicated with his own words, as a man becomes intoxicated for a moment with champagne ; and once in the reelings of poetical drunkenness, he had all its hallucinations, all its giddiness, but also all its conviction and power. How beautiful it was to hear him defending, in spite of himself, the past, which he loved for its style and its genius, and suddenly arresting himself in the midst of his praises ; for, from his sincere admiration for the literature of former days, he would not that you should draw the political conclusion that the past might yet return. Because he frankly acknowledged the moral authority of Cardinal Richelieu, he would not that you should draw from this the inference that he would accept M. de Villèle ; and when he knelt before the eloquence of Bossuet, he quickly rose again, remembering that in the midst of liberal France, missionaries were walking, whose unpleasant and ignorant doctrines were troubling every conscience, and burning upon the funeral pyre the whole of Voltaire's works. Thus divided between his loyal admiration for the past in France, and his sincere opposition to the restoration of so many things, the restoration of which was impossible, M. Villemain, to those who knew how to listen to him, was doubly interesting ; you were curious to watch how he obeyed these two contrary feelings, how he could be faithful at the same time to his admiration and his dislike ; how the respectful, devoted subject of Louis XIV., could maintain his opposition to Charles X. Assuredly, it was no easy task ; but with his usual skill, or what is yet more skilful, with the good fortune of his whole life, M. Villemain would accomplish his double purpose, without being false either to his admiration for the past, or his dislike of the present. He remained that which he chose to be, in literature, as in politics and religion, a critic of Boileau's school, who admired Shakspeare and M. Schlegel ; a passionate enthusiast for Bossuet, who acknowledged Diderot and Voltaire ; a chamberlain of Louis XIV., who would have been proud to make the king's bed with Molière, and who was nevertheless able, in all loyalty, to clap his hands at the final departure from France of the very Christian grandson of his very Christian majesty the great king.

As for the third orator, I can say much less of him than of the other two, for I have only heard him speak two or three times. There are some rebellious minds which can not enter into the finest things, and who would give the whole of Plato for one ode from Horace. What is called philosophy, strictly speaking, seems to them a kind of dream, without poetry and without reality—that is to say, the most melancholy of all dreams. I own, for my part, that I am of the number of those blind, rebellious persons, who shut their eyes lest they should see the truth ! M. Cousin has always been to me a sort of enigma without answer, and I would give all the labors of his life for one hour of M. Villemain's speech, or M. Guizot's teaching. And yet it must be confessed that M. Cousin was as popular when he spoke in the Sorbonne as his two fellow-laborers. He possessed that wonderful copiousness, which never recoils before any obstacle ; and provided he spoke, it signified little to him what he was about to say. Philosophy has its effrontery as well as eloquence, and in this the boldness is so much the easier, that neither your audience nor yourself attends precisely to the particulars of your discourse ; they must accept the medley, whatever it may be, whether it comes from ancient Greece or modern Germany. And the

more so, because, a man of the world, M. Cousin had used and abused this philosophical redundancy in which he excelled. He spoke with surprising facility; he had the gesture, the voice, the animation, the furious accent of a very demon; you would have said that he fought, like Hamlet, with some invisible phantom; and it was amusing to see his violent stabs in the air. I remember one day happening to enter his class, in which so many strange ideas were brought forward. At the moment of my entrance, the professor struck the pulpit with his two fists, and foaming at the mouth, with his hair standing on end, and his eyes flashing fire, he cried, "*No! no! we were not defeated at Waterloo!*" At this extraordinary announcement, judge whether his young audience did not clap their hands with delight, and partaking of the enthusiasm of the philosopher, repeat vehemently to themselves, "*No! no! we were not defeated at Waterloo.*" The great secret of M. Cousin consisted in this: he found it much easier and much more convenient to address himself to the passions of his hearers, than to their intelligence and good sense. By a stratagem which is very old, and which will yet always be new—when the enthusiasm of his class languished, like a true statesman he called to his aid, and made to vibrate, those great, immortal, and inexhaustible names of liberty, country, national independence. When his pupils were tired of the Sorbonne, he led them to the borders of the Rhine, and thence showed them the royal limits which France has lost, not forgetting to tell them at each lesson that there he had been a captive, which placed him on a false equality with General Lafayette, who had been a prisoner at Olmutz. In this way, the success of M. Cousin, equal to that of his two brothers, M. Guizot and M. Villemain, was, if not less loyal, at least more easy to merit, to obtain, to preserve. In the present day, M. Cousin has opened that fatal road of political flatteries in which more than one honest man in the Sorbonne has gone astray. Strange! here is a writer who speaks, a historian who teaches, a philosopher who disputes; the writer is self-possessed, and entirely under his own control; the historian governs his audience without granting them anything: of the three men, one only is carried away; it is the philosopher, and this very impetuosity forms his whole power. If you ask me by what course of reasoning M. Cousin proved that the French were not defeated at Waterloo, I can not very well tell you. I understood that it was in some such way as this: When two armies fight in a plain, it is not men who come to blows, but ideas. But in the battle of Waterloo, the French idea remained erect, surrounded by the dying and the dead; *ergo*, the French were not defeated at Waterloo.

A little stratagem, you will say, and a pardonable one, if eloquent. But then it was so easy to answer that at Waterloo it was the imperial idea which was at stake, and that therefore the French were defeated at Waterloo! After which, M. Cousin might have been told that he put a chorus to his philosophy, as Beranger did to his songs, for that this pretended victory had been shown, before he even thought of it, by Gonthier at the *Gymnase*, and by Vernet at the *Variétés*, in the *Soldat laboureur*.

A fourth power in the Sorbonne of that day, whom we have not yet named—a concealed power, it is true, but respected even on account of his modesty—was a man who had taken as much trouble not to be known, and not to belong to the French Academy, as is taken by all men who write prose or verse to become celebrated and to join the Academy. The man to whom I refer possessed in his single mind as much learning, ingenuity, and talent, as these three speakers who made so much noise around his silence. He despised fame as strongly as ordinary men esteem it; he descended from his pulpit as soon as he had no more to say; and his last lesson finished, nothing could make him resume the course, so great was his dislike to repeating on the morrow what he had said the day before. This man, concealed as he kept himself, was one of the greatest characters of the time; his talents were astounding, and had he possessed the slightest wish for it, he might have reigned at that period by his speech, just as M. Royer Collard did by his silence. His character was good, his integrity strict, his friendship sincere, his self-denial great. After having shone for two years in the revived Sorbonne, all the nothings of which he well knew, he re-

tired from the philosophical arena, without ever having wished to make of his own opinions a sort of dogma without appeal, as has happened to all other philosophers, past and present. This man, whose name you have already guessed—you who have so surrounded him with friendship, devotedness, and respect—was M. Laromiguière.

You can best judge if he was not a great writer, an honest moralist, an ingenious philosopher, an admirable pupil of Condillac's, who could never have hoped for such a pupil. He had reached doubt by all the paths which lead to belief, and within this indulgent doubt he enclosed himself, without ostentation, without vanity, naturally, and simply, as he has done in every event of his life. Such as he was, immoveable and silent in that Sorbonne which was agitated by so many different passions, M. Laromiguière was, for all—for the scholars as well as for the masters—a useful, an excellent lesson. By his personal resignation, he taught the scholars endurance and patience, which are the two great conditions of honorable life; by his modest and assuming habits, he taught the masters loyalty, self-denial, and devotedness. But alas! these noble lessons were lost upon pupils as well as masters; the pupils did not understand them, the masters refused to listen to them; and M. Laromiguière is now dead, leaving behind him an admirable book, without one single disciple who was worthy, or who would have accepted the permission, to replace this illustrious and excellent master. And now, what has become of the pupils of the three celebrated professors of the Sorbonne? and what has become of the professors themselves, M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin? The pupils have amused themselves in bringing about a revolution, that they might immediately afterward settle down again as good citizens and good national guards, like their fathers; the professors were first made deputies, and finding themselves deputies, each of them hoped at last to become a great orator. Most certainly this was an attempt in which M. Guizot did not fail. He has proved himself as eloquent a politician as a man of his stature could be, and ought to be, in the most difficult circumstances. All the hopes to which he had given rise in the historian's pulpit, M. Guizot fulfilled in the French tribune; he has governed by his speech, he has preserved the peace which M. Thiers did not desire! M. Villemain was rather slower than M. Guizot in becoming a political speaker; he hesitated long; he was like an exquisite singer, who can not catch the tune of a new piece of the new opera. At last, however, M. Villemain recovered his rapture, his brilliancy, his enthusiasm, his irony; it was the Chamber of Peers which performed this wonder. As for M. Cousin, once out of the pulpit, he pronounced with difficulty some confused words, to which men listened, on account of his past eloquence. But to return: how well has M. Guizot proved that he was in fact born for the serious struggles of politics! How suddenly he took upon him the positive tone of a member! and, indeed, what talent and what courage were necessary, for the professor of the Sorbonne to oppose, as he did, M. Thiers, who had but just arrived in the arena, who had sworn obedience to no royalty; a clever plebeian, sprung from the fruitful republican dust which Caius Gracchus hurled as he died.

Such was the Sorbonne in 1825; it was powerful, honored, respected; dreaded for its words, dreaded for its silence. It was proud of these three men, who spoke so wonderfully in its newly-revived pulpits, while at the top of the edifice, under its burning or frozen roof, in its disordered library, it had M. Laromiguière, whose pleasant irony was more expressive than the longest discourses. Thus were frustrated the most confident hopes of the Restoration, thus were baffled its most natural plans. It had said that it would raise altar against altar; that it would oppose the Sorbonne to the College of France; that within the enclosure of philosophy and literature, if the College of France represented the left side, the Sorbonne should represent the right . . . Alas! the left side was found everywhere, by the expiring monarchy. *Omnia pontus erat*, as Ovid says, speaking of chaos.

One of the fêtes which brings summer into the Sorbonne—a brilliant fête for the child who is about to become a young man—is the distribution of the prizes among all the colleges of Paris and of Versailles. This is the hour anticipated

throughout the whole year, by young minds, impatient for the future. Shall I tell you the expanding pride of the mothers, the animation of the children, the grave indifference of the professors, the number and the splendor of the crowns? At this fête of the princes of youth, you may hear mentioned with applause, all the great names of Paris, in politics, in literature, and in the arts; for the children of 1804 have become in their turn fathers of families, and the son nobly recalls at the Sorbonne the name and the glory of his father. But again we are far from the point whence we started. You can scarcely take one step, without the appearance of the monuments around you, recalling to remembrance the men who built them, or the men who gave rise to their renown. But this is one of the all-powerful charms of Paris, which is so filled with facts and ideas, with emotions and recollections. How many singular histories, how many incredible stories, have I picked up, in running here and there, somewhat at hazard, as the city was built! The mere recital of the hosts, or rather the lodgers of the Parisian Pantheon, would make one fancy he was in the midst of a fool's dream. And yet—vanity of glory! false and cruel popularity! scarcely had the people placed there their great men of a day, than they came to take them away again, that they might throw them in a ditch. Fy, then, fy! upon this tarnished glory! Better far, to remain unknown all your life, better far to repose in some peaceful village churchyard, beneath a wooden cross, where your children will come to pray to God! Wo to the dead whose tombs thus become the toy of political storms—*Ludibria ventis!*

And also, wo to the nations which do not respect even the tombs of their dead, the vanished centuries, the great men who have prepared the future by their courage, their science, or their genius! Shame upon the people—wo to the ungrateful men, who tear from their ancestors the last rags of their winding sheets! Saint Denis, the city of the royal dead, the last asylum of this conquered majesty! to these sacred vaults Philip the Hardy brought upon his shoulders the bones of his father Saint Louis, walking barefoot from Paris. Once destroyed, the church was rebuilt by Sainte Geneviève, finished by King Dagobert, protected by the Abbé Ségur, that wise politician, of such unruffled genius. The holy basilic acknowledges as its trusty and well-beloved founders, King Pepin and his son Charlemagne, who was himself present at its consecration in 775, so that not one of the great names in French history was absent from these noble stones. The Gothic art never imagined anything more perfect and more magnificent. Never did higher vault shelter more royal tombs. The first of the kings of France who wished to repose there for ever, was Dagobert. A part of the race of Pepin was, for a long time, buried there; King Pepin himself slept his last sleep in these vaults, by the side of Queen Bertha his wife, and not far from Louis and Carloman, the sons of Louis the Stammerer. Near these, you will find statues in stone of Clovis II. and Charles Martel. There are also cenotaphs to Philip the Hardy, and his terrible son Philip the Fair, the conqueror of the Normans, who had more than once pushed their insolent ravages even to the abbey of Saint Denis.

Shall I tell you all the names of this ancient history? By means of respectful care you will find them all, half effaced by revolutions, upon some of the old stones which still groan beneath the agony of kings; Eudes, Hugo Capet, Robert, Constance d'Arles, Constance de Castille, the second wife of Louis the Young, whose first wife, after her divorce, furnished so many enemies to France, and so many kings to England. Salute with respect Louis the Gross, who increased the liberty of the commons, Louis X., the Mutinous, and the wife of Saint Louis, Margaret of Provence. But is it your pleasure to invoke, as in a funeral dream, all these kings and queens of history? Hermintrude, Jane d'Evreux, Charles VIII., Philip the Long, Charles the Fair, Jane of Burgundy, Philip of Valois, and the Count of Paris, Hugo the Great, the friend of the Normans, and Charles the Bald, the only one of these kings who was an Emperor—broken crowns and sceptres, ashes scattered to the winds! Who else in this funeral list? Philip Count of Boulogne, Marie de Brabant his daughter, John Tristan Count de Nevers, Charles V. and Jane of Bourbon, Charles VI. and Isabella of Bavaria (reunited in death), Charles VII.—women, children, old

men, kings who have died, kings who have lived ; and amid this royal dust, a few great men, carried there for having saved France—Bertrand Duguesclin, for instance. There also was interred Louis XII., the father of his people, in those unhappy times when the people knew only how to suffer and to die. There, in his splendid mausoleum, a masterpiece of the art of the sixteenth century, reposed Francis I., as magnificent after his death as he had been during his life. All the tombs of the Valois hang together, as if with a presentiment of coming revolutions ; Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, and their eight children—eight children to leave no posterity upon the throne of France ! You may recognise Henry II. by the richness of his sarcophagus. Certainly, Philibert Delorme had passed over these tombs to protect them with his genius. Then came—for they were ticketed, race by race—the tombs of the house of Bourbon, *which had not its equal under the sun* ; to count only from Louis XII. to Henry IV., there were thirty-one corpses ! without reckoning Louis XIII., who so long expected upon the cold stones his son Louis XIV. ; without reckoning Louis XIV., who so long expected his grandson Louis XV. This latter was also expecting ; at last, one day, there was an arrival ; it was not the sexton ; it was the people who came. The stone of the royal tomb was broken, not raised, and the king interred there was thrown into his grave, with all the other kings of all the other races ; the innocent and the guilty, fathers of the people and tyrants, children, and women, and soldiers, and even the *good Henry*, and even M. de Turenne, who was treated by the people with little more respect than Saint Megrin himself, whose bones still smelt of the musk and amber, with which the favorite was impregnated during his life. Ashes scattered to the winds ! majesty insulted in death ! tombs profaned ! even the bones of their saints, the relics, the nail hanging to the cross, the hair of the Virgin, the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice of Henry the Great, the cup of the Abbé Sègur, the golden eagle of King Dagobert, the crowns of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria ; and the head of Saint Denis the martyr, the same head that he brought to this place in his two hands ! O profanation ! the cloak of Saint Louis, still covered with the ashes which served for a funeral bed to this great king, and his hand of justice, which was his support under the oak of Vincennes, and the coronation crown of Louis the Great, and the rich manuscripts upon vellum, and the golden cross of Charles the Bald, and the seat of Charlemagne, and his crown, and his sceptre, and his sword, and his spurs—the fragile crown of Henrietta of England—the coronation dress of Louis XIV. ; all these relics, sacred and profane, all these marvels disappeared, thrown by the same senseless anger, to the same winds and the same abominable tempests of a revolution !

But after you have visited the tombs of Saint Denis, when you have saluted the last Condé in his bier, when you have crossed the vast space which the funeral arrow occupies in the heavens, do not forget to seek out a beautiful little spot, the way to which the Parisian so well knows, that he could go there with his eyes shut. This place of pleasure and amusement is the island of St. Denis. A thorough boatman in a straw hat will take you into his bark, and if you fancy the voyage, you may make with him the tour of the island, which is covered with turf and white houses. Assuredly, each of these little houses is inhabited by a fisherman. The greatest manufacturer of nets, sweep nets, lines, and all kinds of tackle for fishing, lives in the island of Saint Denis. A long belt of poplars surrounds the island with its waving verdure. Here is nothing but songs, fêtes, lovers' appointments, endless gayeties. Once in the island of Saint Denis, you enjoy perfect liberty. No one recognises his friend. It is neutral ground ; every one is at home. The son does not acknowledge his father ; the father turns away his eyes, that he may not see his son. How many husbands who do not recognise their wives ! But then how many are there, who speak to each other no longer, when they have once quitted the island of Saint Denis !

Thus, at all times and in all places, we find the same contrasts. Flowers growing upon ruins ; trees in the most gloomy spots ; the smiling landscape not far from the most melancholy parts of the city ; Saint Geneviève at the Pantheon ; the freshest and happiest youths within the old walls of the Sorbonne ; the *Prado* by the side of the *Sainte Chapelle* ; and not far from the

insulted tomb of so many kings, the joyous cries, the merry dances, the savory matelot of the island of Saint Denis; it is always, as I told you in the early part of this chapter—*Paris white and Paris black!*

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAFE PROCOPE.

IT seems to me, that I have wandered far from the spot where we found ourselves just now, far from the Sorbonne, where we heard those three celebrated orators; indeed I imagine that before repairing to the vaults of Saint Denis, we stopped at the door of a public saloon, as famous in literary history as the French Academy.

In fact we were upon the threshold of the Café Procope—now calm, silent, and stuped, like all the cafés in Paris. What a change! The large room is almost deserted; two disciples of Hippocrates are playing dominos with a more important air, than if they were settling the destinies of an empire. Piled upon a table, lie unhonored, all the newspapers of the week; poison and honey, bites and caresses, the slang of the markets and the most beautiful French language, art and taste mingled with scandal and calumny; such is this work of light and darkness. It is a pandemonium, the danger of which is passed at midday, for this single reason, that it will recommence to-morrow. And yet this calm spot, this deserted room, these tables, around which there is no longer any agitation, all this silence—is the Café Procope, it is that spot in this immense city, where French *causerie* has exhibited its most lively impatience, its most dangerous zeal; all its briefs, all its paradoxes, all its scandals, all its resistance, all its opposition. To the Café Procope resorted, as to a common rendezvous of wit, eloquence, and vivacity, the men, who, in their play, have overthrown a religion and a monarchy; Voltaire, Piron, Diderot, d'Alembert, the Baron d'Holbach, the Baron de Grimm, the bold and intrepid Gilbert, J. B. Rousseau, who made himself hated for his hateful satires, and sometimes, J. J. Rousseau himself, when, overcoming his natural timidity, he dared to meet the rapture, wit, and raillery of these men. There was so much noise you could not hear yourself speak, there were utopias beyond all imagination. People talked of everything and many things beside. The one party proclaimed liberty, equality, and natural rights; while their opponents violently defended established order, and repulsed with all their power the advancing revolution. Useless efforts! the revolution was to become the strongest, and to draw with it, all men, the conquered and the conquerors, the feeble and the strong, those who were in advance of the age, and those who were far behind it. Of all the intellect expended in the Café Procope, of the eloquent, overflowing abundance of Diderot, within these four walls, what now remains? A glass of *eau sucrée*, a marble table, and a game of dominos!

I have also, not without emotion, traversed the whole island of Saint Louis, an unknown neighborhood, a city forgotten within the city. At the point of the island, formerly stood, disdainful and proud, the Hotel Lambert. The ceilings were covered with the rarest specimens of art, the walls were laden with the noblest paintings. The palace of Farnese, the work of the Carracci, is not more splendid and magnificent. All the great artists of the great age counted it an honor, and a duty, to embellish this rich dwelling. . . . O profanation! the gallery of Lebrun has become a deposite for military beds; the rich cabinets where you might behold the most wonderful remains of Lesueur's genius, the vast saloons, the cabinet of *love*, the cabinet of *the muses*, the beautiful works of Herman Van Swanevelt, the magnificent chambers by François Périer,

François Romanelli, Patel ; the interminable refectory where the whole city used to dine, where all that was young and beautiful, and witty, and powerful, and rich, was welcome ; this rendezvous of art, and taste, and genius, and imagination, which makes something out of nothing—this elegant dwelling bought by Voltaire, but never inhabited by him, through which J. J. Rousseau passed when the Hotel Lambert belonged to M. Dupin the farmer-general—that *Gallery of Hercules*, in which Napoleon held his last council during the Hundred Days—is nothing but a ruin, open to every wind that blows. Singular Paris ! singular misery ! strange society ! what strange men ! they go here and there, picking up the slightest toys of former times ; they buy at an extravagant rate, worm-eaten furniture, pieces of broken porcelain, the least relics of former license and grandeur ; the possession of the smallest canvass of Watteau's, of Lancret's, or of some dauber of the last century, is disputed with fury by the amateurs ; but if the question is to save an exquisite gallery, adorned by the best and most illustrious masters in all the arts, not one purchaser presents himself, not one man who will accept this glory, for which the artists would so warmly thank him ! But perhaps they ask a high price for the Hotel Lambert ? This noble house, built and filled with these beautiful works, would be sold, for what is barely the price of a few metres of land, on the Place de la Bourse, or near the galleries of the Palais Royal.

There were also splendid paintings in the Hotel Bretonvilliers, which is falling into ruins just like the Hotel Lambert. All these noble houses, once inhabited by so many honorable magistrates, now shelter, although in very small numbers, some of the poor creatures, who are too poor to pass their lives in the dark, unwholesome streets, in the narrow, dirty houses, in the noisy crossways, in all the joys of the Parisian. A melancholy abode this island of Saint Louis, with so goodly a prospect, so well placed on the borders of the river, so well surrounded by water and verdure ! But silence, repose, sleep, are joys which appear so many torments, to our gentlemen the inhabitants of Paris !

It must also be acknowledged, that, for the most part, the eager Parisian antiquarians whom you meet at the sale of national antiquities—the amateurs who tear from each other, by the power of gold, these fragments and rags, are, in fact, urged onward, not by science, not by a veneration for past times, not by a platonic love for historical things, but simply by the fashion, by vanity, by the pitiful desire to ornament in an original way, their bed-rooms, their parlors, their little boudoirs, which are a thousand times unworthy of such precious relics. Tell them of a curious morceau which will stand upon a chimney-piece or a bracket, the antiquarians of the Chaussée d'Antin are all excitement ; they will go and pay dearly enough for this middle-age so easily transported. Tell them of a really beautiful thing to save, at twenty leagues' distance from the Rue du Mont Blanc, or even on the other side of the Seine, you speak to the deaf, you question the dumb, you address yourself to the blind ! True antiquarians are very rare in this city of gewgaws, of vanities and caprices, the city without recollection, without veneration, without respect ! She has no forefathers, she will have no grandsons. She has made of past times a diversion, a declamation : she will be the plaything, or more properly speaking, she will be the first oblivion of the future. Those antiquarians, who yet remained to Paris, the enthusiastic friends of the great French artists whose names they taught to their century—Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin, Germain Pilon, Philibert Delorme, Jean Bullant—Paris lost in the same year ; M. du Sommerard, the master of the Hotel Cluny ; and especially M. Lenoir. Two men of very different destiny ! M. du Sommerard was the rich antiquarian, active and faithful, who obeys a passion, and has the means of satisfying it, even to the end : M. Lenoir was the poor, timorous, discontented, unhappy antiquarian, much to be pitied, whose passion has twice failed him, and who at last died alone, deprived of the most beautiful things, not purchased with money, but which he had saved at the risk of his life.

The death of M. Alexandre Lenoir was a great misfortune, for on that day, the arts lost, if not their most eminent, at least their most courageous defender. In those times of shameful memory, at the fatal moment when the whole French

society was murdered upon the scaffold, the wretches who regretted that France was not comprised in one single head, in order that it might be cut off at a single blow, began to attack the oldest monuments of this great and living history. They commenced a crusade against chefs d'œuvre, axe in hand, cutting down without remorse, the altar of God, the throne of the king, the tomb of the dead; and yet in the general stupor, not one voice was raised against the bloodthirsty profaners. It will be told to the dishonor of the age, and to the shame of the country—statues were suffered to be mutilated, as if they were only living heads; museums were dispersed, as if nothing but the relics of saints; from the books of the royal library were torn the covers stamped with the fleur de lis, too happy if they escaped forming a large fire. Alone, in this multitude of cowards, a poor man, who was nothing but an antiquarian, followed the track of these sad profanations. Alas! he could prevent nothing; he could not preserve from destruction, a single one of those chefs d'œuvre which were so basely injured, but he could groan aloud, but he could follow the spoilers closely, and of this France in shreds, he could gather up some remnants, with a pious respect. This is exactly what he did; this man who showed himself to be more courageous than even Madame Roland; he disputed, piece by piece, morsel by morsel, all these brutal spoliations; he assembled in his house, all these melancholy remnants of the great centuries, the stones condemned to death, the massacred marbles, the emblems, the paintings, the virgins, the kings and queens, the ancient honor of history; the constables, the admirals, the chiefs of the magistracy; notched swords, broken sceptres, torn ermines, a frightful assemblage of mutilations and outrages. Yes, he dared to pick up these relics, even before the multitude, in the very presence of the executioners themselves. It was he, he alone, who dared to defend, in full Sorbonne, the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu. This tomb was the masterpiece of Girardon, the well-loved sculptor of Louis XIV. A blow from a bayonet, stretched M. Lenoir at the foot of Richelieu's tomb; but, as he fell, he thanked his tormentors, for the beautiful marble was saved. You can not doubt, that, although the only one among the honest people of France, he yet assisted, at the insolent opening of that great royal ditch called the *Abbey of Saint Denis*. He was the witness of that dreadful reaction of the populace against the kings, which commenced with Dagobert, and finished with Louis XV. And you may judge of his dismay, when all these royal races, withdrawn from the funereal night, strewn with their remains the sepulchral flags. Well! in these frightful circumstances of modern history, M. Lenoir's courage did not fail him; he gathered up the scattered bones, and as the crowd stopped respectfully before a soldier, whose gray mustache they thought they recognised, M. Lenoir pronounced the name of Henry IV.; at that great name, all the red caps bowed. From the abbey of Saint Denis, the ruffians went to all the churches in Paris, to Notre Dame, to Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, to Saint Eustache, to Saint Germain des Prés, overthrowing and demolishing everything in their passage. But always, after these bands, arrived the worthy antiquarian, collecting, saving, protecting these spoils, and when he could save nothing, he returned home, his hands empty, his heart swelling with grief; he had lost his day. Poor man! no one admired him for his devotedness, or his courage; no one, not even the lawful monarch, thanked him for the many wrecks he had saved; and yet the little that France knew of the facts and the monarchy of former days, it owed in part to M. Lenoir.

The other antiquarian whom France lost, shortly after the death of M. Lenoir, was M. du Sommerard. All those, throughout intelligent Europe, who take an interest in ancient poetry, in the manners, the habits, the furniture, the costumes of former days, know the name of M. du Sommerard. He was one of the first honorably to reinstate the thorough and minute study of the history of France. Of the nameless shreds, the worm-eaten remnants, the dust of ages collected at so great a price, M. du Sommerard composed at once a poem and a history; a poem full of ingenious fictions, a history in positive proofs. M. du Sommerard was avowedly the man of his favorite passion. Although now by a recent law, the French Chamber of Deputies have adopted this noble museum, of which they have made a national glory, M. du Sommerard had never

felt the ambition of forming a museum, but simply an admirable collection of all kinds of forms, of relics, of tatters, which he alone could understand. Before becoming a museum, his house was at first an immense accumulation of things, the future value of which he well knew.

History will doubtless tell you, and with much more anger and indignation than we do, by what a succession of profanations, all the past of France was thus injured and destroyed, in the year 1793. With equal certainty, when arrived at this sad chapter of murder and ravages, history will consult the notes that M. du Sommerard has collected; the statues and bronzes sold by auction, the populace assembling tumultuously around the cathedrals, and with horrible delight making a bonfire of the paintings and the images; the church of Sens deprived of its statues; Saint Etienne du Mont robbed of the bas-reliefs of Germain Pilon; at Mayence, the *Descent from the Cross* by the same artist broken in pieces; at Gisors, the windows of the church reduced to dust by blows from stones; at Strasburg, the statues of the cathedral falling by thousands; everywhere, in fact, wherever art and civilization had passed, at Meudon, at Soissons, at Marfontaine, at Port Malo, at Saint Lô, at Coutances, at Port Briene, spoliation, and ravages, the most senseless and the most melancholy fury had left traces of their passage. "The Vandals of the fifth century never destroyed so many masterpieces," often repeated M. du Sommerard. Now you can believe, that it was a great act of courage in these frightful days, to dare only to pick up the smallest fragment which had escaped the rage of the Vandals, the Visigoths, and the Ostragoths of the Reign of Terror.

Apropos of M. Lenoir and M. du Sommerard, I have heard it said of a learned bishop, the honor of French episcopacy, that one day he was walking with much alarm, in the garden of Versailles. How the gardens were changed! The beautiful turf, which the greatest beauties of the court scarcely pressed with their delicate feet, had been faded by the trampling of a vile and furious populace; the solitary alleys where walked, formerly, Bousset and the great Condé, had been devastated and ruined by the hundred-armed Briareus; in the basins, the waters plashed sadly around naiads whose urn was broken; through that still half-opened window, the alarmed eye could discern the violent mutilations of the canaille.—In the garden all was silent. The crowd had gone with the king and queen of France, carried off in the same tornado. Our pious bishop, then young, walked sadly through the desert, when among the wrecks with which the ground was strewed, he discovered a decapitated head. . . . Do not be alarmed, it was a marble head; some beautiful countenance of a severe and chaste antique statue, Minerva, Juno, Proserpine or the mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia. It was so beautiful, even thus, that our young man could not resist the inclination to carry home with him the noble sculpture. From the garden and the palace of Versailles, to pass to a mansard in the Rue Saint Jacques, after having been the guest of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to inhabit only the chamber of a proscribed priest, of one condemned beforehand! Such was the history of this beautiful marble; but at that time happy was he, who knew where to find a hiding-place for the night, sure of becoming a wanderer again on the morrow.

At last, after much hesitation, the young Levite took possession of the broken head, and concealing it under his cloak, he carried it off, prouder and happier than the Chevalier Desgrieux, when the beautiful Manon conveyed him beyond the walls of Saint Sulpice. Arrived at the gate of the garden, our young antiquarian is stopped by a terrorist of the place. "What are you carrying under your cloak, thief?" And seeing the noble head which had come from so great a distance, from Rome, or perhaps from Greece, to be thus mutilated after an interval of two thousand years, "Ah," cried the bandit, "here is the queen's head, I must have yours in return."

And immediately, the trembling abbé is led to the district. "I am ruined," says he to himself; "it will be found out that I am a gentleman and a priest." He enters. The president questions him. Fortunately for him the president conceals a noble heart under his *carmagnole*, and a clear head under his red cap. "What has this citizen done?" he asks the accuser.—"He has stolen a statue," replies he.—"A statue?" answers the president, "it is impossible.

You could not have been carrying a statue! He has only taken a piece of the tyrant's marble. Let him go, and give him back his marble."

But to return to M. du Sommerard. By means of care and respectful research, was formed in the mind of this excellent man, a kind of history in examples, in models, in relics, to which nothing could be compared. He had realized the whole history of France, but of France studied in detail, in the chapels, the manors, the palaces of her kings, in the cemeteries of her churches, in the houses of her citizens. This people of France whom the historian shows you in action, in battle, in belief, M. du Sommerard saw—not fighting, not in the action itself—but he knew, the hour before and after it, how the soldier was dressed, and what mail the captain wore, and how the scarf was woven which the fair damsel waved from the top of her tower, and by whom the tower had been built, and on what instrument the favorite page played, and what sculptor had embellished the high portal. Thus supported by such incontestable examples, he reduced the whole history to a thousand little details of the greatest amusement; carpets, ribands, garments, windows, halberds, laces, dresses for the ladies, armor for the heroes, books for the learned; he knew the condition of the people under Charlemagne by their cabinets; he knew the position of the court in the time of Francis I. by their dishes and plates. It was a strange and rare history of which he had suppressed all the noise, all the movements, all the facts, all the clamor, and left nothing but the external appearance. The hotel de Cluny, thus furnished by three historical centuries, was, strictly speaking, the palace of the sleeping beauty in the wood. All slept, all passed, all grew old. Our grandmothers would not dare to wear the dress of the young woman lying there; but suddenly, at the sound of the horn, all this banished past returns to life, and with life, comes grace, strength, youth; the sleeping lady was but little in the fashion just now, but once awoke, she is young, smiling, and blooming, her beautiful large blue eyes express much astonishment. . . . The sleep of a century is over; all reappears at the sound of the horn, in this palace of sleep, youth, bloom, and beauty.

This awakening sound of the horn you have heard, in the histories of M. de Barante, and M. Guizot, and M. Thierry; they also have restored life and motion to these inert forms, they have thrown light into this profound darkness; but yet in rendering justice to the historian who animates and forms, let us not forget the patient, skilful devoted men, who preserve palaces, and castles, and sceptres, and swords, and old furniture; all the necessary decoration, all the material of history.

The hotel de Cluny, thanks to M. du Sommerard, is so well-known that it is useless to repeat a description so often given. The learned and benevolent antiquarian did not wish to keep all his riches to himself; on the contrary, he did the honors of his house very willingly. There was one day in each week when all the lovers of historical relics were welcome in the old mansion. You first entered the chapel (1490), which was in excellent preservation; and there suddenly among the canopies, the wreaths, the grapes, the vine branches, the emblazoned arms of Charles VIII., and Louis XII., you will find yourself in full middle age. Here the altarpiece of the abbey of Everborn, ornamented with the finest Flemish figures; farther off the beautiful portable crosses, the *ostensorium*, in gilt copper (1304), the cross of red ivory, the chorister's stick, and farther still, the embroidered apparatus of copes, and chasubles, and stoles, and tunics, and the colors of Limoges, and the Grecian encaustic paintings; the reading desk, and upon it, beautiful manuscripts, one of which bears the arms of Henry III.; the illusion is such, that you inhale the old incense of the oratory, a vanished incense, an obedient and faithful incense, which has returned in the train of all this religious art.

From the chapel you pass into the *chamber of Francis I.*, or rather of *Queen Blanche*, and here you have before you an entire collection of all the magnificence, royal or popular, of past ages. The door of this chamber of Francis I. had been the door of the chateau d'Anet; a discreet door with a sill of ivory and gold, which remembers Diana of Poitiers and Henry II. The chess-board had belonged to Saint Louis. A city of France had offered this rare

treasure to Louis XVIII.; Louis XVIII., who cared for nothing but his throne and his repose, gave the chess-board of the pious king to a man in his household, and this man sold it to M. du Sommerard. Vanity of associations and of respect!

The bed in this room of Francis I. was in fact that of the knight king. The frieze panel was painted by Primaticcio, the Christ is by Albert Durer; here are the stirrups and the spurs of the king of France; here is the complete armor, the buckler, the helmet, the armed vizor, the Spanish dagger, the *good lance of Toledo*, as modern drama has since called it, the haulmes, the morions, the head-pieces, the partisans, the lances, the arquebuses, the gauntlets, the knee-caps—all the apparatus of the soldier and the knight.

But now comes in its turn, the paraphernalia of the coquette; the mirrors, the worked toilet-covers, the wooden distaff and its spindles; the medallion of Francis I., the purses, until at last, in the great saloon, you find the entire collection of ebonyes, images, crystals, little figures, Italian, Flemish, and French ivory, mosaics in hard stone, birds, landscapes, cornelians, inlaid work, shells, miniatures, cabinets, china, bas-reliefs, jugs, coffers that are named in Brantome, plate, low cupboards, all the apparatus of good living, vases as brilliant as gold, cups, basins, glasses, the massive Flemish sideboard, everything clever or ingenious that has ever been produced by the manufacturers of Faenza, of Montpellier, of Limoges, of Flanders, and of France, in a word, the finest works of Bernard Palissy, and his pupils. How joyous these banquets must have been! what bon mots! what merry jokes! what Gallic wit!

Such was the admirable collection to which the stranger knew the way, and of which the Parisian was proud, as he is proud of his Louvre and his Jardines-Plantes. By his hospitable benevolence, M. du Sommerard still more increased the interest of his museum. He did its honors with exquisite politeness, explaining everything after the fashion of a very learned man, who has not lost his right of imagination and of invention. But M. du Sommerard is dead; he died at Meudon, speaking of the passion which had occupied his life; but he died, not like an antiquarian, in the darkness of the hotel de Cluny, within the ancient walls, under the worm-eaten canopies, beneath beams as old as the house of Valois; no, he had better objects for his last view, trees laden with fruit, leaves still green, limpid water, and a clear sky. Thus vanished, beneath a brilliant ray of the sun, all the clouds, all the mysteries, all the dust which had been the joy of this worthy man. And so, however a man may like to live among antiquities, he prefers to die beneath the trees and the sun.

But what are we doing? and what fancy has seized us, ever and anon, to sadden the happy pages of a splendid book, with these recollections of deaths and funerals? Come, let us no longer talk of these miseries, let us throw off the funeral crape, let us be calm and happy! Let us turn to the alley of the Champs Elysées; it is truly the carrousel of the spring fêtes, and summer pleasures. For instance, the promenade of Longchamps, where will you find a more animated sight? We are in the last days of the holy week. Easter already throws its green palms in the forest, Passion Wednesday is not far off, and yet, there is suddenly a strife as to which can show the richest ornaments, the newest dresses, the most magnificent harness, the most modern carriages. This day a trial is made of elegance, of luxury, of the toilet, of brilliancy; the promenade at once assumes a grave and imposing appearance. People are no longer there merely to exhibit themselves, but to be judged. At this moment, every lady trembles for her empire, every cavalier for his horse. She would fain be so beautiful! He would fain appear so well-mounted! Both the one and the other, in order that they may be better seen, go slowly; they cross the crowd which looks at them; and among that crowd stand most attentively—for they play an important part in this affair—the milliner who has decorated the bonnets, the seamstress who has trimmed the stuffs, the coachmaker who has fitted up the carriages, the dealer who has sold the horses on credit. They see themselves pass in all their glory, they applaud themselves, they admire their own work. For them, this day will decide the success of the next season; it is a

question of popularity or death. In fact, *to succeed* here is the whole history of the men and women, the poets and artists, the orators and soldiers, the merchants and coquettes of the city of Paris!

CHAPTER V.

PARIS A COQUETTE.

THE good city of Paris has in every age, contained some of those original dreamers, those singular minds, which often seem to have the art of attaining truth, by all kinds of ingenious and charming pleasantries. Such were the writers of the satire *Ménippée*, such was Rabelais, and such D'Aubigné, the celebrated author of a book which the French do not sufficiently esteem, the *Baron de Phæneste*; such was Sainte Foy, one of the most agreeable writers of his time, Duclos, the man at once honest and cunning, as J. J. Rousseau said, and the important author of the *Caractères de ce Siècle*, Labruyère, and Molière, without forgetting the charming railler of such real genius, to whom France owes the *Persian letters*, that living history of Parisian manners. In all times, the city of Paris has loved that people should speak to her, to herself, of herself; all the writers who have occupied themselves with her manners and history, have been certain of her kindness and indulgence. In this particular, she resembles the coquettes, who love to look at themselves in the glass. Thus, after having read the great novelists, the excellent historians of the Parisian world, I have turned my attention to less-celebrated beholders, I have put myself in the track of the street observers, the moralists of the crossway, the legendaries of the Pont Neuf. In Paris, above all, the clever men who talk a little at random, the *good patriots*, the discontented who ridicule everything, are numerous, and may be found in every place, in the cafés, in the gardens, in the Palais Royal, on the boulevards, wherever people talk, and above all, wherever people listen. Well! of all these speakers and writers of the elegant and unceremonious race of Diogenes, he whom I prefer, is a man named Mercier. This Mercier, among other very curious paradoxes, which he has lavished, as the prodigal lavishes his gold, has written a book called, *The Year two thousand four hundred and forty*. I have read this book, and what proves better than anything we can say, the progress of the Parisian world, is, that Mercier's dream, the fabulous tale which certainly passed in his own days for a fool's imagination, is accomplished, not as he barely hoped, in six hundred and seventy-two years, but in less than sixty years at most. What a city, in which if Epimeridus were to sleep twenty years, he would not recognise, on waking, the place in which he composed himself to rest!

Mercier supposes then, that he goes to sleep in 1768, and that he wakes in the midst of Paris, after having slept six hundred and seventy-two years. You can imagine how complete is the surprise of our sleeper; he can see with a glance of the eye, all the streets which are such thoroughfares, all the elegant, well-lighted and well-aired houses. Almost before he is awake, his old dress annoys him, with its faded and absurd embroidery; he lays by his sword, his three-cornered cap, and takes a round hat, a frock coat, and a cane. He shakes the powder from his hair, which reassumes its natural color. His neck is warmly wrapped in a good cravat; his foot is enclosed in handsome shoes or boots; he no longer resembles a marquis, but to make amends for this, he looks like a man. Thus clad, he notices that the streets are neat and clean, that the carriages are driven carefully, and run over no one; the streets which bore bad names have received the names of the greatest men in France; the Pont-au-Change is relieved from the abominable houses which encumbered it. He

dreams also—delightful dream! that the Bastille is demolished, and that its frightful stones are scattered here and there throughout the world. In the meantime, the garden of the Tuileries is open to all pedestrians; the Hotel Dieu is cleansed; in the purified house of the Bicetre there are no longer cells, in which madmen are confined like wild beasts; the powder-magazine is removed to a distance from the city. Every one throughout France enjoys freedom of speech, and the liberty of writing as he pleases; a monument is raised to Corneille, to Molière, to La Fontaine. In the colleges, Latin, Greek, and history, are rarely learned, but the greatest attention is paid to the French language. Having reached the site of the Sorbonne, our man asks himself where is the Sorbonne. There is no longer a Sorbonne, that is to say, there are no longer theologians who burn people, philosophers who condemn them. He dreamed also, at that time, that the ocean and the Mediterranean, that England and Italy, that Prussia and Spain, were at the gates of Paris—the dream is accomplished, it is surpassed a hundred times; steam and railroads have given to Europe, the unity which it previously wanted. Could Mercier now return to the world, how would he start, alarmed and delighted, to find his dreams exceeded by the reality!

But night comes upon the city of the year 2440, and immediately, thanks to a thousand brilliant fires, it is as light as day. But the clearness which illuminates the streets every evening, the blazing gas which circulates in the air, like water in the stream—this is what Mercier never dared to imagine. He also dreamed—and this is fulfilled—that the city was guarded by a citizen militia, that the sons of the king were educated with the children of the people, that the dead man was never removed from his house until after twenty-four hours of hope and respect, that the cemeteries abandoned inhabited neighborhoods to take refuge upon the heights. Already, even at that time, Mercier dreamed that in the *Works of Voltaire*, the all-powerful king, several useless volumes could be retrenched. They do better than this in France, they no longer read any but the creditable passages of his complete works, no longer do they play *Mahomet*, nor *Rome Sauvée*, nor the American *Alzire*; even the *Henriade* has scarcely left its name upon the list of epic poems. He dreamed also, good man (I speak of Mercier), that the writers in the kingdom of wit, would at last put an end to their calumnies and their abuse; the prediction will be accomplished, but much later, and when the time of which he dreamed is forgotten. One idle day, our man of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty* went to the French Academy; *it had preserved its name*, but the number of academicians was no longer limited. At that time, to obtain admittance into its learned enclosure, it was not enough to be a bishop, a duke and peer, or marshal of France. The proverb which said, "*No one can enter the Academy without an equipage*," had been abolished.

The same changes had taken place in the exhibition of painting; sanguinary battles, and the atrocious crimes committed by the children of fable, were proscribed: the heathen divinities remained concealed in their shame. Henry IV. feeding the city which he besieges, Sully, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius—such were the heroes of modern painting. Pictures were no longer exposed, in the street, to every wind, but were placed in the Louvre, in the midst of the vast galleries; even the Louvre itself was open to foreign artists. At last, France, aroused from its unjust prejudices, acknowledged as great masters, too long neglected, Poussin and Lesueur, and all justice was rendered to them. Allegory was not forbidden, but it must be clear, distinct, and lively. Wretched heretics, consumed on the pyre, illustrated the ages of ignorance and barbarism. The eighteenth century was represented by a beautiful woman, of threatening aspect; her bare neck and arms were loaded with diamonds and pearls; her cheek was covered with paint, her smile was seductive and deceitful; two rose-colored ribands concealed the chains which bound her hands; her dress was magnificent, but the hem of it was stained with mud. This woman had several pale, wretched children; in vain did she try to hide them beneath her purple cloak, the livid countenances of the poor little things appeared through the holes of her mantle. They asked food with cries and tears; the mother, with a sparing hand, gave

them black bread. The background of the painting represented superb castles, marble palaces, vast forests peopled by stags and deer; the horn resounded from afar; joy, feasting, and abundance, were seen in these rich dwellings: but the surrounding country was badly cultivated; the laborer, worn out with fatigue, died of hunger upon his sleeves of corn; taxes and salt duty devoured the substance of these unhappy creatures. So much for painting. As for sculpture, it had again become the grave serious art, of the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The sculptor would have blushed, to chisel heads without glory, or countenances without modesty; he reserved his work for great men, and noble actions. He knew that marble is immortal, and must not be abused. Engraving naturally obeyed the two arts which it is destined to render popular; the revolution was the same in all the arts.

This man had yet another dream; he dreamed that the ladies married without dowry. He dreamed also—and this explains the *without dowry*—that all the young women were gentle, modest, and patient, that their language was kind and free from affectation, and that all their delight was to bring up their children, and not to appear beautiful and well-dressed. In desperate cases, he summoned divorce to the aid of married people. What is very strange in all this, is, that even in France, this dream of divorce has not been unfulfilled. Divorce has visited the laws of these people, and it has left them as it entered them, without making any great change in their manners.

The chapter on commerce is no less singular than the chapter on taxes. "Taxes," says our dreamer, "will only be paid by willing men." As for commerce, Mercier has ideas upon this subject, which the different customhouses of Europe have not adopted. He proscribes with one stroke of the pen, tea, coffee, and tobacco—three great sources of revenue, three great causes of pleasure. And here we launch into one of those dissertations, which were so dear to the philosophers of last century. The question was thus put—it was a grave one, although it appears ridiculous to us now: Can a gentleman be allowed to engage in trade? The Marquis de Lasay—one of the malcontents of the year 1736, the author of several songs much liked by the black and gray musketeers—maintained that trade was the loss of all nobility; but M. de Lasay was answered by the example of the English nobility; one of their peers, Lord Oxford, had a brother who was a manufacturer at Aleppo; the minister of state, Lord Townshend, was one of the city merchants. It was a great subject of debate; people stopped at that definition of a gentleman which says, *He is a gentleman who can serve his country gratis*. Yes, but at least, the country or the king must employ all these servants, even for nothing; otherwise, what will become of them in idleness? who will give them the food and clothing of each day? Leave the nobles in their castles, and they will be besieged there by famine; and besides, why wish to condemn a whole race to misery? why forbid them this privilege? You will make officers of them, say you—but in time of peace, France is contented with seven hundred and twenty thousand soldiers, under the conduct of fifteen thousand officers. Louis XIV. himself, when he made war on the whole of Europe, commanded five hundred thousand men, guided at most by thirty thousand officers. What is this, for so many people? Fifteen thousand places to give, in a kingdom of thirty thousand square leagues, without counting Lorraine, and when each square league reckons two noble houses, each house containing six gentlemen, which makes three hundred and sixty thousand officers, for thirty thousand places at most!

And if, to these, you add the nobility of the cities, you will reach the number of five hundred and forty thousand individuals, who dare not confess their poverty, because they are noble. But now, run through these seigneurial estates which can not support their lords—these farms, the harvest of which is seized beforehand—these castles which crumble to dust, and of which nothing remains but the escutcheon attached to their fronts, and tell us what is to become of so many poor men, crushed beneath their nobility? Permit them, then to make their fortunes by trade. It is a useful profession, which returns more than it costs, which needs all arms and all minds. Permit these gentlemen to cultivate the land, to drain marshes, to seek throughout the world, the elements of fortune—

navigation, agriculture, marriage, kindred, labor—all things which are connected by a necessary bond; let the nobility become rich, and they will become great. Commerce has drained the marshes of Holland; nobility has ruined Poland. Let us take pity on these unhappy gentlemen, who for want of a little money, are deprived even of necessities; with difficulty do they keep the portion which returns to them, of the corn and wine which France produces. It is not for them, that Abbeville weaves her cloths, Lyons her silks, Beauvais her tapestry; it is not for them, that Valenciennes produces her laces, that Paris sends to every place her glasses and her fashions; for them, that the colonies cultivate sugar, coffee, and cotton. Luxury is not within their reach; only too happy are they, when they have a coat to cover them. Do not then, force them to confine themselves within the barren limits of their devastated estates. Land fails them in their own country, let them take possession of the sea, *that one of all inheritances of which monarchs claim the greatest share*, said Cardinal Richelieu, and yet it is the one, over which every man has a right. The real titles of this dominion are might, and not right. And indeed, what a fine inheritance for those who have no other. With one hand, France touches the Mediterranean—with the other, the Ocean. Colbert had thrown a bridge across the sea, but under Louis XV. this bridge crumbled in every direction. England is everywhere with twenty thousand sail, and a hundred and fifty thousand sailors employed in her traffic. But what are our gentlemen about, in this universal eagerness? They go to Versailles imploring favors from the king; to lawful gain they prefer royal alms. Themistocles said in his time, "*He who is master of the sea is master of all.*" Why banish from the sea, the most intelligent men in France? And finally, on which side is honor, decency, importance, dignity, true nobility—on the side of the gentlemen, who spend with equal uselessness their money and their lives, or of the trader who make his own fortune and that of his neighbors?

And besides, every gentleman is a merchant, who sells his corn, his wine, and the wool from his flocks. In vain did Scipio Africanus boast of having bought nothing, and sold nothing; he had undertaken a difficult problem, to remain at the same time, inaccessible to poverty and fortune.

Such was the controversy with the gentlemen of the last century; they had a great wish to become citizens, but dared not frankly own their wish. They saw that the activity of those who were not noble encroached upon them on every side; they saw that idleness was their ruin and their misery; but yet, how could they escape from it, how contradict the opinions of past times, how acknowledge that they had so long been the dupes of a false privilege? These uncertainties were cruel, they lasted a long time, too long, for at last the day of awaking proved a terrible one; they were surprised in their profound idleness, as they were reading Cr billon's last romance, wearing their last uniform, driving in their gilded carriages their last mistresses, trying to appease their last creditors; the revolution took them, and precipitated them into the abyss with a pitiless hand; it broke the Venetian glasses, tore the Gobelin tapestries, threw down the statues of Coustou, effaced from the brilliant walls the works of Vanloo and of Cochin. With one blow it destroyed everything, first the throne, and then the duchies, the peerdoms, the marquises, the earldoms, the baronies. Such a lady, who used to have her jewels reset every year, found herself obliged, in the middle of winter, to wash the linen of her former servant, now become her mistress; the coxcomb who could hardly carry his sword, became a porter at the door of the hotel once his own: revenge for the past was complete and terrible. It was against such misfortunes as these, that our dreamer Mercier wished to guard. He had foreseen all these miseries, he had studied all the follies of the economists, and this was why he carried reform everywhere; into the courts, and the interiors of houses; he surrounded with respect the father and the mother of the family, he took from the rooms all the fragile toys, the porcelain, the varnish, the gilding; he required that the conversation should be grave and useful, that the youths should resemble men and not children; that the females should be demure, reserved, modest, and busy. He prohibited cards, the harpsichord, and the violin; but he tolerated the flute, and sweet, human

voices. In the city of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty*, people went to bed early, that they might rise early; it was as much a point of honor to be in good health, as to be an honest man. A beautiful dream, as yet unfulfilled, while it appears the easiest of all to bring about; but to make up for this, Mercier imagined improvements which have been accomplished; the telegraph, the science of languages, the cultivating of waste lands, the equality of men. He required also that the state should contract no more debts; that the right of mortmain should be suppressed in all the demesnes of France; that inoculation should be established; here the reality has surpassed the dream, vaccination has been introduced. Farther still, he arranged, according to his own fancy, the Ottoman empire, and the empire of Germany. He gave to France, Egypt and Greece; to England, Portugal; and to Russia, Constantinople. He imagined that the French wines became the beverage of all the nations of Europe, but then they were the pure, unadulterated juice of the grape. In this way he proceeds in his dreams; he will have no more pensions from the state, each must gain his own livelihood, and be prudent on his own account. He goes so far as to predict to France, the future possession of Africa; and, finally, he maintains, that, one day, which in fact was not very distant, you would be able to walk under the waters of the sea; in a word, he is a delightful and ingenious dreamer. I own, for my part, that I have read very few books, which interested me as much as this history of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty*.

The author of this strange dream, so strangely accomplished, dreamed again—and this time the thing appeared impossible—that, when he was dead, his corpse would not be thrown to the worms. He said the day would come, when the bodies of those we have loved, preserving their natural form, would be saved from the last outrages of the tomb, and above all from the insults of the embalmer. “No, no;” said he, “the surgeon will no longer be seen plunging his knife into the mortal remains of so many great men, who have saved, enlightened, and ennobled the French nation! Better than that, France will be able to contemplate them after death, such as they were during life. Here—the old father will say to his son—here is the great captain who gained that fierce battle, I was describing to you yesterday! Here is the poet who wrote the beautiful verses you repeated to me the other day! So that, thanks to this preservation of the body, we shall really have a more complete and more ornamented Pantheon than the Roman Pantheon!”

Well! even this dream of Mercier’s is accomplished a hundred fold. Among the inhabitants of Paris, perhaps there is not one, ill or well, who suddenly, and without understanding its meaning, has not received among his visiting cards, a small piece of badly-printed pasteboard, on which is read this simple name, *Gannal*. This funeral-card appears to you, among the pieces of white vellum which are loaded with names that you love. Gannal! You rest your head upon your two hands, and say to yourself, Gannal who? Gannal what? *Bah!* say you, the porter has made a mistake, it is a card for my neighbor. No, no; the porter of your house is not mistaken, it is a card for yourself, it is a warning of death, and that concerns yourself as much as your neighbor; death threatens us all. Formerly the Egyptians paraded the corpses of their fathers amid their banquets, in order to excite themselves to joy and pleasures. The Parisians are no less philosophers than the great lords of Egypt; they preserve with care—and as if they feared to be unable to find it again, when it was needed—the card of this Gannal.

For he is the friend predicted so long beforehand by Mercier, he knows immediately those who claim oak coffins, sepulchral stones, and graves to themselves. He has found an infallible means, of giving to all the deceased who apply to him, the immortality of death, and that he may be remembered in proper time and place, he sends you occasionally his funeral note, Gannal! Gannal! Gannal! How far this man has a right, to throw this thought of death amid the delights and pleasures of a whole city, can not be explained even by the liberty of the press; but still he makes of each day of the Parisian life, a sort of Ash Wednesday, and no one escapes this unexpected peroration of all the joys of this world. The man is pitiless; incognito, and without crying beware! he

throws his ominous threat at the richest and most powerful, at the youngest and most beautiful; he does not wish to die himself, until he has, in his own way, embalmed the whole present generation. He is not malicious, and yet he prowls about your life, as the hyena prowls about the cemetery. When he sees you, he says to himself, "What a beautiful corpse!" The other day his friend died; instead of stopping to weep for him, he began to embalm him with marvellous care; and when he saw him quietly laid in the coffin, a smile upon his lips, and the carnation on his cheek, he leaped for joy, as if he had found his friend again. The truth is, he has so much faith in his art, that with him, to live, is to have in one's veins, a good dose of essence of cinnamon, and therefore he did not spare it to his friend.

This man, who is a great chymist, has, in fact, found an excellent method of giving to the human body an immense durability; and as in this age everything must be done in a hurry, and for very little money, the first difficulty of this problem was, to work quickly and cheaply. Now it is impossible to use more despatch, or at less cost; Gannal opens the carotid artery, and through this artery injects the whole body of different essences. Thus the mummy is made, an eternal, unattackable mummy, and which so resembles a living body, that it might be mistaken for one. Only, even in presence of the mummy, and in the depth of the tomb, you will find the inequality of conditions. Gannal has essences for all fortunes and for all corpses. The essence of cinnamon is the dearest: your body will then be worth nearly a hundred crowns. The essence of turpentine is the most common: three or four louis will then conclude the thing.

What a misfortune for this poor Mercier, that he could take no part in all these changes which have surpassed his hopes! He died without having heard of the economical cooking-stove, the camp-chair, steamboats, or railroads; he died without having pressed with a triumphant foot the bitumen of Seyssel or of Polonceau, and the wood pavement; he died without having his last days enlightened by the brilliant gas, or the *bougie de l'Etoile*, without having been able to read the *Memoires de la Contemporaine*, or the *Memoires de Vidocq*—without having been present at a representation of the *Tour de Nesle* or the *Sal-timbanques*; he died—unhappy man! before M. Gannal could embalm him with spirits of turpentine; when, as yet, M. Daguerre was far from discovering the daguerreotype; when the Ruolz process was unknown; when they were still seeking in this vast kingdom of France the great art of making coffee from chicory, sugar from beet-root, paper from the beech-tree, and tea from the leaves of roses; he died—O sorrow! even before the first stone was laid of the palace on the *quai d'Orsay*.

At length, after the Parisians had so long forgotten it—as they forget all the monuments which they see commenced—the palace of the quai d'Orsay, released from the ignoble palisading which has surrounded it for thirty years, displays to the astonished beholders its white walls, and its windows filled with glass. Of this monument, which has so often changed its destination, M. Thiers, who never questions anything—and this is precisely why he is M. Thiers—said to himself one day, when he was minister of the interior, that he would arrange this palace for his own use; and in fact he had already fitted up the apartments of the minister in the way which appeared to him most suitable for such a functionary: paintings, statues, bas-reliefs, gilded ceilings—nothing was wanted. Once installed in this magnificence, the young minister would soon have proved that the government of such a country as France would admirably suit the richest house in Paris. But after all, in doing this, M. Thiers had thought more of future ministers than of himself. But the time for long administrations is passed for France, as is also passed the time for ministers sufficiently disinterested to lay the first stone of a mansion destined for the successors of their successors. On the contrary, all these transitory, passing agents of a revolution, so long as they feel their precarious position, will easily content themselves with the large furnished houses in the Rue de Grenelle, where they tread the old, well-worn carpets of the emperor's ministers; and will not even take the trouble to make any alterations in them. It sometimes happens, that for the sake of not being crushed beneath their ruins, they have these crumbling houses re-

paired ; but if they do add saloons or staircases, they carefully preserve the old furniture ; there are the same arm-chairs formerly gilded, the same paintings representing the Greeks and Romans of the time of M. David. They sleep in the same beds and the same sheets—sad witnesses of many a sleepless hour. Bad furniture, ill-closed windows, smoky chimneys, clocks which gain time—too faithful emblems of ambition—*impropriated* servants, in these common antechambers, who smile with pity as they count upon their fingers the number of their masters, and think that the new minister is a hundred times less certain of his post than the usher who is at his command. What shall I tell you ? cellars badly supplied with wine bought the day before, saloons without intimacy, a study filled with chagrin and perplexing cares, a lobby inundated with newspapers, and consequently filled with insults ; an old worm-eaten carriage ; broken-backed, broken-winded horses, who know by heart the way to the Tuileries ; a dirty, ill-clad coachman ; nothing of home, nothing of family enjoyment, nothing which resembles every-day comfort : this is what is called the hotel of a minister ! Let us continue our route, and take pity on the sad inhabitants of these paltry lodgings, through which have passed so many men of rare talent and prudence ; poor creatures, envied, insulted, calumniated in these ruined houses which are open to every affront, and to all the winds of the south and the north !

But why do we speak of the winds of the north ? The month of June is here in all its brilliancy. At the present moment, no one remembers what winter is. The poor man, happy to live, warms himself in the sun ; he assembles around him all the ineffable joys of the poor,—a beautiful sky, trees, rich foliage, galloping horses, passing liveries, songs sung to the music of the Barbary organ, songs the chorus of which celebrates glory or love,—the emperor or Lisette ; little popular poems written expressly for the poor, in which the garret is praised, where one is so comfortable at twenty years old. The rich man, on the other hand, is not less happy than the poor creature who watches him passing, with curiosity, but without envy. The rich joyfully quits this city to which he will so gladly return ; he bids farewell to the landscapes copied by painters, that he may enjoy the real landscape of the good Creator, the eternal landscape which returns each year with the spring roses, always younger and more smiling. For the sweet appearance of the hill covered with palace and shadow,—the vast forest filled with shade and mystery,—for the enjoyment of the morning which commences with cock-crowing,—for the mid-day fête which brings to the country all the brilliancy of the sun,—for the peaceful and smiling meditations of the evening, when you may hear echoing from afar, mingling with the silvery tinklings of the angelus, the song of the nightingale, the lowing of the herds, the thousand heavenly sounds of the plain and the mountain, nothing,—no nothing, is equal to the Parisian country ! And do not fail to notice, that the country is at the very gates of the city, that it is open and accessible to all, to the poorest and the richest ;—both are equally the masters of the verdant plains. For the young Parisian girl, equality commences before the thick turf, before the sweet-brier laden with roses, before the rustic blue bell, which poises its pretty head among the wheat. It is especially on Sundays and holydays, that the Parisian yields himself to his love,—what do I say ?—to his passion for the country. He has worked all the week, but then with what joy does he greet the Sunday sun !* All are sure to rise early ; the young man makes himself as handsome as possible, the girl assumes her prettiest look ; the father and mother are a little less eager to start, and yet they hasten ; this day recalls to them their youth. They breakfast in all haste, the ladies go to hear mass at their parish church, and listen to it with the greatest

* Some of our readers who have never visited France, may fancy that this must be a mistake ; but the account given by our author is literally true. The day, which was designed for one of holy rest, is devoted by the French to amusement and gayety ; and those conscientious foreigners whose observance of Sunday at home is founded upon principle,—and who therefore believe that what is morally wrong in one country is equally so in another,—are deprived of the pleasure of seeing some few of those objects which excite the greatest interest, such as the paintings in the Palais Royal, the playing of the waters at Versailles, &c. ; for with very rare exceptions, these are exhibited only on Sunday.—E. T.

fervor. Yes,—but no sooner have they quitted the church, than they meet again, and together they ascend, by chance,—you understand, that chance which makes pleased hearts and happy marriages—a large vehicle called a *tapissière*. This vehicle is a whole world; the father, the mother, the children, the young people, the old dog and the puppy, find room upon these seats hung by leather straps; the whole is drawn by a trusty horse, well-fed and well-beaten, who, by carrying all these people, rests from the hard work of the previous week. They set out at a hand-trot to arrive walking. What delight! what enjoyment! They salute each other, express their good wishes, and recount the stories from the old newspapers, a little slander sprinkling the joyous conversation. To each party is to be invited a clever man, proverbial for his wit, one of those good fellows who are always hungry, always ready to laugh at everything, and to amuse the amphitryon with whom they dine. People listen to him, more than they love him. They invite him, because usually he invites himself. Forward then!—to what place is the happy caravan going? They know nothing about it, they are on the way, and will see by-and-by. Thus they go, sometimes to the Bois de Boulogne, rather vexed by the fortifications which have cut down so many old oaks; sometimes to the Bois de Vincennes,—overlooked by the threatening dungeon; Vincennes, the state-prison, which was even more dreadful than the Bastille! The oak, under which sat Saint Louis, to administer justice to all, that timeworn and respected oak, does not yet throw a shade sufficiently thick, to cover all the lamentations and miseries which have been shut up within these walls. There, was confined the unvanquished Mirabeau, with his delirious phrensy, eloquence, passion, youth, violent love—and what vengeance did he afterward take, for this abominable captivity! Stoop, and at the bottom of the fossé you can still see the place where the last Condé, the Duke d'Enghien was murdered in the night, by gunshots.—No, the royal oak of Vincennes has not power to blot out this foul stain! Since that day, the Parisian goes less frequently to the Bois de Vincennes. Tell him of the valley of Montmorency, green and tufted,—beautiful shadows—resounding dales,—the house inhabited by the author of *Helôise*,—the white horse painted by Gérard, the richest sign which ever swung at the door of an inn;—but at the time for lilacs and fresh verdure! for nothing in the world will the Parisian consent to go anywhere, except to the Bois de Romainville. Romainville is the watchword of Parisian joy; it is the country of garlands and rose-colored scarfs, of impenetrable thickets and gay dances; at Romainville, the Parisian is at home;—there he reigns,—there he breathes,—these are his lands—*mea regna videns*! You should see with what a joyous step they tread the brilliant moss. They look, they contemplate, they admire! They can hardly distinguish the poplar from the oak, barley from wheat, an apple-tree from a pear-tree; but it is just on account of this happy ignorance of all which forms the country, that the Parisian so much enjoys it. Then, at a certain hour, when there is a little shade around the tree, suddenly a whole banquet is drawn from the immense carriage. O happiness! all that culinary art can prepare, in a citizen's household, is found in this vehicle of abundance; pies, cold fowls, hams, salad, biscuits, a nice light wine of Mâcon's, the *pelure d'oignon*, cherries, nosegays for the ladies, and even hay and oats for the horse. No thing and no person is forgotten. Off with scarfs! let us hang on the branches of the hospitable ash-tree our new hats! Are you hungry? are you thirsty? Well, spread out the dainties! The table is ready found,—at the foot of the tree;—this verdant carpet will serve us for a cloth;—the singing birds will provide the music of the repast; they will be paid by the crumbs! In a moment everything is ready; they take their places, the same places as in the carriage, and, strange to say! the guests are as eager as the travellers. In less than an hour or two of devouring appetite, two hours of mirth and wild delight, all this food has disappeared, all these bottles are empty, nothing remains but the joy of the repast. Then the gayety commences anew, the *entrain* is the same, but more lively; the bon-mots of the professed joker are no longer needed, each makes his own bon-mots. And if by chance, or by good luck, a fine storm arises, the fête is only the more complete for it! “Look out for the scarfs and the hats!” The hats are concealed at the bottom of the carriage,

the scarfs are put into some prudent hiding-place, and now our young girls return with bare heads, very wet and very happy. They have breathed air, health, and hope, for a week's work. Thus for real enjoyment, the environs of Paris have nothing to envy in Paris itself.

If you knew all the delight of these happy spots! how the white houses sparkle and shine with new brilliancy, in the month of June, beneath the flowering chestnut-trees! How much art, how much taste, how much mind is shown, in the arrangement of the little chateaux, which you would think painted expressly, by some Flemish landscape painter! How much intelligence is employed in laying out these parks of an acre, in which nothing is wanted, neither fountains, nor statues, nor turf, nor the rarest flowers, nor the orange-trees which open to the sun. Paris in summer is a fête by daylight. The most delightful gardens filled with foliage, shelter the city with their benevolent shadow. The trees on the boulevard give to this long, living street, almost a country appearance. The Champs Élysées resembles an inhabited wood; the water is clear, the river sings as it glides to a distance; the horse is more lively; the child more joyous; the Parisian lady appears to you younger and better dressed than in the winter. You understand that the crowd of beauties inhabit these fairy heights, for the Parisian does not like to go far from his beloved city. At all hours, the railroad, that new servant of every amiable desire, carries here and there whole cargoes of poets, dreamers, lovers, happy idlers, and transplants them, sometimes into the midst of old Versailles, sometimes into the sweet villages which border the Seine as far as Fontainebleau; most frequently, for it is a favorite resort, the delight of all travellers—it is the forest of Saint Germain. Saint Germain! the whole history of that past which no longer exists. The vast forest stocked with game, still remembers Henry IV. The old chateau, motionless and sad, filled with malefactors, oh, vanity of human splendors! was once the dwelling of the elegancies and chaste affections of Louis XIII. Almost before you arrive, the inviting shade salutes you; the immense terrace receives you, and from these salutary heights, you still see the Paris of business and ambition which struggles at your feet. These are the moments for enthusiasm and poetry! On all sides arrives, with its sound of pleasure, the obedient steam; upon the bank of the stream, you see pass, as quick as lightening, the new-comers from Normandy, from England, from the Atlantic ocean, that most pacific ocean in the world; while in the midst of the river, the steamboat—that surpassing wonder, before which the Parisians have bowed for the last ten years, as before a miracle—slowly, and with a disheartened course, ploughs the waters, which obey with regret; indeed this now exceeded wonder of speed and space, is almost regarded with pity and contempt. In these silent and delightful contemplations, night appears; it softly glides beneath the beautiful sky; then commence other fêtes; the *pavilion of Henry IV.*, on the slope of the hill, is illuminated from top to bottom, in honor of the hungry ones of the city; the royal echo of the forest, concealed in its picturesque depths, repeats the sound of the horn, and the barking of the pack which the huntsman is exercising. Meantime, in all the neighboring villages, preparations are made for the ball; not the winter ball, sparkling with the blaze of diamonds, laden with rubies and pearls, the ball of enchanting melodies, bare shoulders, and unequalled magnificence; but the country fête, half lighted up by jealous rays; the turf trod by a heavier step than the floor; the noisy orchestra, which only resembles in its *entrain* the dancing harmonies of Strauss or Musard. No, it is not a similar fête, but there is the same enjoyment; they are not the same dancers, but there is the same delight. Look carefully at those pretty girls in white dresses, the dutchesses of the neighboring hamlet, the countesses of the surrounding country, the flying squadron of the beautiful days in the month of June; and you will recognise even in this village elegance, the Parisian of Paris; it is herself; in vain does she try to conceal it, she is betrayed by a certain grace and gentility, which no philosopher can explain. You were speaking of revolutions just now; well! what prevents your believing that this fête takes place at the distance of a hundred years? Ask the happy dancers who is the present king? They can

scarcely tell you. The sovereign majesty of these young men and lovely girls is the present hour! Ask the old minstrel, who makes his violin swear under the bow, if he ever heard of Rossini or Meyerbeer? He also, the worthy performer in the open air, has learned nothing, and forgotten nothing. The round which he is now playing, was left him as an inheritance by his father, who received it from his grandfather; it is a true *chacone*, which M. de Lulli composed for the young King Louis XIV., and which Louis XIV. danced so well. Even the words of this *chacone* are preserved; I have them from a gentleman who is a delightful poet, of flowery imagination; a clever fellow, who would be rather awful if he were not naturally full of urbanity and benevolence; one of those great lords, who spend their time in hearing and recalling old vows, old attachments, old songs. You must take one verse as a specimen:—

“La jeune Iris aimait Cléandre.
De tous les bergers du hameau,
Cléandre eut été le plus beau,
Mais il n'était pas le plus tendre.
Ohé! oh là!
Voici, voilà
Comment l'amour vient et s'en va.”

CHAPTER VI.

CHANTILLY.

ON a beautiful day in the month of May, I was in one of the most lovely spots on the earth; so beautiful that the opera of Cicéri has not finer decorations, more transparent and more limpid waves, greener and fresher turf—I was on the vast *pelouse* of Chantilly. At the end of that verdant plain, and below the river which rolls slowly along between those magnificent jets d'eau of Bossuet and the great Condé, which are never silent, day or night—do you see that modest house, having almost the appearance of a citizen's dwelling, and concealing itself beneath the budding shadow of the poplars and the willows? And on this nearest bank, do you see that magnificent palace, the lofty domes, the large open arcades, through which an entire army might pass abreast? The palace presides over the whole by its imposing aspect; at its feet dash the waves of the river, softly murmuring its inarticulate complaint; at its feet springs the down of the early grass. The palace crushes by its majesty the humble house, which becomes small in its presence, and which conceals to the best of its power its gilded walls, its ceilings painted by Watteau, its piers supported by Cupids, all the elegant and coquettish luxury of the last century, which it contains. And the smaller the house appears, the more superb does the palace become; the more silent the house is, the more does the palace sound and resound with cries of pride.

Well! this superb palace, this lofty dome, this imposing mass, which attracts all the sun and all the verdure, all the noises of the plain and all the trees of the forest, all the admiration of men and all the coloring of the artist, all the poetry of the last century and all the associations of history—is nothing but the stable of the small house which you see below, modestly placed at the foot of these walls, which you would say were constructed for the abode of giants. Since the time of the great Condé, who built it in one of those moments of magnificent leisure, which were natural to him, the royal stable of Chantilly has, like all the great things of this world, sustained the vicissitudes of fortune. And at the present day, if motion is restored to this fresh turf, if noise has re-entered the ancient forest, if the castle revives, astonished at these young and joyous accents,

if the horn again awakes the old echo, if the stag is forced to take again the fatal start, if the dogs return to the quarry, if this beautiful spot has once more seen Parisian youth and Parisian beauty, the pride of elegance and fashion, if all is life again beneath these trees—you may thank the stable for it, that masterpiece of magnificence and taste, which the great Condé chose to raise, in honor of his old and noble companions, the coursers of Rocroi and Fribourg.

But meantime, since the melancholy, inexplicable, and in all the circumstances cruelly unfortunate death of the last Condé, what had become of the stables of his great predecessor? They were silent, they were deserted, they regretted their ancient glory, when the magnificent chateau, now demolished, served as an asylum for so many kings and princes; when, in the very stable itself, the kings of the north used to dine in great state among the horses of the prince; when the immense folding doors opened daily, to allow the egress of this tempest on horseback, which repaired to the plain, to the noise of trumpets, in pursuit of the stag. Happily there are some ruins which seem to last for ever. If the chateau de Condé has been demolished and sold piecemeal, the stables have remained uninjured, to attest the magnificence of these Bourbons, who by victory alone have been brought near to the throne of France. But what shall be done, henceforth, with these devastated stables? How can you restore to them the noise and movement which they have lost? There is no longer a prince in France who can, or who dares fill, for his own use merely, the stables of Chantilly; and yet so skilful is the revolution of July, that it has found the means of filling them!

It has been imagined, then—and the idea is ingenious—to summon, not the hunt, but the race, to Chantilly. The stables have been opened, not only to the horses of the young princes, but to all the fine coursers of those who are rich enough to love beautiful horses, to love them with that generous passion which knows neither fatigue nor sacrifice. They now therefore arrive from all parts at the first signal; they arrive, urged on by glory, and so beautiful, and so young, and so full of life! Let them come, then; open to them the folding-doors of the stables of Chantilly, prepare them for the race; pay them every honor!

And, in fact, on the day of which I speak, Chantilly had an unusual appearance of fête. All rich Paris, the Paris of the idle and the young, who know how to make even their leisure and their follies useful, had repaired to the vast *pelouse*. The forest was as animated as at its most brilliant fêtes of Saint Hubert; the stables had reassumed all their importance, and summoned all their pride. It was the day of great prizes and great acclamations, an hour of complete triumph for the horses, for the young men, and for the ladies—three aristocracies which agree admirably well. The arena was the turf of Chantilly—a turf covered with olympic glory, saving the dust. The tents had been erected since the morning; the road was traced, the goal was marked out beforehand. In the stables, in their magnificent stalls, the eager coursers, impatient for glory, pawed the earth with their feet, and displayed the flashing eye, the open nostril, the mane flowing to the wind.

Soon the trumpets begin; it is time to arrive, for the arena will open to the very moment. The hurry is great, the eagerness unanimous, the confusion complete. The brilliant calash arrives post, laden with feathers, flowers, and sweet smiles. The peasant comes at a hand trot on his little horse, carrying his young daughter behind him, as curious and animated as if she were going to a ball. Long wicker vehicles come walking, bearing whole families, rich farmers, who, from the height of their *cariole*, see without envy these beautiful ladies in their silken calash. Here all vehicles rank alike, here all horses are equal, the dragoon's horse and the laborer's; but at last every one is in his place: we now only wait the heroes of the entertainment, the princes of the day. Sound, ye trumpets! and you, herald, open the field!

What a drama! what efforts! what assembled beauties of different kinds! what vigor! How boldly the nimble coursers throw themselves into the field! what power, what energy! You see them—now you see them no longer! They leap forward—you think it is the race? No, it is mere play; they run a league to take breath! Thus they try the field, they recognise the earth, they

look at the men, they look at each other and admire each other, and already think that the palm will be difficult to gain.

At the given signal, they suddenly start. At first you would think that they were walking, next that they run, then that they fly. The fascination is at its height, each one holds his breath, in order to see them better: so many hopes are placed upon these noble heads! What pleasure! the course of Chantilly! the attentive crowd! the ladies, who forgot to observe each other, that they may look at a horse! bets, in which pride has yet more interest than fortune! This is the drama! this is the theatre; and for actors you have the most beautiful, the most artless, the most charming, the most modest, the most admirable creatures.

To tell you, victory by victory, the name of the rivals—to tell you, word for word, the details of the race, would be impossible. And besides, how can I describe a defeat, which is decided in a quarter of a second? How can I take upon myself to put in the first or second place the eager competitors of the race-course? Let us leave these little particulars to the sporting gentlemen; and as for us, as the French fabulist says, "*Ne forçons point notre talent.*"

Very soon, another race is announced—the race for the gold cup. The cup is passed through the ranks, so that every one can see it. This time it is not a large piece of gold or silver without shape and without style; it is an elegant work, artistically formed by one of those ingenious sculptors which France alone possesses at the present day—by Antonin Moine, or M. Triquety, or M. Klagman, the beloved children of Cellini. The cup, when gained, is carried off in great triumph by the owner of the horse; and the same evening, under the arched roof of Chantilly, the winning horse, without being any the prouder for it, eats his hay from the golden cup, by the side of his vanquished rivals.

But there is yet another race, and the most difficult of all. This time it is the struggle of man to man and horse to horse, between the owners of these fine steeds. On this occasion the interest is increased; for the struggle, which was between horses, is to be between men. There is now at once a race and a danger. There is a field to cross, and a hedge to clear. You must arrive and be the first to leap.

There is a costume adopted expressly for this race, in which elegance and simplicity are happily combined. Long boots, buckskin indispensables, a red silk shirt, a rich front, elegant cuffs, a little velvet cap on the head, and within all this a handsome young man of twenty-five years of age. Thus dressed, he mounts his horse, and you at once see that he is its master. Our cavaliers start then at the first signal, leaping the hedges as if they would break their own necks, and kill their horses.

Such is this race. It has been brilliant, animated, hardly contested, and without accident. All have done their duty, the horses and the men. The race being over, they separate. The horses return to that noble stable which assisted their triumph; as for the men, some have retaken the road to Paris, others have returned to the joys of their inn. However, one of those gentlemen who are sent by Russia, here and there, to the different courts of Europe—as if to prove that she has no lessons to receive from any one in grace, elegance, or politeness—seeing so many active young men, and so many idle beauties, thought he would *improvise* a fête, to which every one should be welcome who was young and beautiful. You were not asked your name when you entered; they only wished to know whether you were elegant and pretty. And here again I saw how far the urbanity of this good country of France could extend. At this sudden ball there was no restraint, no stateliness; the first Parisian ladies danced by the side of the prettiest women, without name and without husbands, who are protected by the somewhat profane shadow of Notre Dame de Lorette; at the same time, the more ease and good breeding the ladies showed, the more reserve and decorum did the others exhibit; and we did not quit Chantilly till the middle of the night. The road, the village, the lawn, the forest, were encumbered with horses, carriages, postillions, half-tipsy coachmen, gay pedestrians, merry jockeys; on the road you found a postmaster, who offered you a bed when you asked him for horses. There was another who gave you a fat kitchen-maid

to drive you, for want of a postboy; there were a thousand jovial sounds, a thousand drinking-songs, a thousand follies, and all this lighted by the moon, and accompanied by the last warblings of the nightingale.

Such are the pleasures of this beautiful season which flies so quickly. Nothing stops these infatuated men, when once they have launched into their favorite passion. All that I could do from time to time, was to follow them till I was out of breath, knowing that I could rest a little later at the side of the road; for I feel it, do what I will, all this noise, all this excitement is not in my nature; I prefer a more patient study, a calmer contemplation; to go less quickly and see better, would be my delight; but how is it possible, when one is seized with the Parisian fury?

Very early—too early—I was returning to the city which I had left the evening before. The city still slept, as if she wished to recover herself after our fatigues. The countryman quietly returned, having deposited upon the stones of the market, the immense heap of provisions which Paris consumes in a day. At this early hour of the morning, the city is a melancholy sight, each house is mute, silent, slovenly; the streets, so clean in the daytime, are obstructed with filth—a lamentable population—oh what misery! wretched beings in rags, broom in hand, perambulate this city of fêtes; abominable tumbrels pass at a distance, with a noise like an engine of war; in the half-open sewers, glide poor creatures, who live, or rather who die a lingering death, in this infectious darkness. Ah! the toilet of this sumptuous city is lamentable. Its price is the toil of the miserable, the life of men, the most horrible of labors.

Since I was in a mood for contemplating miseries, I obeyed my destiny. I went straight before me, by the light of this gloomy Parisian aurora. I trod with a sad step, the hopeless ruins of the archbishop's palace, one of the oldest monuments in the city. No one can tell, what has become of these beautiful ruins of a chef d'œuvre, which the people destroyed in one day of fury; they have disappeared like the straw which the wind carries away. Revolutions are more destructive than time; time effaces, revolutions overthrow; time changes, revolutions destroy; time leaves its print and its respect wherever it passes, revolutions leave behind them only the stain of blood, and the traces of flames. Revolutions make a clear space; never does anything they have torn up, blossom again; time, on the contrary, that beneficent divinity, conceals all its ravages beneath the harvest and the flowers. Time is old age, it is still life; a revolution is death.

And remember the people of France are almost as proud of their crimes, as of their good actions. Still more—in a moment of senseless fury, they will ask nothing better than to overthrow the monument, which they raised the day before to their own glory; but make them rebuild the memorial, which a hundred years since, they crushed with their stupid feet, they will tell you that you insult them. After the ruins which they have made, what the French people respect most, is, the monuments which they have not yet finished, the things which have not yet lived. You will never see them, on days of tumult, attacking edifices which are but just begun. No, but to make amends for this, the older the edifice, the more furiously will it be attacked. I imagine that it is because it has never been finished, that the Louvre has never been mutilated, in all the insurrections which have invaded it at so many different times. The man laden with years is crushed, the child who has yet to grow, is spared. A great and fatal ruin this Louvre, which ought to be the glory of this vast city; the Louvre, at which have labored so many great kings and so many excellent artists; the Louvre, which is the centre of Paris and of the world, the spot of shelter and of authority for the fine arts, the national wonder—is, at this moment, more dilapidated than the last hotel of the under-prefect in a city of fifteen hundred souls. In this palace, which you would take at a distance, for the palace of the princess who slept a hundred years, indigence and luxury wage frightful battles night and day. The most beautiful columns, the heads of which are crowned with the ancient acanthus and ivy, have their bases covered with ignoble plaster; the most magnificent stones are set in worm-eaten wood. All around this royal ruin, even opposite the museum, theft and every kind of vice shelter

themselves beneath its imposing shadow. An incredible, dreadful mixture of the most opposite elements, the base and the sublime ; Perrault the architect, and the wine-seller at the corner, Catherine de Medicis and Margot, the king and the rag-picker, Jean Goujon and Jean Jean shamefully placed together against these walls. And when we remember, that even the Emperor Napoleon who had so many armies at his service, and so many millions in the cellars of the Tuileries, was not able to cleanse these Augean stables, we begin to think that it must be impossible. But why is it impossible ? The site is yours, the idea is drawn out, the monument is two thirds finished, you have all the French artists at command. He who shall complete this immense chef d'œuvre will acquire a glory, not less great than that of him who commenced it. For what are you waiting then ? But, say they, when finished, how will you fill so vast a space ? As if they had not the books of the Royal Library to lodge, the exhibitions of industry, the modern productions of the fine arts, all kinds of knowledge, all descriptions of masterpieces to shelter ! But we travellers must not be so exacting. We will not ask so much for the present hour ; we will leave to future centuries, the care of completing these royal dwellings. We are not ambitious, we would give all the share of joy and pleasure which would accrue to us, from the finishing of the Louvre, for four squares of turf and a fountain, in this court where the most wretched herbs heave up the most hideous pavement.

CHAPTER VII.

THE POSTMAN.

I WAS just entering the door, when I heard the postman spelling out my name with the most imperturbable coolness. These Frenchmen have the habit of giving all names a French termination. If you bore a Teutonic appellation of the time of Frederick Barberousse, or an Anglo-Saxon nomenclature of the time of William the Conqueror, the postman would make of you a regular inhabitant of the Chaussée d'Antin, or if you prefer it, of the Faubourg Saint Honoré. For the rest, this humble and very sprightly officer of the government is well worth the trouble—let us make acquaintance with him.

The postman is naturally, a kind, active, simple man, whose life is regulated for him day by day, and hour by hour ; he is only at liberty before six in the morning, and after six in the evening ; the rest of his life belongs to the administration which covers his hat with oil-skin, which makes his coats, which gives him his shoes, which draws him in a handsome carriage with two horses, which supplies to him the place of father and mother, which confides to him the most important things in the world, the secrets of private persons ; the postman is every one's man, he is loved by all, he is expected by all ; he is hope in regimentals. He comes, he goes, he returns, and goes away again, and upon the whole of his route, he finds nothing but smiles. The messenger of death or love, of satisfied or disappointed ambition, he is always welcome ; for his presence, and that which he brings, whether joy or grief, puts a period to the most cruel of all evils, suspense. The postman is the watchful and always extended bond which unites the past to the present, and the present to the future ; he is the mysterious voice which speaks low to every ear, and makes itself heard in every heart. Like fortune, he is blind, and like her, he distributes to each comer, the share of happiness or of pain which belongs to each ; he is expected, he is called ; all doors are open to him, all hands are held out to him ; emotion precedes, and emotion follows him ; when he appears on the threshold of a house, an indefinable restless expectation seems to take possession of it ; the energetic accent of the postman's knock stops every domestic occupation, each

one listening to hear whose name will be pronounced, by this ambassador of the present hour. Then he departs, to return after an interval of two hours, for he is the man of all seasons—if in the morning, he is the messenger of the provinces, of all Europe, a sort of dreadful and dreaded plenipotentiary—he is only, for the rest of the day, the deputy of the little passions, the little ambitions, and the thousand coquetries of Paris. The morning-postman, laden with the commissions of Europe and the correspondence of the whole world, will perhaps decide life or war, ruin or fortune; the mid-day postman has only to carry the thousand little nothings of common life; invitations to dinners or to balls, lovers' appointments, rose-colored petitions, infamous, or, perhaps delightful anonymous notes, little perfumed letters, with motto seals, which allow all their contents to be seen through the transparent envelope. Well! the morning messenger, who is also the evening one, is as simple, as kind, and as sweet, in the evening as the morning. Nothing seems heavy to him; the banker's letter, full of money, is not more weighty to him than the young girl's, full of love. He understands everything, and says nothing. He knows all mysteries, without ever revealing any. He reads by instinct all the letters, without ever opening one. He is the man who knows all the intrigues, all the ambitions, all the passions of life; he *could* tell—but he never will—when these passions commence, and when they finish; he does not come to one door without knowing the reason; he does not return thence, without being able to say what he brings. He is the man of question and the man of answer. He is at once blame and praise, consolation and despair. Through all these papers which are so carefully sealed, he hears the complaints which they breathe; from his leather case so closely shut, rises, for him alone, an immense concert of noises of a thousand kinds, which accompany him in his course; an admirable concert of all joys and all sorrows.

But do you know what invitation this letter contained—for me, who had but just returned from the Chantilly races? I was asked to be present—immediately, to start at eleven o'clock and arrive three hours later—at the steeple chase of the Croix de Berny. The letter was written in a very pressing and thoroughly French style. I was praised if I went, I was ridiculed if I did not go. I was promised the society of the beautiful ladies whom I left last night, in the midst of the waltz and the ball. Shall I suffer America, in my person, to be conquered by these fragile and lovely creatures, who are as flexible, and yet as hard, as steel? How can I refuse? Thus there is no rest, no delay, I must start again. . . . We will go then! and now behold us immediately on the road; you would have thought, had you seen us galloping by, that we were about to save the monarchy. . . . We were simply going, after having seen horses dispute the prize at the Chantilly races, to witness a struggle between men—a struggle depending partly upon chance, and partly upon dexterity. And the more speed was necessary, because this is a fancy recently imported into Paris; and the French are as proud of having acquired this new emotion, as if they had won a battle. You would have said that all Paris had made an appointment upon this high-road, where generally, almost the only passengers are couriers, ambassadors, the mails, and the large herds of oxen which repair weekly to the market at Sceaux. But now the road had a most unusual appearance. The finest and most celebrated horses the city can produce, the most elegant equestrians, and the youngest and loveliest Parisian girls who ever turned their attention to English steeds, the old amateurs who can no longer ride, the very young men who have not yet begun to ride, the noble dutchesses of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the merry marchionesses of the rue du Helder, the English, who are the leaders of France in this kind of pleasures, the jockey club which gives the signal for these fêtes, the old, elegant, broken-winded horses from the riding-houses, jogging along among the fine coursers of the Favourite Saint Honoré—all were at this rendezvous so full of interest and excitement; without reckoning the splendid calashes, the mysterious coupés, the imprudent tilburies, the stately berlins, the large *chars-à-banc*, the gentlemen-ushers, the grooms, the couriers, the postillions with their long reins, the four horses, galloping at their greatest speed, the heavy diligences and the heavy carts, and the harmless

cuckoos, and the astonished hackney-coaches, which stopped at the sides of the road to see everything; and the beautiful ladies, whom we have not counted, half satin, half velvet; half winter, half spring; and all the noise, and the motion, and the clamor. Forward, then, since we must, and let us march as quickly as possible.

Thus we arrive breathless upon the spot, between two ditches, between two flowing streams, between two meadows, which are still wet, on the course of the Bœuf Couronné, near the Croix de Berny. Each one takes the best position he can find; upon the road, at the side of the stream, in the meadow, or in the garden of that pretty little house at the right—a fruitful garden on such a day, for it brings to its master, as much as an estate of two hundred acres in Normandy. You would not know how to believe the drama, which passes at this hour upon the high road. The general excitement is intense, the betting is at its height, those hazardous bets, *eight to one*! All the horses which are entered, are made the subject of conversation; their ages, their names, their exploits, their defeats, their paces, their genealogy—all is told just as they would discuss a new-comer into the diplomatic arena. In this agitated crowd, more than one lady's heart secretly palpitates, so heavy is the stake now, a stake in which the heart takes so deep an interest! The moment is well chosen for this headlong race, the sun is brilliant and yet moderate, the air is clear and transparent; you will certainly be able to see the cavaliers from a distance. This is the reason why so many await their arrival, why the anxiety is so general.

After an hour of this delightful expectation, do you not at last see in the distance, through the weeping willows, through the white branches of the poplars in the meadow, do you not see coming, a light red or blue mist? . . .

Yes, here they are, it is they, it is the racers of the day, all *gentlemen riders*, they have already, in five minutes, shot over a league and a half of slippery and difficult ground; twice they have crossed the gracefully winding Bièvre, they have leaped, without hesitation, more than twenty barriers; they run, will you applaud? . . .

But their task is not finished; after all the barriers which they have leaped, a far more difficult one remains. Did I say a barrier? it is a terrible ditch! This ditch is at the end of the race, upon the Bœuf Couronné road, and full of water; the ascent to it is perpendicular, then, when you have reached the top of the acclivity, you must leap downward across a formidable ravine, so much the more dangerous because it is impossible for the horses to discover it. Thus all the interest is centred in this last trial; upon that is fixed every look, every mind; there is the peril, there is the glory, there is the triumph. Would you not say that these eager minds, these curious looks, the kind of alarm that all seem to feel, are indications of some great catastrophe which is about to happen? What an enthusiastic people, who throw into the most trifling objects, all the energy, all the instincts, all the dramatic vivacity of passion!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CIRCUS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

BUT if you admire perilous leaps, feats of strength, and all the dangers of horsemanship—above all, if you enjoy, on a mild summer's evening, an amusement without fatigue, go to the Olympic circus. It is the favorite resort of all those men for whom the opera has no more mysteries, of all the fashionable ladies, beautiful exiles from the Italian theatre, who employ themselves in seeing horses leap while awaiting the return of Lablache, Rubini, Madame Persiani, and the other nightingales with melodious throats. The Olympic circus is the most extensive and the most solid encampment in the Champs Elysées. The architect wished simply to erect, not a theatre, but a tent; and yet on your entrance, you are at once struck with its gigantic proportions. Painting, velvet, lighted chandeliers, are all around you. Imagine—but where am I to find comparisons?—imagine the amphitheatres of Nismes, imitated upon a small scale, in gilt wood and painted card-board, and transported there as a counterfeit of that giants' circus, and you will have the Olympic circus of the Champs Elysées.

Nothing has been forgotten, either within or without, that could adorn this fragile structure. On the outside, M. Pradier has placed the most charming bas-reliefs; in front, a beautiful amazon breaks an unruly horse for mere amusement. Skilful artists,—for it is one of the royal customs of France, to summon painting and sculpture to its aid, on every occasion,—have covered the cupola and the walls with all kinds of brilliant fancies; you enter without ascending, and suddenly present themselves to you, a great variety of staircases, corridors, and passages, which lead to all parts of the edifice, in the centre of which an immense chandelier presides by its brilliancy, over some thirty smaller ones. It appears to us, that the area is rather small for so imposing an enclosure; but what signifies the area? The real amusement is the vast saloon, filled with men and women of all colors, in sparkling confusion, assembled there by the only great artist who is sure to fill a saloon, by the only actor who is always welcomed, always adored by the public, always in voice, always in breath,—a low price.

Since it was necessary to see everything, we went into the greenroom of the actors. This greenroom is large, airy, well inhabited; you may enter without the slightest notice being taken of your presence; not a salutation, not a smile, or a look will you receive, even from the young leader; these worthy performers are wholly absorbed in their appointed parts; when their turn comes to appear upon the stage, they go there naturally, without exclamation, without gesture, without even looking at themselves in the glass; their task accomplished, they return to the greenroom, not in the least elated by the applause lavished upon them by the crowd. They never paid the most insignificant clapper, to enhance their merits to the injury of their rivals. They never insulted or calumniated each other, for a part which they thought particularly suited themselves. Never did you see, in this model for greenrooms, the coquette displaying her jewels, the tyrant in the act of having his white hair painted black, the arguer tottering upon his legs; they are all sober, grave, and serious, they are contented with their daily food for salary; they do not have a single dispute with the wardrobe-keeper, for a piece of cloth or velvet; they obey the manager as a faithful servant would obey his master. The excellent greenroom! there you can neither smell musk, nor patchouli, nor eau de Cologne, nor dried rose-leaves; there you can neither see false tufts, nor powder, nor rouge, nor ceruse, nor patches, nor false teeth, nor false calves; there, all is real, old age and youth, beauty and ugliness, strength and grace, intelligence and passion. The excellent greenroom! And yet people are so obstinate as to call it a stable!

What was it we were saying just now, about the steeple chase? Was there any necessity, then, to go so far, in order to meet all these difficulties and all

these dangers? Will not the Olympic circus satisfy all the equestrian feelings of the Parisian? Do they know any man who mounts a horse better than Baucher, Baucher the conqueror of *Neptune* and of *Partisan*?

Never was there a greater assemblage of difficulties, a more slippery area, more frightful paths, more perfidious leaps, even at the ditch of the *Bœuf Couronné*, than at the Olympic circus! If you go there, you will perhaps be fortunate enough to see the reins of some young horsewoman break, before your eyes, and without the price of seats being raised for it. Not a day passes, in which the equilibrium of some of the riders does not fail them; sometimes it is the horse which goes too fast, sometimes they go too fast for the horse;—what faithful emblems of the passions! One girl broke her arm, and when she was raised up, smiled upon the petrified crowd; another sprained her leg, and held herself erect upon the other one; the audience thought it was a part of her performance. There are some, who, furious at seeing themselves dismounted before the assembly, chase their trembling coursers, and then there is the most incredible reaction between the rider and the horse; the horse falls on his knees, and asks pardon with his two hands joined! The lady pardons him, and takes pity on him. . . . It is a horse!

I had the pleasure of seeing M. Baucher ride his beautiful *Partisan*. This M. Baucher is a very clever horseman, who has taught the most unruly steed ever brought from England, to execute quadrilles and steps of which even Madame Vestris would be very jealous. According to Baucher's system, the horse has no longer will, intelligence, nor memory. He is nothing but a machine, or if you prefer it, a power, obedient to the slightest movements transmitted to him by the cavalier, without the least resistance being possible. Thus *Partisan* was mastered, at once. The very first day, thus mounted, the terrible horse became immediately a quiet, docile animal. All that is asked of him, he does, without trouble, and without effort. He goes, he comes, he stops, he rears, he leaps, he flies, he walks, he turns upon one leg, then upon the other, he gallops with his hind legs, he beats time like M. Habeneck;—you have no idea of his ease, his grace, his elegance, his lightness. Is it a man? is it a horse? How is it? No one knows. The cavalier is as calm as the animal he rides. He is in the saddle, and with all your attention, you can not tell how,—the one bearing the other,—they can execute all these feats of strength, which yet are not feats of strength! In fact, you neither see the hands nor the legs of the cavalier move; you would say, that the horse acts of himself, and because it is his good pleasure. When *Partisan* stops, with his two fore feet fixed upon the ground, while he makes plain marks with the hind foot; or else when he stands upon his hind feet, and moves his fore feet in correct time, the vulgar are tempted to exclaim, "*It is a miracle!*" The miracle is, that there is no miracle, it is the most simple thing in the world; this beautiful effect is the result of equilibrium, and depends upon the weight of the horseman being properly balanced, from the front to the back, or from the back to the front. But what precision is necessary,—for instance, when the horse ought to move only the two diagonal legs! With what exactness must he burden or relieve, such or such a part of the animal! But then a horse thus mounted is the beau-ideal of the horse genus and the cavalier genus. Until the present time, in point of horses rode in public, you have seen only actors; *Partisan* is a true horse!

In the finest summer days, when you leave the circus, if you know anything of Paris, you will take care not to return immediately to your hotel. Yield yourself, on the contrary, to that faithful guide, that devoted cicerone called chance. Every one returns to the Champs Elysées, I know not what powerful attraction for ever brings you back to it. They are still embellishing it; all kinds of pretty, little, smiling houses, rise in the midst of well-designed little gardens; from all parts you may hear the soft murmur of fountains. Singers in the open air boldly attack Rossinian melodies. In the *Allée des Veuves*, upon the very site of the house which belonged to Madame Tallien, that beautiful and benevolent queen of a dying republic, beneath those shadows which Bonaparte, the young Corsican, pressed with a timid foot, in the suite of Josephine Beauharnois, the charming Creole,—the Parisian has established a country ball; at this

ball there is dancing every evening, and not one of the dancers suspects the events which have taken place in these alleys, trod by so many delightful or terrible feet.

Thus you pursue your continued quest after brilliant magnificence, beneath the starry canopy of heaven. The Allée des Veuves reconducts you to the calm, proud river. You throw an astonished glance upon a light building, of the style of the middle ages: it was brought from Fontainebleau, stone by stone, and placed there beneath the trees, which are astonished at such exquisite elegance. A long succession of lighted lamps brings you back to the Place Louis XV. In the distance appears to you, as you proceed, the dome and the hotel of the Invalids, and the Chamber of Deputies, and that long suite of delightful houses which border the river,—and the Institute—and again and always, the palace of the Tuileries,—motionless, full of shadow, calm, repose, and majesty!

Beautiful hours of the starry nights! Aurora borealis of the Parisian sky! One evening I was thus walking and enjoying the silence of night, when I suddenly perceived in the heavens, which were unusually clear, I know not what strange appearance, which resembled the brilliancy of an unexpected sun. Never was the city more dazzling, never was the sky more serene, never were these heights more grand and noble. It was the triumphant comet of 1843, which, with its hand ornamented with stars, knocked at the door of the observatory, saying, "*Arago, thou sleepest!*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN TO PARIS.

AMONG other great pleasures to be found in Paris, in the beautiful season, you must place the *Exposition* at the Louvre. . . . But how is this? I perceive, at this late hour, that I have not yet told you how it happens that—after having taken my final departure, after having said adieu to the winter fêtes which were scarcely finished—here I am again, more a Parisian than ever, and traversing the whole city with a delighted step and an enthusiastic look, as happy and proud as a legitimate king who has just reconquered his capital. Nothing is more simple; and be your acquaintance with the enchantments of this beloved city ever so slight, you will understand, without any longer explanation, both my departure and my return. After an absence of some months, your native land recalls you, your distant friends extend their arms to you, you represent to yourself your interest and your duty, and suddenly start in the greatest haste. Yes, but no sooner have you taken the few first steps, than you say to yourself, "Who knows whether my friends expect me so soon? How can my idleness be of any service to my country? This affair which appeared so surrounded by difficulties I find very simple, now that I think of it. Besides, when I have once quitted the city of my admiration and my study, who can tell when I shall return to it?" Such was the argument I addressed to myself, when standing upon the quay at Havre, while the returning packet-boat rode upon the gently-agitated wave. Meantime the sun arose brilliantly, reflected to a great distance, by the calm, serene sky of Normandy. If you will only lend an attentive ear, you can, even when at Havre, hear the sonorous noises, the imposing harmonies, the dreams of the great city; and then my own American land is so far off! Paris so near! Come, where is the risk? Why should I go so quickly? Three months more: only three new months of observation, of chatting, of long races after the streets, the monuments, the changing manners; three months, in which I may be permitted to see the verdure, the flowers, the castles, the monuments, the old ruins and the modern ruins, of the Parisian country; time to run through the en-

chanted woods of Marly, time to study the seven or eight castles of all epochs which have assembled in the gardens of Fontainebleau, time to admire the landscapes of Chantilly and Compiègne. It is decided : I return to Paris ; transport me to the park of Meudon, so filled with interesting histories ; lead me to the palace of Versailles, which encloses all the great century within its wall of marble and gold. In pity, grant me a little respite, a few days more ! Think that the smiling forest of Montmorency, with its profane shadows, chattering groves, echo that repeats so many imprudent words, fresh paths which J. J. Rousseau was the first to trace with his poetic step—think that all this shade is about to disappear, that the whole forest has been sold at auction by the heirs of that vicious and heartless problem, lately called Madame de Feuchères—a good name, the glory of which even this woman could not tarnish, so plainly had her husband shown himself to be the indignant, generous father of the poor ; think of all this, and you, my American friends and brothers, suffer two or three more packets to go and return, and then I will leave ; I will leave happy, I will leave contented, I will leave with the disposition to admire none but ourselves, the children of Washington and of Franklin.

So said I, and so did I. Here I am again, after having stated at the close of my book* that I was about to quit Paris for New York. I return by the same route which had conducted me to the borders of the ocean. The wave of the sea carries you to the mouth of the Seine ; a large boat called *La Normandie* deposits you upon the quays of the city of Rouen, a great and important capital. You salute from afar the monuments, the ruins, the beautiful prospects, of this province, which is rich among the richest. Gothic cathedrals, castles of the eleventh century, tombs of the Norman dukes, fortresses through which have passed, by turns, the Williams and the Richards, Philip Augustus and the Black Prince. . . . a whole poem ! Look attentively, and in these fertile plains, beneath the springing verdure of the wheat which covers the meadow, you will certainly recognise a field of battle. In these vast spaces, now so highly cultivated, formerly met France and England, armed to the teeth : they fought against each other during three hundred years ; they fought with rage and blasphemy ; and yet do you know what beautiful sight awaited me at the very gates of Rouen ? I can assure you it was hardly to be believed. I had been through these same paths not a week before ; I had traversed in a carriage this same picturesque route, each city of which bears an historical name ; and now what means this concourse of a whole people ? why are all these banners displayed ? why does the cannon roar so loudly ? why are all the church-bells ringing ? why this mingling of music and joyous sounds ? why do all the clergy, with their venerable archbishop at their head, cross the city, preceded by the holy standards ? what fête are they celebrating ? and who then is expected with so much impatience, with all this delight and pride ? What a happy circumstance ! I reached Rouen at the very moment when the railroad made its triumphant entry into the beautiful province. The city of Rouen, decked with her finest ornaments, was expecting a royal visit which was paid her by the city of Paris, conducted by two sons of the king, young men worthy of their rank, the Duke de Nemours, destined, by the death of his brother, the Duke d'Orleans, to render to France such important services, and his youngest brother, the Duke de Montpensier, who is scarcely escaped from his college studies, and who is so proud to wear the uniform of the artillery. They arrived amid the universal joy, bringing with them all who bear a great name, in politics, in the sciences, in the literature, in the fine arts of this century. With more than the rapidity of a race-horse, these thirty-four leagues had been crossed, and now the prince was received by a double crowd, at once English and French ; for, strange to say, this beautiful path through the richest landscapes of France, is the joint work of the two people. French workmen, English workmen—the money of both countries, the ingenuity of the two nations—English composure, French impetuosity—the solidity of the former, the elegance of the latter—all have been employed. In two years to a day, they had accomplished this vast undertaking ;

* *The American in Paris*, which you may, if you please, consider as the first volume of your sketches.

they had surmounted obstacles which appeared insurmountable; the glory was common, the triumph was divided. On the French side, they cried, "Long live Locke, the English engineer!" On the English side, they exclaimed, "Hurra for Brunel the Norman! he is the greatest engineer in the world!"—"You have given us a road across the ocean," said the French. "We owe you the tunnel under the Thames," said the others. On this day, both parties ate at the same table, they drank from the same glass, they fraternized with the close fraternity of effort and labor. A whole ox was served up to them; what a Homeric repast! And certainly more patience and as much courage were necessary to cut down all these hills and to fill up all these valleys, in so short a space of time, as to take the city of Troy in ten years. Listen to what I saw on this memorable day: even a whole population triumphant, serious, satisfied with their work; I saw an old archbishop, formerly grand almoner of France in the time of his majesty King Charles X.—one of those vanquished men who seem more eminent in their defeat than they were in their prosperity—gravely invoke the blessing of the Roman catholic church upon steam-engines conducted by protestants, and these protestants bow the head with respect. What a contrast to that fatal day on which the English burnt as a sorceress, in one of the squares of this city of Rouen, the most virtuous and the most holy heroine of France, the Maid of Orleans!

Thanks to the hospitality of this memorable day, I reached Paris more rapidly, than if I had put four post-horses to my carriage. On the road, I heard, that the very evening before, the railroad from Paris to Orleans had been opened; so that the cathedral of Orleans, Notre Dame of Paris, and Saint Ouen of Rouen—those three wonders of Christian art and Christian belief—are but at the distance of ten leagues from each other, thanks to this double revolution of the two railroads.

Where was I? I was telling you that among other surprises, among other enjoyments of the beautiful season in Paris, the Exposition at the Louvre was waiting for me. This exhibition of modern painting is a yearly event; it is the subject of conversation two months beforehand; for two months it excites the most feverish impatience—you can not hear yourself speak for the noise. Who is to be seen this year? What paintings are as yet concealed in the studio? What is M. Ingres doing? What battle is M. Eugène Delacroix preparing? Will M. Delaroche have finished his new drama? Do you know that M. Paul Flandrin has had two portraits refused? You may hear in advance of the wonderful landscapes of Jules Duprè, and the beautiful canvasses of Marillhat. Is not Morel Fatio's sea-piece an exquisite thing? Look at those *dealers in ebony*;* how furious they are—how horrible to see! You know, and it is certainly true, that that skilful and clever sculptor, Antonin Moine, has begun to draw in crayons, and that his portraits are full of grace, elegance, and life? So much the better for the painters, if Antonin Moine becomes a painter; so much the worse for the sculptors if he renounces sculpture. I can tell you the name of Pradier's new statue, it will be called *Cassandre*. And I saw yesterday (by risking one eye) two of Eugène Giraud's paintings. The fresh, beautiful young girls that he has drawn! how well he knows how to dress and adorn them, without appearing to take any trouble about it! They say wonders of Maxime David's miniatures, such good likenesses, and so well painted. There is one thing certain, and that is, that Camille Roqueplan will not send anything to the Louvre. Tony Johannot is very busy preparing beautiful prints for the book-trade. Ary Scheffer, the solemn painter of *Faust* and *Margaret*, will shine this time by his absence; even Decamps, who excited so many emotions and so much praise, will let no one enter his studio. What a strange man he is! The minister wished to give him the *croix d'honneur*; "I should much rather," said he, "have permission to hunt." Have you not seen the beautiful sketch of *Charles V. picking up Titian's pencil*? Depend upon it, this will be one of Robert Fleury's best pieces. Léon Cogniet will alarm you with his *Le Tintoret at the death-bed of his beloved daughter*. For my part, since Redouté

* This alludes to a painting which represents the capture of a slaver.—E. T.

died, carrying with him the last flowers from his garden, I have seen nothing finer than the *Garland* of M. Saint Jean. In point of historical paintings destined for the Museum at Versailles, you will have, they say, two copies of Achille de Harlay, one by M. Vinchon, the other by M. Abel de Pujol. The other day, I waited upon General Beaume; he was fencing, pencil in hand, in the plain of Oporto; he led Marshal Soult to victory right valiantly. I have heard that Mademoiselle Journet has taken pity on the learned Lavoisier, and produced a painting in honor of this clever chemist, who fell by the hands of the executioner. Such conversations, and many similar ones, are held at the door of the Louvre. At last, however, the Louvre is opened; the crowd of artists and of the boldest virtuosos enter in haste; each looks first with an anxious eye for his own picture, and then for that of his neighbor. It is to be hoped the Council of Painting have not turned out of the Louvre, the work which has cost its author so much trouble and so many sleepless nights! It is to be hoped these pitiless judges have not banished from public view and admiration, that beautiful canvass, that exquisite statue! They go, they come, they look, they hasten, they push each other, they examine the catalogue. And besides, will they be well placed upon the walls of the Louvre? No, the place is bad. Too much sun! No sun at all! A glaring light! Profound darkness! I should have been so much better in the square saloon! They have hoisted me above a door! And I have been put by the side of the Flemish gallery! Thus, when once the Louvre is open, the outcries are renewed on every hand. We however, who are only cool spectators, traverse with a somewhat solemn step, this magnificent collection of all the fine arts.

The sun shines brilliantly in these galleries, which are thronged with an immense crowd. Among the admirable *rapins* (an emphatic word to designate great, but unknown artists), you will see long beards, long hair, long teeth, long hands appearing beneath coats which are too short. There is a brilliant, animated, above all, sarcastic conversation; bon-mots fly in all directions, and will even strike the very centre of the frightened, trembling canvass. Whoever you are, beware of this first hour at the saloon, it is pitiless; sarcasm is in every eye, upon every lip. Nothing is spared, neither name, nor sex, nor age. But especially if the institute should happen to send here its rarest masterpieces—the institute, which is composed of the members of the council which opens or shuts the Louvre, spends there an unhappy quarter of an hour, and it is the least they can expect, if their cruelties are repaid by railery. “Oh! oh!” says one, “here are Couderc’s *generals*, they are all blue.” “No,” says another, “they are white.” A third maintains that they are black. The fact is, that not one painting has, at first, its natural color; they must become accustomed to the daylight. “Have you seen,” says one, “the beautiful painting of Eugène Delacroix?” “Have you seen,” says another, “the abominable painting of Eugène Delacroix?” “How ugly the *Trajan* is!” exclaims the second. “How beautiful the robes are!” answers the first. “Come to the left into the great gallery; I will show you Gudin’s *Bosphorus of Thrace*.” “You mean the *phosphorus of Thrace*!” But we should never end, if we were to attempt to tell you all this innocent spite.

But the first thing we seek, in this collection without confusion, is the portraits which, every year, encumber the saloons of the Louvre; so numerous are the great men and beautiful women of France. Of all the works of painting, the most important for the traveller who wishes to know the men of a nation, and above all the most difficult for a painter who understands his art, that which speaks most to the imagination and the memory, is the portrait. From merely seeing these great men of peace or war, it seems to you that you can recognise them. You listen, as if you expected to hear them speak. The more important were the historical epochs, the finer were the portraits of those times. The age of Leo X. is justly proud of the likeness of Leo X. by Raphael; King Charles Stuart had, for his painter in ordinary, no less a person than Vandyke. The terrible Henry VIII. sat to Holbein; Louis XIV., who had Lesueur, contented himself with Mignard. As for the Emperor Napoleon, of whom there does not now remain one good portrait, worthy of such a model—the Emperor

Napoleon, although he never suspected it, had at his command an artist equal to the greatest portrait-painters—M. Ingres.

While the empire was yet clothing itself with its embroidered uniforms, and covering itself with its golden stars, there lived at Rome, amid the unrivalled splendors which he so much admired, an unknown artist—M. Ingres. This man, who is the greatest, or at least the gravest artist of his time, seemed to have a presentiment of the imperial fall, and of the approaching end of that military monarchy, which furnished to the painters of the empire nothing but epaulets, swords, and uniforms—for the heroes who wore them had but little time to spend in the studios of the portrait-makers; and he therefore devoted himself exclusively to the study of the great Italian masters. By close and daily application, and by copying, for a trifling sum, every person who would sit to him, M. Ingres learned to dispense with all the sparkling and military accessories, which his majesty the emperor and king had brought into fashion. So that when the empire fell, and after the empire, the restoration, carrying with them the little of exterior decoration which remained in France—when M. Gérard, after having entirely failed in one of the finest and noblest heads of the day, that of M. Lamartine, had given up painting men so badly dressed—when M. Gros, conquered by the grotesque uniform of Clot Bey, had unjustly, foolishly, and criminally, laid violent hands upon himself—then appeared M. Ingres; he came at the very moment when portrait-painting seemed impossible. “Ah!” said he to the stupefied Parisians, “you do not know how to dispense with all this bad embroidery of the restoration and the empire! Ah! to enable you to make beautiful portraits, you require a military court and robed senators! Courage, my children, courage! imitate me, learn to do without all this tinsel.” And in order to prove what he advanced, Mr. Ingres went to seek, among the least decorated and most excellent citizens of the day, a man who would never accept place, nor dignity, nor any of those exterior signs, by which so many ordinary men make themselves known in the crowd of ordinary people. And in very deed, for the realization of the project, or rather of the revolution of M. Ingres, never was model better chosen. Picture to yourself a man of ancient times, the handsomest and youngest of old men, of an elevated stature, which age had not been able to bend, with a broad, intelligent forehead, covered with white hair; an eye lofty, yet kind, quick, and yet certain; a smile full of mischief, wit, and benevolence; in a word, the calm, thoughtful head of a philosopher and a thinker. The figure, the walk, the body, the hands, all corresponded with the head. M. Ingres reproduced in all its perfection, the beauty of his model, not without having studied it with rare complacency. And when, at last, in the Salon of 1834, appeared this chef d’œuvre, worthy of Titian himself—and remember, I know the magnitude of the great name I pronounce—immediately the crowd pressed around it astonished, asking, “Who is it?” He was dressed like all the world, in a plain coat of black cloth; he was seated in an ill-made arm-chair of mahogany, which is, as you know, a proscribed wood; he did not wear in his button-hole the least morsel of red riband, he reclined in the most natural attitude, like an honest citizen, who on some fine summer’s day, dreams of the future improvements of his country-house; and yet, such is the sure instinct of the crowd when the truth is addressed to them, no one thought of comparing this portrait with the portraits of all the citizens, decorated or non-decorated, a dull crowd of common faces, and bedizened coats, which surrounded this masterpiece of M. Ingres. At the first glance thrown upon the living canvass, the people had recognised the thinker, the philosopher, the wise and prudent politician, the truly courageous citizen who had, all his life, preferred the interest of the mass to that idle popularity which asks nothing better than to be their very humble servant. The triumph of M. Ingres was complete; and certainly this must have been a happy hour to him, when he had, at last, realized the great ambition of his life; to execute the portrait of a Parisian citizen, and show himself equal to the greatest masters of Spain and Italy. The portrait of M. Bertin, by M. Ingres, therefore, effected an entire revolution; by this was demonstrated, and the demonstration has remained without answer, that great painters did not need all those exterior decorations of which the ancient

masters were so profuse. We must, however, except Titian and Raphael, who are always very frugal of ornaments. No sooner had this victory been gained by the portrait of M. Bertin, senior—that excellent man, whom his friends still mourn, whom his disciples will never forget—that M. Ingres, the illustrious painter, saw enter his studio, one of the men, who, at that time, valued himself most upon his personal dignity. He, no less than M. Bertin, senior, is a great and skilful politician, only he has directed affairs, at the same time by counsel and by action. In all the more than American democracy, which threatens to invade the whole of France, there yet remains one gentleman, who thoroughly understands all the responsibilities of the great name which his fathers have transmitted to him. Before such a man could decide, then, to allow himself to be painted by an artist like M. Ingres, he must certainly have found out that M. Ingres was the greatest painter of the aristocracy of that epoch. At first, M. Ingres hesitated; but, such was the passion of Count Molé to be immortalized by this master hand, that he insisted with all his power; he yielded to all the exactions of this austere and conscientious artist, who is never contented with having done well, so long as it is possible that he can do better. From this happy concurrence of two such wills, has resulted a work, equal perhaps to the portrait of M. Bertin; if you have not in this all the plebeian greatness of the first model, there is, on the other hand, something perhaps more delicate; you may distinguish in this carefully studied physiognomy, all the elegant habits of a man of the old regime, brought up under the eyes of the emperor, and who never forgets, when he speaks to a king, how men ought to approach these majesties, perishable if you will, but still royal. If you wish for an account of this portrait of M. Molé, you must fancy, united upon the same canvass and in the same head, the smile of M. de Chateaubriand and the look of Meyerbeer.

Such is the skilful and learned artist who has been given to France, that he may worthily represent her great men. It must be owned that models have failed M. Ingres much more than he has failed his models. And who, then, at this day, in this France of bright intellects—by accident, of great orators—has dared to dream of posterity for him and his works? No, no, the people of France do not think of so much glory; one single painter suffices, and more than suffices, to represent what is really French glory. For less celebrated characters, they have others who are not so exacting as M. Ingres: they have M. Champmartin, a skilful artist, of rare mind, full of rapture and gayety, to whom they are indebted for the portraits of the Duke de Fitz James and the Duke de Crussol; they have, to delineate their finest, youngest, and prettiest women, two painters who can hardly accomplish this important task; M. Winterhalter, and especially the master of all these great fabricators of velvet and smiles, of laces and elegance, of pearls and light hair, M. Dubufe.

But, let me tell you a little incident, which will enable you to form some judgment of the stroke, and the fabulous rapidity of this Winterhalter, the author of *Décameron*, that brilliant sketch, which might be taken for a posthumous and exaggerated work of Sir Thomas Lawrence himself. When the Dutchess de Nemours had been presented to the court, to France, and finally to Paris, there was, in the world of the fine arts, a strange emulation, which, among all the painters, all the sculptors, and all the engravers of medals, should take the portrait of the new dutchess. Independently of the rank which she occupies with so much grace, simplicity, and modesty, the princess is so young and so beautiful, her complexion is so clear and lively, her beautiful light hair floats in the breeze, so silky and so luxuriant, that not one of the portrait-painters, who are among the most skilful, would have refused the honor of giving a faithful image of this young woman, even without any other charms than the spring charms of youth and beauty. At last, one day, two artists were introduced at the palace of Neuilly, to the Dutchess de Nemours, the one to take her portrait, the other to prepare a medallion of her. They arrive—they enter; already the painter is at work, and while the engraver, with an attentive eye, studies his royal model, our artist throws upon the canvass this charming head; he proceeds like a man who improvises with wonderful readiness. Meantime the engraver slowly arranges everything; he traces with a light hand, upon the complaisant wax, the

features which must afterward be reproduced ; he is grave, he is slow, he is solemn. He had therefore scarcely commenced his medal, before the painter had entirely finished his picture. "Madam," said he, "your royal highness is released from me—I have finished." "But it is impossible!" cried Barre. "Look, then," replied Winterhalter. And in fact there was the faithful likeness of the Dutchess de Nemours ; it was her beautiful color, her infantile grace, her small head, a head which Greuse himself, in his brightest days of poetry and elegance, would not have disowned. "That I may not trouble your royal highness," said Winterhalter to the Dutchess de Nemours, "I will take away the portrait ; I will paint the dress at home ;" and he did as he said. And what is still more incredible is, that it is a work full of spirit, life, and talent.

As for the other artist whom we named, M. Dubufe, he is, in his own style, a kind of M. Ingres, but M. Ingres *improvising*, and ready for anything. Like M. Ingres, M. Dubufe has his way of seeing, studying, and imitating nature, which he would not give up for any consideration. In the crowd of the most beautiful beings in creation, in all which bears a dress, an embroidered tucker, white hands, and a feminine countenance, M. Dubufe sees only that which is polished, soft, and brilliant ; he has at once suppressed every wrinkle, every wart, the slightest blemish to the figure ; he has said to time, "Thou shalt go no farther ; thou shalt not pass the twentieth year !" and even time, which is said to be inflexible, has obeyed M. Dubufe. Time has drawn back before his pencil laden with roses, with satin, with laces, with carmine, with freshness, with black hair. If perchance M. Dubufe consents to paint light hair, it is by a refinement of coquetry. It is necessary that the happy models whom he adopts, that he may give them this immortality during life, should all, whether they please or not, be endowed with the same advantages. He treats them less like an impartial painter, than in the paternal way of a good father, who wishes all his children to be equally young, equally handsome, equally rich. No jealousy, no discontent ! M. Dubufe gives them all the same beauty, the same elegance, the same youth, the same tall, slight figure. During the nearly fifteen years in which he has been the king of portrait-painters, M. Dubufe has addressed himself almost entirely to the most lovely half of the human race ; but then how he has surrounded his charming models with flattery and attention ! What silk, what velvet, what rich laces he has expended, that he might dress them well ! To hear him, you would think they never had pearls enough on the head, or diamonds on the neck, or flowers sufficiently fresh for the corsage. "Pray tell me what that foot is ? what is that fat arm ? that emaciated shoulder ? I wish your arm to be slender, your shoulder to be fresh and soft, your foot to be just that size." And as he says, he acts ; so that suddenly plunged into this fountain of youth, the ladies of M. Dubufe are but twenty years old, their complexions resemble the lily and the rose, their fingers are like their complexions ; and besides this, they are always dressed in the newest fashion. As nothing is wanted to set them off—as the painter is in the habit of placing them in magnificent gilded arm-chairs—as he presents them to you, sometimes leaning upon beautiful marble columns, very rare in these countries which are so little Italian ; some, in the midst of gardens filled with flowers ; or at least in splendid saloons adorned with wonders—those ladies, whose great ambition it is to be beautiful and well dressed, and to appear rich, can refuse nothing to M. Dubufe. They have named him their painter in ordinary, in reward for his gallantry ; they have made his fortune and his glory. Imprudent coquettes ! And, besides, what signifies the future to them ? what do they care about to-morrow, so that they are lovely to-day ? It is in vain for you to tell them that likenesses pass so quickly, that the velvet of a painting fades like all other velvet ; that in a portrait the countenance alone is durable—that it alone is eternal ; that these robes and ornaments, which seem to them in such good taste, because they are the fashion to-day, will be ridiculous in twenty years ; they are not thinking of twenty years hence ; the point in question is, that they wish to be beautiful, now, immediately, at this moment ; they wish to smile tenderly upon themselves, and contemplate at their ease, to the end, even till death, that beauty which is so dear to them ; this is all their concern ; they

have been the admired of an hour, and are therefore content; unlike the great men of M. Ingres, who wish to be great always.

Among other portraits worthy of attention, the portrait of M. Guizot, which all America has asked from M. Paul Delaroche (a well-merited honor), has deserved the sympathy of all. The engraving which M. Calamatta has made of this portrait of M. Guizot, is exceedingly good, and quite worthy of the model.

It is the puritan appearance of that convinced writer, who has passed through so many vicissitudes of fortune. Poor, without name, urged onward by the inward feeling which promised him such great things, he had, at first, difficulty in finding a newspaper which would consent to print his finest pages. M. Guizot had no youth; his father, who died upon the revolutionary scaffold, had bequeathed to him the everlasting grief of his remaining parent. In his misery, the young man no longer knew whence liberty was to come; liberty had killed his father. But, this monarchy which traces back so far—must it be abandoned to that abyss into which it is throwing itself headlong? It is known, that at this moment in the history of France, more than one honest conscience felt itself troubled and uneasy. This uneasiness, this trouble, was the presentiment of future revolutions. That which decided M. Guizot in his devotedness to the house of Bourbon, was the flight of King Louis XVIII., forced to quit his throne in the middle of the night, while Bonaparte advanced at the head of the legions which he had assembled on his route. That which alienated him from the Restoration which he had so well defended, was the pride, the insolence, the ingratitude of that Restoration, which had reached its highest point of power and splendor. The pride of M. Guizot was for him, like an irresistible force, in his days of misfortune. When he saw himself turned out of his places, driven from his pulpit, odious to that monarchy which he had so faithfully served, not like a courtier, but like a good citizen, M. Guizot retired without uttering the slightest complaint, and then you might have seen him, such as he really is, unruffled and invincible. Poverty, so dreaded by all the men who govern France at the present day, has never alarmed M. Guizot, and it is just because he knew how to be poor, that he has reached his present high and incontestable character for probity. In his occupation as a writer, his wife was constantly associated with him, his trusty, devoted wife, with her firm, rare mind, calm good sense, admirable courage, and profound resignation to the decrees of Providence. Poor woman! she died happy, for before dying, she had foreseen the new destinies of her husband; and that, at no very distant day, in a great tempest, which was gathering, France would not vainly invoke the genius, the courage, the wisdom, the foresight, of that man, who found himself reduced, to become the translator of Latourneur's Shakspeare, in order to obtain a livelihood.

Since we are speaking of the happiest and most skilful portrait-painters, we must not forget the name of an amiable artist, who has taken some charming likenesses; Isabey, the favorite painter of the imperial court. Isabey had an all-powerful motive for representing from nature, these beautiful models, who have grown old so quickly, because the ladies of the present day think their costume ill chosen, and will not, on any account, dress like their grandmothers, the wives of the generals and marshals of the empire; this motive was, his admiration for the whole sex; at first, he entertained for them the feelings of a lover, and now he has those of a father, so true is it, that there is love, even in the depths of paternal tenderness. Happy man, thus to have seen and studied, contemporary history, under its sweetest aspect! Of this epoch, so filled with wars, revolutions, and tempests, he has known nothing but the histories of joy and peace. I was sitting the other evening with an old lady, who was a belle among all the belles at the commencement of the Empire. She has now for a long time, contented herself with being nothing more than an excellent person with much tact and good sense; and talks to you of her youth, as of a thing which she scarcely remembers. Of all her former beauty, this amiable woman has preserved nothing but a portrait by Isabey, which is a masterpiece. It is impossible to unite upon a smaller space, a more rare assemblage of all which composes grace, mind, and beauty. It was one of those which attracted so much

attention at the Louvre when the emperor first opened it to modern artists. In this *Exposition*, the principle objects of remark were the battles drawn by Gros in the suite of the emperor, and the beautiful heads copied by Isabey in that of the empress. The officers troubled themselves but little about Gros's battles, for in this turbulent empire, life was but one long battle; the portraits of Isabey, however, excited the greatest attention, and many a dispute was held, as to the charms, not of the fair original, for they did not know her, but of the portrait before their eyes.

But what will be said to these French people, who profess to be such warm admirers of the arts, when we add, that during the Exposition of the Louvre, the chefs d'œuvre of the old masters—Titian, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cuyp, Gerard Dow—are covered by an ignoble baize, upon which are hung the paintings of modern artists? And they ask how the Louvre could be filled, if it were completed, when they have not a gallery for their Exposition, without forcibly taking possession of a place, which every true artist would hold sacred to the masters of antiquity! Fy on them! fy on them! My Yankee brethren—notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion that they are so absorbed in money-making, as to have neither time nor inclination to form a taste for the fine arts—would never have been guilty of such Vandalism, as to cover the paintings of those men to whose genius the world does universal homage, by the ephemeral productions of their own pencils. England may make you pay for the privilege of entering her exhibition; but at least she gives you free and full permission to admire, at your ease, the riches of her National Gallery. France is the only country that will not permit you, at once to view ancient and modern artists. . . . But perhaps she is right; it may be that she fears the contrast. . . .

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT.

MY first visit was naturally due to that beautiful and charming Madame de R——, whose hospitality had been so unreserved and so complete. It was the same benevolent lady who constantly said to me last winter, "But you work too hard; you push your observations and your study too far; if, as it is said, *Paris was not built in a day*, it will be impossible to understand Paris in less than a century; be calm, then, do not attempt what you can not perform, but profit simply by what passes before your eyes." Thus she spoke, with the most affable smile and the kindest look. All that I know of Parisian conversation, I have learned at the house of this amiable woman; for, in her saloon, sheltered from literary and political disputes, the most friendly and the most delightful chatting has taken refuge. Alas! since my departure, this lady, so beloved by her friends, has been ill. She had been seized with fever, without being able to tell, whence came this invisible shudder; but the Parisian is so delicate a being! Wavering health, languishing beauty, large eyes full of fire, but the fire of which suddenly disappears and is effaced, beautiful pale cheeks, a soft, melancholy smile. Let lightning flash through the heavens, let a little wind howl in the air, let a dog bark at night, let a door be noisily shut, and our Parisian is immediately trembling, enervated, incapable of exertion. A mere nothing is sufficient to make her pass from joy to grief, from laughter to tears; a knitting of the brow, a pin badly placed, an unpleasant look or gesture; no one knows what has caused it, nor indeed do they know themselves, unhappy creatures! At any rate, Madame de R—— had suffered much; not so much, however, but that she had found strength enough to dress herself, time to make herself beautiful, and to

give her drawing-room an air of fête. Oh these women, the honor of elegance! I know not how they die; but assuredly they can not die like the rest of their fellow-creatures. With their last sigh, they must think that it is necessary to be lovely even in death. More than one, I imagine, ponders beforehand, the embroidery of her winding-sheet. Poor creatures, distressed and yet courageous, devoted to their beauty, as Cato was devoted to virtue! For the rest, there is a French line which expresses exactly what I wish to say,

“Elle tombe, et, tombant, range ses vêtements.”

The Parisian ladies have another good quality, which is, that nothing astonishes them. Madame de R—— had bade me farewell, as if she were never to see me again. She had even had the kindness, to present to me a cheek already feverish; she thought me far distant by this time, and yet; “It is you!” said she, giving me her hand, just as if we had only parted the evening before. “I had a presentiment that you were not really gone; you were attracted to Paris by too great a curiosity and admiration; and besides, what is there to hasten you? You return to us; you are quite right.” “You see,” replied I, “that when once a person enters Paris, it is impossible to quit it.” Thereupon the conversation became general. There was present, an old gentleman of title, of elegant life, of clear, lively thought, a friend of General Lafayette, a brother in arms of Washington, who, both from his intelligence and want of other occupation, played an important part in the first revolution. The conversation naturally turned upon the last century, which this nobleman loudly regretted, as one always regrets the happy moments and extravagancies of youth; then he began to speak of all the men of former days, and all the women also, of the Duke de Richelieu and M. de Voltaire, of the painter Greuze, and of Sophia Arnould, of whom Greuze made so beautiful a portrait. According to this good gentleman, this famous Sophia Arnould—to whom the eighteenth century lent all its bon mots, for the very good reason, that people lend only to the rich—was not the shameless woman that she is represented to us, in all the memoirs. He then attempted to defend the character of Madame Dubarry, by showing that she was not the *origin* of all the vice of the age! The poets of the last century were discussed. They spoke also—but of what did they not speak? of the private life of King Louis XV., of the Great and Little Trianon, of the prisoners in the château de Pignerole and the château de Vincennes. M. de Richelieu was not forgotten in these histories of which he was the central point, as a lover, as a soldier, and as a nobleman. The whole evening passed in this friendly and intimate chatting, of which France alone, among all polite nations, has still preserved the secret. After which, as it was near midnight, a very late hour for our invalid; “Come,” said Madame de R., “it is time for all to retire; we must separate. And you, my lord,” added she, looking at the old gentleman, “ask pardon of these ladies for you and for myself, for our having involuntarily carried them back to this history, which is but too far from the history of our own times. Alas!”

But again I repeat, that nothing can equal Parisian causerie in grace, vivacity, and wit. Sparkling and animated, its arrows are pointed, its very good nature is satirical. No one is better acquainted with the anecdotes and the ideas, the passions and the facts, the poems and the tales which agitate the world, than the Parisian gentleman, and with yet more emphasis may it be said, that no one knows them better than the Parisian lady. In this respect, Europe is like a vast saloon, all the members of which seem to be acquainted, from the fact of their living in the midst of the same elegances. London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Naples, Florence, those noble cities of intelligence and mind, are occupied, almost at the same day and the same hour, with the same poems, the same books, nay more, with the same dress, and the same gauze cap. He who writes the history of a drawing-room in St. Petersburg, writes, very nearly, the history of a drawing-room in Paris; and therefore, in spite of the reality of my emotions, I am not without uneasiness for the book which I write amid Parisian flowers and shade, so well do I remember that everywhere there are the same flowers, the same mind, and the same spring.

CHAPTER XI.

VERSAILLES.

THE Sunday which followed the feast of the *Assumption*, I was at Versailles to see the great waters play.

At so early an hour of the morning that the sun was as yet invisible, the Parisians were at the terminus of the railroad. All the carriages of the royal traveller were even then ready, the fire-horse neighed with all his power, breathing out fire and flame through his half-opened nostrils; the iron rail extended in a burning line from the streets of Paris to the gardens of Louis XIV.

Versailles, what a vast and depopulated city! Who, then, was this king, who filled this immense space with his own personal dignity? What was this century which this palace, although so extensive, could scarcely contain? What was this court, so numerous that when it walked out upon the turf, the last nobleman of the party had not descended the first steps, before the king was at the end of the *Tapis vert*?

This is one of the miracles of history, and in this world everything is understood except miracles. An abyss—what do I say?—two revolutions, separate the Versailles of 1830 from the Versailles of 1681! How astonished would these vast dwellings be if they could return, in thought and remembrance, back to their first days of grandeur, when there was in this place, now laden with stone and marbles, nothing but ancient trees! Henry IV. came there to rouse the stag; Louis XIII. quitted the oaks of Saint Germain for the woods of Versailles; and when night surprised him, the king slept in a neighboring windmill, little suspecting that not far from this humble shelter would rise a palace, sufficiently capacious to contain the greatest king and the greatest century of France. At last, in 1660, the real king of the château of Versailles—he who was to raise these walls, and people them with guests of talent and genius, Louis XIV.—appeared, and at his command this immense chaos was replaced by a magnificence full of art and taste; in vain did nature, and the situation of the place, and the sterility of the ground, seem to present so many invincible obstacles to the will of the young monarch. Headed by Louis XIV., a council of clever men assembled to erect these superb dwellings. Mansard raised the ceilings which Lebrun covered with masterpieces; Le Notre laid out the gardens, and spread through the barren earth whole rivers turned from their natural course by an army of workmen; Girardon and Le Puget peopled the shores, the groves, the watery grottoes, with a variety of nymphs, tritons, and satyrs, with all the gods of mythology; and when at last the palace was built and worthy of the king—Louis XIV., Colbert, the great Condé, all the leaders of the seventeenth century, took possession of it, as of their natural dwelling, and with them all the great minds of that fine epoch, the kings of thought and of poetry: nor must we forget other powers who saw at their feet the kings as well as the poets: Henrietta of England, and Mademoiselle de la Vallière; Madame de Montespan, and Anne of Austria. Poetry and military glory inaugurated the château of Versailles; Louis XIV., the king of every kind of grace and elegance, the all-powerful monarch, who had in himself the sentiment of every grandeur, had made of this palace the only asylum which he considered worthy of his glory and his love, the only shelter of his labors and of the gloomy anticipations of his old age—so abounding with grandeur and melancholy. His whole life, his brilliant youth, his middle age, his decline—those last rays of the sun—were passed within these walls.

Beautiful gardens, fountains, marbles, bronzes, old orange-trees covered with flowers, extensive lawn, trod by so many kings, so many queens, so many ambassadors, so many holy bishops, so many profane beauties, royalty of former days, whose track can be so easily followed in these magnificent gardens; it is impossible to salute you with indifference! Every step taken in these dark alleys is a remembrance, every apartment in this funeral castle is an elegy. In vain are

these splendid walls covered with new paintings ; in vain are they laden with bas-reliefs and emblems ; in vain do all kinds of statues stand erect in the splendid galleries. . . . you breathe in these magnificent places an undefinable odor of death. Here is the solemn chamber, in which the king of the great century died ; nothing is altered, or rather, everything has been restored to its place ; the bed is hung with the drapery embroidered by Madame de Maintenon ; the portrait of *Madame*, Henrietta of England, for whom so many tears were shed—smiles, as in former days, with her calm, tender smile. The golden railing is closed ; upon the *prie-dieu* lies the king's prayer-book ; the quilt, divided into two pieces, has been found again—one half in Germany, the other in Italy ; the paintings on each side of the bed represent a *Holy Family* by Raphael, and a *Saint Cecilia* by Domenichino ; the ceiling is by Paul Veronese ; it was taken by the Emperor Napoleon from the gallery of the Council of Ten. The portraits over the doors are by Vandyke. Never was the royal chamber more splendid and more brilliant. If, at a short distance, you open that door, what an austere retreat do you behold ! There knelt Louis XIV. at the feet of his confessor, when induced by Madame de Maintenon, at the close of his life, to assume at least the semblance of religion. In that other room, which has preserved a funeral aspect, in spite of its laughing pictures, died, not without pain or without regret, the king of the eighteenth century, the king of Voltaire and of Diderot, Louis XV. Look around you ; you are in the midst of his mistresses ; what beauties, what grace, what intelligence, what smiles ! and at the end of these feasts, this delirium, this love what an abyss, what a frightful gulf into which to fall !

Thus in this long journey through the splendors of the old palace of Versailles, you pass from triumph to defeat, from royalty to nothingness ! This king, so young, so brilliant—adored more than a god—the same powerful being who walked in these magnificent gardens, to the sound of so many murmuring fountains—see him extended upon his death-bed ! Of all these kings, the last, the most upright, and the best, where will you find him ? Beneath the hand of the executioner ! Vanity, vanity ! . . . ruin is there ; the palace of Versailles may be filled with paintings, but to restore life to it is impossible. Look, look ! they tell us this is the *Œil-de-bœuf*—the *Œil-de-bœuf*, that saloon where waited in respectful attention all the men of the great century. What a melancholy silence after so many brilliant sounds ! Where are you, ye kings of French mind and genius, Bossuet, Corneille, La Fontaine, Molière, Despreaux ? All around you see emblems, ciphers, busts, paintings, shadows, dreams ! I am in the chapel, and I ask if Father Bourdaloue, if Massillon is not coming, if the king and Madame de Maintenon will keep us waiting long ? Father Bourdaloue will not come, Massillon will not come, King Louis XIV. is no more, even in his leaden tomb at Saint Denis ; Madame de Maintenon has left this world ! And yet everything is ready for their reception. All the magnificence of the chapel has been restored to its primitive brilliancy. There you will still find, as in their novelty, the twenty-eight stone statues ; the high altar is of marble and bronze, the walls are covered with bas-reliefs, the king's pew and Madame de Maintenon's pew have preserved their windows surrounded by paintings ; the vaulted roof still bears a masterpiece by Coypel ; and finally, after having been violently torn from it, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. are again seen, kneeling on each side of the altar, placing France beneath the protection of the holy Virgin. Ah ! how one single man of the great century would fill this silence, would animate these solitudes ! how readily would people then believe in this magnificent restoration !

But no, the animation, the brilliancy, the life of these royal dwellings, have been replaced by motionless statues, by paintings without name, by a brilliant collection of all kinds of recitals, equally before and since the time of Louis XIV. The truth is, that having raised this palace for his own personal grandeur, Louis XIV. never dreamed that this spot could ever shelter any other majesty than the king of France. He had in himself a deep feeling of the greatness of the house of Bourbon, and he would have died of grief if he could have foreseen that one day this royal house, which was one of the beautiful

works of his youth—the cradle of his children—would be thoroughly overturned by an enraged populace. No, certainly, this château de Versailles was not intended for such ravages. Such turf had not been laid around these sparkling waters to be trodden down by the stamping of the people; these statues were not made to be pitilessly broken; these aged trees, the venerable shadow of which filled the garden—he who had planted them with his royal hands, little suspected that the day would come when they would be torn up like so many frail rushes. When once the royalty of France had been hunted from these dwellings—when the king, the queen, and the dauphin, had been led to Paris, to die there—the palace of Versailles ought to have crumbled into dust, as a useless and valueless thing.

Magnificent among all the royal dwellings, the château de Versailles had been arranged for the express purpose of affording a suitable shelter to French royalty, as King Louis XIV. understood it. Just as he said, "The state is myself," the sovereign master of so many millions of men ought to have been able to say, "Versailles is the whole of my reign." It was indeed the whole of his reign, for the life of the king and the fortune of France had been employed in raising these walls, in planting these gardens, in forcibly leading to this dry ground sparkling fountains! Amid this long succession of stones cut with a golden chisel, surrounded by all his children, all his gentlemen, all his poets, all his captains, all the beauties of his court, the king led a truly royal life—an endless representation of every day and every hour. In this place, the grandeur of which astonishes you, met all the reports of the age, all the feelings of kings, all the hopes of nations. It was the centre of everything; thence issued all the movements of this great kingdom. So long a reign in such a long succession of royal dwellings! such beautiful walks, under those trees, where Molière composed the most delightful scenes of his comedies! such long hunts in these woods which the great and little Mews filled with their magnificence! *the Tapis vert!* and the groves which surround it; and the orangery at the foot of the château; and the basin of Neptune; and the marble court! Who would dare attempt to describe all? who would wish to do so? Well, this would be precisely the whole history of a century, the whole history of a monarchy which finishes as the old fairy tales used to begin: "There was once upon a time a king and a queen!"

It was on June 10, 1839, that King Louis Philippe I., seeing his task accomplished, and wishing the whole of France to partake in the power and brilliancy of his triumph, invited, to inaugurate the palace of Versailles, all those men in Paris who were distinguished in politics, in the army, or in any of the arts of peace and war. This fête of June 10 has left, even in France, where everything is forgotten, lasting remembrances. People asked themselves how, in so short a space of time, in the midst of so many cares, and so much business, the king had been able to repair this immense ruin. At his voice, the sleeping palace of Versailles had arisen; the folding-doors opened as if Louis XIV. was expected. Louis Philippe had said to the palace of Versailles, "Open your gates; you are the property of France." And thus, for the space of four years, from the top to the bottom of this palace, which is larger than a city, in the foundations or beneath the roofs, within the walls, beyond the walls, into the most obscure corners or the most splendid saloons, this indefatigable king has carried his fortune, his labor, his will, his historical science, his admiration for all the illustrious names, his respect for all the required glories, his boundless devotion, his profound and sincere admiration for all which constitutes the history of France.

Most certainly, to build the palace of Versailles, to plant these gardens, to bring fountains on to this barren plain, to shelter beneath these shadows a whole nation of statues, worthily to employ Mansard, and Lebrun, and Le Nôtre, and Pujèt, and Coysevox, so many illustrious artists who died at this labor; to spend more than a thousand millions of francs in accomplishing this impossible wonder; to summon to his aid, all the power, all the genius, all the money, of which the greatest king in the world could dispose, was very difficult; but yet, I do not think this work of the erection of Versailles can be compared to the task of

that king, who has undertaken to save, by a revolution, from its silent inevitable ruin, this immense palace.

At the present day, then, the palace of Versailles is nothing more than a museum. Louis XIV. is confined to some few of his saloons, and to his sleeping-room; it is no longer he who fills with his majesty the dwellings which he has erected. He is no longer alone—he is surrounded by all the dynasties, by all the royalties, and even by all the revolutions of France. Anywhere but in the palace of Versailles, it is a collection which would not be devoid of grandeur. All the epochs of France are represented in this succession of paintings, some of which are worthy of the artists who have signed them, while the greatest number evince the haste and mediocrity of the moment. Fabulous times are not forgotten here. France, the Gauls, even the Romans have their place in this medley; Charlemagne appears in it with his dynasty of feeble monarchs; every commencement, every origin, every people, is painted upon these walls, which are astonished at so many anachronisms. The feudal barons, the knights of the crusades, pontiffs, ministers, abbots, all have their place on this vast page of a unique book, upon which was formerly written the unique praise of Louis XIV. Farther on, Francis I. appears to you, surrounded by his brilliant escort, and leading by the hand that beautiful sixteenth century, which could not be conquered and surpassed, except by the following one.

But let us return to our account of the inauguration of Versailles. All the curious ones who had been invited to witness it, were transported with joy and pride. They arrived one after the other, or several at the same time; but immediately upon their entrance into the court of honor, their attention was excited. The first who welcome you are the great men of France—Bayard, Duguesclin, Turenne, Condé, Louis XIV. on horseback. Arrived at the marble court, the king's guests alighted; they saluted with their first look and their first respect, the kings and warriors of the first race, epitaphs, sounds of war, tombs, galleries to which time has not yet given that funeral tint, which time alone can find upon its pallet of dust and ashes. They stopped with enthusiastic delight before that peasant girl, Joan of Arc, at once a warrior and a shepherdess, with the countenance of a woman, and the courage and the arm of a hero. It is, perhaps, the masterpiece of the museum at Versailles—a marble, doubly popular, from the name of the heroine, and from the name of the royal sculptress.

They continued their course, marching from triumph to triumph, stopping before the celebrated engagements, admiring at their ease, the great emperor, in his different fortunes, in his various characters; to-day crowned by the pope, to-morrow marrying the grand-daughter of the Cæsars, afterward conquered and a captive, but soon leaving his island, and returning like a conqueror to his kingdom of a hundred days, and again defeated for the last time, and losing himself in the infinity of his misfortune and his glory. It must have been an interesting sight, the day the museum was opened, to watch the old soldiers—the inviolated marshals, wounded on every field of battle—walking slowly, silent, but not unmoved witnesses, crossing with a weary step this museum, or rather this field of war, melted even to tears, at the sight of their ancient triumphs, seeking themselves in the fight, beneath the shadow of their eagles and their emperor: so proud and so happy to find themselves, occupying their position of twenty years ago, in this unequalled assemblage of all royalties, all nations, and all principles! There were some, among these old heroes, who had not walked for ten years, but who stood erect again, at this smell of gunpowder. They returned to their happy days of encamping and privation. They again saw Toulon surrendering beneath the cannon directed by that short young man of pale complexion and fiery eye; they ascended the heights of Mount Saint-Bernard, dragging the artillery; they descended into Italy amid the sweet perfume of the orange-trees and the roses; they arrived in Egypt, and on those plains laden with sand, at the foot of the pyramids, they contemplated with a smile the three thousand years which returned their look with alarm.

How many little imperceptible dramas must have passed this first day, in the palace of Versailles! While the antiquarian joyfully deciphered the old in-

scriptions on the old statues; while the emperor's soldier marched, with a rapid step, in the suite of his emperor; while political men pondered the different scenes of parliamentary history, so filled with unexpected incidents, alarms, murders, and resistances—the calmest minds, those happy egoists, for whom the glory of arms is but a vain sound, power a useless force, courage a glorious peril, and victory a foolish parade—lost themselves in their meditations upon the clever minds which France has produced. These latter said in a low voice, that the greatest victory was not worth so much as a beautiful poem, that they would give Charlemagne for R  gnier, and the *Capitulaires* for Malherbe's ode to *Du P  rier*. They stopped by instinct before the great masters, Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille; or, perhaps, more advanced, they regarded with affection, Boileau, F  nelon, Bossuet, Racine; or else they saluted Montesquieu, Voltaire, Le Sage, J. J. Rousseau. Noble palace! the asylum of every kind of glory, and every kind of poetry! The young men in the first ardor of youth, saw, in the palace of Louis XIV., only Louis XV., that handsome king of so much wit, carelessness, composure, and courage! They followed the perfumed footsteps of the royal lover of Madame de Pompadour; they did not even recoil before Madame Dubarry, that insolent but fascinating power; they were in ecstasies before all these effeminate beauties, these somewhat manufactured graces, these young heroes of Fontenoi, who wore their swords and their ruffles with so becoming an air. Some were the partisans of Marie Antoinette, the queen of France, the admirable daughter of Germany, the queen of such distinguished courage and resignation; others, leaping the seventeenth century, proclaimed Diana of Poitiers, the belle among beauties; there were some who adored the queen of Navarre;—others among the merry historians who form an isolated school, maintained that Catherine de Medicis was a much calumniated queen, and highly prized her flying squadron; each one chose his favorite king among so many monarchs; this one, Francis I., Bayard's king; that one, Louis XI., the friend of the people; a third Louis XII., who was their *father*; there were some who discovered good qualities in that negligent, whimsical monarch, Louis XIII.; others were passionate admirers of Henry IV., and would even say to him, "*Sire, your mistress is my queen.*" And finally—for all the royalties of France are permitted and acknowledged with the most courageous loyalty in the museum of Versailles—some, in their respectful emotion, paused before the *Return of Louis XVIII.*, before the *Coronation of Charles X.*, before the portrait of the dauphiness, and there was in their looks, less of reproach than of pity, regard, and interest.

But do you see—beyond, under that verdant horizon of the great trees—at the very end of the tapis vert, farther than the canal which serves as a mirror to all this royal magnificence—do you see that house of such smiling aspect? Certainly, by the side of the Versailles of Louis XIV., the *Petit Trianon* would attract but a small portion of the attention and respect of men. . . . And yet what delightful associations recall to us that small park, those beautifully simple walls! To this turf which she pressed with so light a step, the queen of France came, to forget the ennui and the etiquette of royal majesty. Once at the *Petit Trianon*, the lovely queen felt more happy. All her diadem was the flowers of her garden; she held, with a joyous hand, the light crook; in this dairy of white marble, she herself prepared—with such delightful awkwardness—the milk of her cows! Poor queen! how much she must afterward have regretted the sun, the waters, the flowers, the cream, and the strawberries, the sheep and the heifers of the *Petit Trianon*.

For myself, it appears to me, that I see her still, in these sweet spots, so gladdened by her royal beauty. The birds in the yoke-elm trees still sing of the queen of France; the swans of the basin seek her, as they skim with timid wing, these peaceful shores; it is on her balcony in the evening, when the moon is veiled by some cloud from Paris, it is on the balcony of the *Petit Trianon*, that the light and sacred shadow rests, by preference. *Trianon* by the side of Versailles is the garland of flowers placed upon the giant's staircase.

I know not how to tell you all the enjoyment of this day, passed amid so much splendor and so many imposing recollections. I saw at once all these

things, the past and the present, the palace and the gardens, history and poetry, Christian eloquence and profane love; palace, groves, flowers, gardens, marble basins, statues of stone and bronze, fantastical fountains, brilliant jets, Apollo and the Muses, all the divinities of fable, the dancing satyr, the intoxicated Bacchant, the rapacious Danaë, the superb Juno, and the tearful Latona, all pass around you to the sound of aerial music; all the things, and especially all the men who have ever existed, an immense tornado of things magnificent and sublime . . . and you remain, overwhelmed as it were, in silent contemplation.

Versailles! Versailles! now, thanks to these railroads, become one of the faubourgs of Paris; why has the city remained deserted? Why this profound silence in the streets? Why these houses which you would say were inhabited by phantoms, these gardens, in which you will neither find the footstep of the child nor that of the old man? Ah! these ruins alarm the vulgar; these long remembrances of the ancient monarchy frighten even the philosophers. Versailles is no longer anything but a place to visit. Each wishes to come here, no one will remain! I have myself been witness to this eagerness of the Parisians to fly before all these phantoms.

Night was yet distant, it was the hour when all the waters of the garden were slackened, the sun was less ardent, the tree fresher, the turf more green, the the water clearer. Beyond these, at the very end of the lake, where recommence the melodious murmurs of the nightingale saddened by the crowd, in these gravelled alleys, where, with a little respect and pity, it would be easy to find again so many noble footsteps, I imagine I see the whole ancient court promenading in its most magnificent attire. It was not a vision! they were all there, the kings, the princes, the Condés, the Turennes, the Bossuets. Yes, it was indeed the court of the greatest king in the universe. I saw in the distance the sparkling of the golden embroidery, the colors of the velvet, the steel of the swords, the jewelry of the ladies added to the whiteness of their bare shoulders—the feathers waving upon the brown locks agitated by the evening wind! Oh that I could see the blue eyes of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, or the proud look of Madame de Maintenon, or Madame de Sévigné! . . . What a dazzling apparition! It seemed to me that all who were walking in the palace of the Versailles, were as much fascinated as I was, when suddenly I saw the whole crowd rushing, in the greatest haste, out of the gardens. If they ran so quickly, it was because the railroad called them. Singular people! They will obey no one, and yet they have been vanquished by the necessity of arriving with punctuality, at the hour of departure. Every moment, immense convoys started to return and set out again with a new load. Several travellers directed their course on foot, toward that delightful wood which separates Ville-d'Avray from Saint Cloud, glancing over all the neighboring heights, covered with their white houses. In such beautiful weather, on such a lovely night, through these fresh paths which seem to sing, the road is not long; and finally, if the dust annoys you, if you are thirsty, have you not, to refresh you at the end of the road, the two sparkling fountains of the place Louis XV.? It is a whole river which falls and precipitates itself into these basins of marble and gold. Would you not say they were the jets d'eau of Versailles? Where will you find a more marvellous collection of naiads, of marine monsters with open mouths, from which spout streams of water, of caprices of bronze and marble! On the top of these inverted basins glides silently, the slender shadow of the obelisk; the clear water distils like a beneficent dew in sonorous drops; the bitumen of two different colors extends its fine carpet beneath your feet; the lamps throw to a distance the brilliancy of a fête. The tree, a shade itself, is lost in the shadow; the sun sets quietly between the two arms of the Arc-de-Triomphe, which lulls it to sleep, as a nurse lulls off her child. What a delightful and well-filled day! what a beautiful domain! what an interesting visit! You go by the railroad; you halt upon the steps of the palace of Versailles, and on the same evening, you may bathe your burning forehead in the basin of this lively and beautiful fountain, which the Arc-de-Triomphe protects with its shadow and its majesty.

CHAPTER XII.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

AFTER Versailles, our next excursion must be to Fontainebleau. It is true, that this time, we have a less imposing grandeur, but where will you find more delightful, and more ingenious chefs d'œuvre! . . . Here, the associations are sufficiently numerous, but it seems to me, that they do not bear so strongly as at Versailles, the print of that sadness and melancholy which all vanquished things have about them. We will start then; it is a beautiful road. The clouds which covered the sky have fled, driven away by a favorable wind. The rain, which fell in torrents, has ceased; the sun kindly throws upon us his warm rays; you may see, rising as if by enchantment, the approaching harvest, which, only last evening, sadly lay upon the ground; the merry postillions urge on their horses in a transparent whirlwind of dust; this is really enjoyment, dust, and sun, a true Neapolitan sun!

Here we are! How magnificent are the gardens of the Fontainebleau! Oaks, which were cotemporaries of Francis I. and of Henry IV.; old yoke elms, which lent their shadow to the varied whims of Louis XIV., even before that young king had traced out the plan of Versailles; waters so abundant and so clear that they have given their name to these lovely spots; everywhere, in the château, beyond the château, in these thousand interminglings of stone and turf, of marble and flowers, there is a natural appearance of majesty and grandeur. Water circulates in the fossés, like a river in its bed; the fish-pond shines at a distance, like a vast mirror, the only one which is worthy to reflect these splendors of nature and art. Notice, in the midst of this pond, a pavilion erected by the Emperor Napoleon. During the summer, his very victorious majesty was in the habit of holding his councils there. Do not forget to salute these carp, whitened by time, which were no younger in the sixteenth century of the history of France, silent and tranquil witnesses of so many revolutions, which have glided over these waves, without leaving there one trace of their passage. These beautiful fish are a source of great amusement to visitors; they swim to them to ask a pittance. One of them carries a ring, a gold ring, which King Francis I. gave to it. The garden is open to any one who wishes to see it; there is no barrier, no obstacle; you are at liberty to promenade in all these enchanting grounds. But look at the château; it is the work of Primaticcio, that Italian, who passed near Dante, without even touching the border of his cloak; near Raphael without perceiving it,—if not afar off, yet so far, that the artist did not even think of following him. The château is magnificent, affluent, and natural, like French genius. Strange and happy assemblage of all kinds of things; ornaments without end, sculptures without motive, caprices, chances, dreams—turrets, towers, arrows, masterpieces! And within, what brilliant fêtes! how many lovers concealed beneath these shadows, how many handsome young men gliding over these waters, intoxicated with art and poetry, accompanying with their soft murmurs the sound of the violins and the hautboys! it was the admirable and delightful hour when France returned from Italy, where she had been to seek—science learned so quickly!—the great art of ornaments and dresses, beautiful pearls, rich jewels, magnificent armors, long poems, written under the enchantments of poetry and art. Already it is another France which reveals itself, it is the feudal France disappearing, it is Louis XIV. who allows himself to be solicited!—Again I say, walk slowly upon the border of these limpid waters; the swans in the basin salute you, by beating their wings; lay yourself upon the grass, repeat the verses of Virgil, beneath the shadow of the flowery banks; sleep if you wish to sleep, you are the master of these lovely spots. But why sleep? This time also a whole history, a whole poem, summons you; we will repose, at a later hour, when we have traversed this magnificent *ensemble*, when we have studied all these masterpieces, when we have penetrated into some few of the mysteries of the château

de Fontainebleau; here, Biron arrested by order of Henry IV.;—a little farther, Queen Christina of Sweden, the suspicious queen, the jealous woman, assassinating Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, to the great scandal of the court of France, which was alarmed and indignant at such ungoverned fury;—and then look at that stone at the head of the staircase. Upon that superb slab was unfolded the greatest drama of history.

It is hardly thirty years ago—already two ages!—since, in that same court of the palace of Fontainebleau, which at the present day appears so calm, stood motionless, silent, afflicted, concealing their tears, the old guard of the great imperial army. This old guard, whose very name overthrew capitals, had fought upon every field of battle in the world. They were at Arcola, at Aboukir, at Marengo; they were the soldiers of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland, of Madrid, of Wagram; and now, after having passed through so much glory and so many perils, they found themselves vanquished and decimated in that narrow space, which was their last kingdom, their last field of battle; and even this they must quit on the morrow, never again to see it, this corner of desolated earth. In this palace of Fontainebleau, each door and each window of which is now open to the sun of May and the flowers of the garden, the Emperor Napoleon concealed himself in his grief and his anguish; in vain had he resisted allied Europe: the imperial eagle, mortally wounded in the sky of Moscow, had barely strength enough to come here and expire, beneath the heavens of Fontainebleau. And finally, the hour had come when the emperor himself must lay down this sword, which had weighed so heavily in the balance of the world; his sacrifice was completed, like his glory. Then opened the door of the palace; the old guard, which was below, presented arms; hearts beat so quickly! tears were in every eye. They waited: at last this army, or, to speak more correctly, this handful of brave men, saw descend into the frightened court, which seemed to recoil before him, a single man, with a proud look, and a bold step, sad, but not prostrate; he was wrapped in the gray riding-coat; he carried in his hand the hat of the Little Corporal; a single month of these misfortunes had aged him more than ten battles would have done. His old soldiers, finding him so great in adversity, were profoundly affected, and could not understand, poor heroes! how and why the emperor and they were thus separated—they, who were always the great army; he, who was always the emperor. A well-known voice aroused them from their stupor.

"Soldiers," said he to them, "I bid you adieu. During the forty years that we have been together, I have been pleased with you, I have always found you in the path of honor!" After which, he embraced the eagles, and reascended, with a firm and tranquil step, that same staircase of Fontainebleau, now laden with flowers.

Thus they separated, in that same spot, the emperor and the great army, to go and die, here and there, all in the same sadness, in the same glory, in the same destitution.

But let us penetrate into the palace of so many absolute monarchs, only we must take care to have with us the thread of Ariadne; for, once entered there, you will soon lose yourself: it is the most wonderful labyrinth that ever astonished human imagination. There is nothing but vast galleries, immense saloons, amphitheatres, giants' staircases, mysterious passages, sweet retreats concealed in the wall, balconies of marble and bronze. All times, all places, all arts, all monarchs are represented within these walls. The sixteenth century has thrown there all its caprices and all its poetry; Henry IV. and Louis XIII. have left upon the walls their impression, at once Italian and French; Louis XIV. carried within them his royal and budding grandeur; the Emperor Napoleon came here to await the Emperess Maria Louisa of Austria, who allied him to the kings of Europe, while separating him from the people of France. But such was the majesty of this place, that each of the powers who passed through it, were it only for a day, felt himself obliged to add a new magnificence to these splendors. Such a king, in order to signalize his visit to Fontainebleau, built a whole palace by way of continuation to the primitive palaces; such another erected a church; the third a theatre, or at least a gallery; a fourth had barely time to

engrave there his name and his cipher, after which he was carried away by the tempest ; his name has been effaced by the whitewasher.

Whatever you may say, and whatever Louis Philippe may do, there is in Versailles but one single master, I had almost said but one single divinity, King Louis XIV. On the contrary, in the palace of Fontainebleau, all kind of associations mingle and blend with each other. Not far from the apartment of the sovereign pontiff, dragged there from the midst of pontifical Rome by the most unworthy abuse of power, on the site of the *gallerie des Cerfs*, where Monaldeschi was assassinated—in a retired corner, where she fled even the light of heaven—Madame de Maintenon had dug herself a retreat, which you may now see completely furnished and restored. There is violence in these walls, there is poetry, there is love ; above all, there are marriages. You would in vain seek throughout this palace some corner which has not sheltered a crowned or an uncrowned head ; there is scarcely a bed which has not been a bed of death. In the king's apartment, the most indifferent stop before a wretched mahogany working-table, which would be worth about fifteen francs if it was bought on credit at a second-hand furniture-shop ; and yet no one approaches it without respect ; for it was upon this table that the abdication of the emperor was signed. The mahogany still bears the mark of a penknife, which the ex-master of the world impressed, as the expiring lion imprints the earth with his failing paw. This table is placed near a window, the brilliant locks of which were made by King Louis XVI. This very room, which resembles a *hortus siccus*, so richly are the walls laden with all the plants of the *French Flora*, was inhabited by Catherine de Medicis. By the side of this room, Napoleon caused a gallery to be built, in honor of Maria Louisa. Thus are blended so many different remembrances, so many grandeurs, and so many misfortunes. In this admirable confusion of all kinds of royalty and all kinds of greatness, the philosopher sets himself to dream : he asks himself if it was worth while to lavish so many emotions, and often so much genius, to add barely one dust to all these dusts, one vanity to these lamentable vanities. The poet, on the other hand, reanimates, by means of imagination and thought—which are the two greatest architects of this world—all these ruined stones ; he brings noise into this silence, the crowd into these solitudes. At his word, suddenly are illuminated, one after the other, those vast galleries ; and arise from their nothingness all the ages which have prayed, which have loved, which have suffered, which have died within these walls. Silence ! behold them ! They reappear in their most beauteous attire, with their most pompous retinues ; they come, to pass in these cherished places, one more day of feasting and glory, of pleasure and love. What is easier, if you have a little enthusiasm in your head and a little youth in your heart, than to reanimate all this vanished history ?

Do you not already see, through the gothic windows of the gallery of Francis I., that knight-king presiding at the brilliant fêtes,—and at the head of the staircase, the sombre figure of Napoleon setting out for his exile in the island of Elba ? Francis I. and Napoleon Bonaparte,—these are in fact the two masters of the palace of Fontainebleau, these are the two phantoms who return most frequently to these walls, to these galleries, to these thousand silent chambers ; and then, how astonished must the king and the emperor be, to find all their work erect ! For so long a time their palace had been in ruins ! the walls sunk upon themselves, the painted ceilings were hanging in tatters ; the arms of so many kings had been so often erased, restored, and again erased, upon the stone, that it was pierced through ; the eagles had been so rudely hunted, so many fleurs-de-lis had been torn down, so many emblems had been broken, so many loving ciphers had been effaced, that among all this pitiless destruction it was impossible to find anything perfect—at most there were walls without names, altars without incense, boudoirs without perfume, saloons without ornaments, empty frames, broken thrones, all kinds of royal things shamefully plundered, spoiled, tarnished, annihilated. The shades of the ancient masters of Fontainebleau walked sadly among these lamentable ruins, and the more years rolled upon years, the more ruins became heaped upon ruins. But at the present

day, thanks to the same thoughtful foresight which has raised the palace of Versailles,—in Fontainebleau now repaired and saved, everything is revived : the tottering foundations are again settled, the staircases crushed by so many passing grandeurs are re-established upon their bases, the statues lying upon the ground again ascend their pedestals, the portraits return into their frames, the old plaster of the saloons is driven away like dust, and behind this ignoble coat reappear, in their new brilliancy, the chefs d'œuvre of three centuries. It is done; the restoration of the monument is complete, within and without; the ceilings are renewed like the walls; the deal doors have given place to others made of oak : the painted paper vanishes, and leaves room for the historical painting; echo repeats anew the sonorous names of former days; the cellars are again filled, and also the wood-houses; velvet and gilding are restored to the furniture; the worms regret their prey; the gothic windows are replaced in the window frames; the chimneys which had fallen down are built up again; with the minute care and the exact patience of the antiquarian, the slightest details are found of that exquisite sculpture which changed wood into a masterpiece, stone into lace, marble into heroes and beautiful women. The mosaic reappeared always young and brilliant, and burst forth fresher than ever, from beneath the oak floor which covered it like a tomb. Everywhere, from the top to the bottom of these vast walls, the same attentive and repairing hand has been carried; everywhere again shone forth gold, paint, enamel, marble, stone, shell, ivory, silver, wool, bronze. This palace of Fontainebleau,—not ten years ago,—was a desolate dwelling, abandoned to every wind of heaven; to-day it is a magnificent palace, worthy of the greatest kings. Thus the astonishment is immense among the royal shadows. “Who then has repaired my galleries?” cries Francis I.; “glory to him! he has replaced upon the walls my arms and the cipher of my beautiful mistress.”—“Who then has raised again the staircase of Fontainebleau, and preserved even the slightest traces of my departure?” cries the emperor: “glory to him! he has no fear of eagles or recollections, any more than of the standards of the great army.” Thus talk together these tranquillized shades. At the same time, at the hour of midnight, reappear, light as happy shadows, all the ladies who reigned for a day in these royal dwellings. They glide gently upon these soft carpets; they take their seats upon the restored thrones; they rest upon the regilded sofas; they smile at their own beauty in these Venetian glasses, which erstwhile reflected them so fair and so beautiful; they dance in chorus beneath these arched roofs, where everything recalls to them former days. What a great and beautiful task has this head of a dynasty, in fact, imposed upon himself! To save the ruins, to save the glories, to save the remembrances of his country; to aspire rather to the title of preserver than of founder; to erect little, but to preserve all; to be prouder of drawing a palace from its ruin than of commencing it, and then leaving it imperfect at death; to turn to advantage, to restore to all their primitive brilliancy, all the luxury, all the enterprises, all the follies, all the royal expenditure of three centuries; thus to arrive at the most admirable result which ever crowned the work of the greatest architects, that is to say, to finish all the monuments which are begun; the same day, to restore to the column its emperor, Louis XIV., to Versailles, Francis I. to Fontainebleau, mademoiselle to the château d'Eu, and the king to the Tuilleries;—and on the *morrow* to aspire, by way of rest, to the glory of finishing the Louvre;—and all these incredible efforts, all these enterprises, superintended in person, all this in the midst of clashing parties, of tumult, of civil war, of disorder, beneath the poignant of the assassin,—this is what may be called to design and to execute!

But you must hurry on, in spite of your admiration. To traverse the palace of Fontainebleau is a whole journey. “But,” say you, “let me examine these entwined ciphers, Henry II. and Diana of Valentinois; let me study the emblems of this chimney-piece of the most beautiful ionic order, mingled with garlands, festoons, devices, clever inventions of Philibert Delorme’s and Guillaume Rondelet’s;”—you must proceed, you must pursue your route without stopping at each vision. In the gallery of Francis I., just as in the gallery of

Henry II., you will find the same Primaticcio, not only the great painter, but also the great sculptor. In decoration, painting must not be abandoned to itself; if you wish it to produce all its effect, it must be accompanied by sculpture. It is sculpture which gives relief, that is to say, motion and life, to the master-pieces of the painters. It completes, it forms an excellent accompaniment to painting; it augments its power and grace. From this intimate union of two great arts which so wonderfully accord with each other, has resulted that gallery, which must have been the wonder of the sixteenth century, of all the splendors of which it is an admirable summary.

If you understand what you are about, you will not leave Fontainebleau without going through the forest, which is one of the most beautiful and most picturesque in France.

You ought to see the forest of Fontainebleau in the morning at a very early hour, when the bird sings, when the sun shines, when all the points of view extend themselves to infinity before your delighted eyes, when all these stones heaped up beneath these aged trees take a thousand fantastic forms, and give to the forest, the appearance of the plain on which the Titans fought against heaven. The forest of Fontainebleau is full of mystery, of noises, of by-ways, of light, of obscurity; there are profound caverns, there are little paths which sweetly wind beneath the shade, upon the flowery turf; there are waves of sand which escape from the half-opened rock, there is a drop of dew, which falls with a soft murmur from an inert hill; there are a thousand strange forms, as there must have been many on the earth after the deluge, when the waters had disfigured, at pleasure, everything in creation; at each step you take in these mysteries you meet some of these novelties, as old as the world, but the effect of which is all-powerful. The artists, the poets, the romancers, the lovers—those great poets—have, from time immemorial, made the forest of Fontainebleau, the empire of their dreams. It is composed of nearly forty thousand acres of ancient and majestic trees; it is bounded on the west by the Seine, on the south by the Canal de Briare, and is no less than twenty-eight leagues in circumference.

In the midst of this admirable confusion of rocks, and lawns, and old oaks, several of which are called Saint Louis, Charlemagne, or Clovis; in the thick groves, at the bottom of these deep defiles, in the depth of these caverns, on the summit of these aerial palaces; far from the Seine which sparkles at a distance, or on its very borders; beneath the shadow of the pines or the birch-trees, the maple or the beech, the fir or the elms; upon the heath, among the rose-trees, on the moss or the gravel; by the cry of the ravens, the joyous songs of the lark, the plaintive notes of the nightingale; whether the adder displays in the sun its varied colors, or whether the deer vanishes with a bound, after having thrown upon you one animated and curious glance—do not forget to seek the favorite sites of the princes and poets, the famous rocks, the *repos de chasse*, the very sight of which recalls so many old legends. There is a certain art in visiting Fontainebleau, without which, all is chance and confusion. Go then, step by step, from the *Table du Roi* to the *vallée de la Selle*, from the *rocher de Saint Germain* to the *mare aux Eves*, from the *carre-four de Belle Vue* to the *Gorge du Loup*. Among all these magnificent horrors, covered with beautiful shadow, do not fail to visit Franchard, the most romantic of all these picturesque valleys. At Franchard, they will tell you legends, they will show you the ruins of a monastery; you will hear the history of the monks; then by coasting a little lake—upon which floats a young oak of some twenty years of age, overturned by the wind, you will soon behold with delight, the *Roche-qui-pleure*.

The *Roche-qui-pleure* is a hill naturally placed among several others of smaller height; around it, all is desolation, silence, and aridity; you feel thirsty, at the mere fact of finding yourself upon these sands, among these rocks, beneath this burning sun. But listen; do you hear the silvery sound of a drop of water, which falls from the sky into a nacre-shell? It is strange—this pearl which detaches itself from this vast rock, this drop of pure water which falls with a murmur from this immense granite! At all times, in all seasons, beneath the

hottest sun, in the coldest winter, the same rock eternally gives the same drop of pure and unalterable water, never more, never less. There are still, among the renowned places, the *Mont de Henri IV.*, the *Rocher d'Aran*, the *Mont Aigu*, the *Ventes de la Reine*, the *Erables*, the *Table du Grand Veneur*; the spectre huntsman leads the midnight chase to the barking of his ghostly dogs; the *Grande Taille*, the *Village d'Aron*, the *Pressoirs du Roi*, the *Bouquet du Roi*, *Henry IV. et Sully*, two old oaks admirable among all the oaks, and the *Rocher des Deux Sœurs*. Oh! what terrible and touching histories, stories of hunting and of love, of treason and of vengeance, this aged forest has covered with its shadow, an ancient, silent, profound shadow, and which is reached by no other noise than the stag braying, the bird singing, the horn resounding through the wood. And yet, what I prefer for the beauty of the landscape, is the lovely spot which I visited yesterday.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAINT CLOUD.

THIS lovely spot, which I prefer even to the stately pile of the palace of Fontainebleau, is the park of Saint Cloud, which is overlooked by the heights of Bellevue. The very journey from Paris to Saint Cloud is a true fête. Saint Cloud is at the gates of Paris; you may go there by traversing the Bois de Boulogne with its marvellous paths. If you wish to do it properly, you will take the barrier of Versailles, and ascend the gentle acclivity which leads you to the village of Passy—Passy, an American city—the hospitable hamlet which Franklin chose, for the sojourn which he made in Paris, at the time of the universal enthusiasm. It was a strange thing to see this man, who was the ambassador of a revolution, walking without sword, without embroidery, without powder, without ruffles, amid the crowd of the courtiers of the king of France. This man was good sense suddenly let loose in the midst of poetry; he was the citizen, who treated on terms of equality—and for their good—with all the great lords of this worm-eaten royalty. Ah! if these improvident men had but listened to the advice of the American printer; if they had but known how to read that simple book, *Poor Richard*, the revolution which was advancing with a giant's step, would not have surprised them in all the disorder and in all the misery of ruin and bankruptcy! This new comer from America would have taught the friends of King Louis XVI., the flatterers of King Louis XV., that great word which comprehends the life of nations and men—foresight. Passy remembers Franklin; one fine street in this beautiful village is called the *rue Franklin*. They still show the elevated esplanade, from the summit of which our compatriot drew the lightning from heaven, as an aspiring epigraph says, *Eripuit cælo fulmen!* As for having torn the sceptre from tyrants, *sceptrumque tyrannis*, Franklin had no such ambition; and if by *tyrant*, the Latin verse intended the good King Louis XVI., the Latin verse would praise Franklin for an action which would have horrified that honest, kind, worthy man, who was equally incapable of cowardice and cruelty. Passy remembers the time when it was the rendezvous of all the fashionable world, and of the most fashionable world. In the simple view of these beautiful houses, these vast gardens, all this exterior decoration, it is easy to find vestiges of 1730 and some following years. More than one little house, at the present day honestly inhabited, was built upon the edge of the wood by King Louis XV., for some favorite of the moment. From Versailles, the good sire came across the fields; and once within the

small, discreet, gallant house of Mademoiselle de Romans for instance, the mother of the Abbé de Bourbon, he forgot the annoyances of that royalty of France, which is so heavy when it is idle, and which felt itself conquered and surpassed by an irresistible force. I have seen this house which formerly belonged to Mademoiselle de Romans; the trees which the king planted have now become magnificent; the house is of simple and elegant appearance, but—and nothing can be more reasonable—this house, with which the king of France was contented, has been embellished, enlarged, and worthily finished by a good citizen of Paris. In the dining-room, it has more than once happened, that Louis XV., urged to it by the vivacity of the discourse, was obliged to strike upon the table, saying, “*The king, gentlemen!*” Suddenly, each one would return to the attitude of respect. Another time in a moment of good humor—and I must own that M. de Richelieu had at that instant more wit than Voltaire—Louis XV. gave a box on the ear to M. de Richelieu, who was seated at his right hand. He was certainly in a delicate position. What should he do? how should he behave? how prevent himself from being vexed and looking red? and on the other hand, how receive such an affront without complaining? M. de Richelieu, recovered from his astonishment, and gave the blow to his next neighbor, saying “*The king wishes it to pass round!*” The blow passed; but I have yet to understand how the gentleman, who was seated on the king’s left hand, extricated himself from the difficulty.

Quite at the end of the *Grand Rue* of Passy, *La Muette* (another erection of King Louis XV., but this time for the reigning mistress, Madame de Pompadour) throws its aged shadow across the path; it is the sweetest spot in the world. The park is laid out with wonderful ingenuity; the garden is blended with the wood; the château is built with the ornamental rapture of the architects of former days. In this house, long resided, like a great lord as he was, amid the finest statues and most excellent chefs d’œuvre of painting, the celebrated M. Erard. He was a great artist and a clever connoisseur; he invented in France, and indeed throughout Europe, the piano—that wonderful instrument to which we owe so many masterpieces, and which has so happily served the genius of that poet named Franz-Liszt. You salute *La Muette* as you pass, and still going by the wood, you regain the brink of the water. Proceed a little at hazard, as you must, if you would see everything; look at Mount Valérien—formerly it was a burial-ground, now it is a fortress. Some of the noble dead interred there, were obliged to be removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, like all the dead of the present generation. There, nevertheless, reposed till the end of the world (at least, she believed so), the most turbulent and most restless woman of this century, which is nevertheless the century of turbulent women—Madame de Genlis. Did she sufficiently display, in her miserable fashion, her beauty, her wit, her intelligence, her style, her talent? Has she been wandering enough, truant enough, sufficiently beaten by all the blows of misfortune? Did she have enough dangerous connexions, and among so many foolish things, has she left one delightful, little chef d’œuvre—*Mademoiselle de Clermont*? She died in time, before the Duke of Orleans, whose governess she had been, ascended the throne of France. This was one of the blessings of his majesty King Louis Philippe, to be delivered from the dotage of this good woman, who would have become insupportable in his present elevated rank.

A beautiful open-work iron bridge, light and aerial, crosses the Seine; an easy route will conduct you to Saint Cloud—Saint Cloud ready-dressed and adorned, and filled with wandering melodies. The village displays itself upon the benevolent height; the proud Seine bounds at a distance. The park is a chef d’œuvre of art, seconded by every natural elegance; the château, placed between two terraces, between two avenues, presides over this collection of meadows, of verdure, of lawn, of basins. But, does it not seem to you that suddenly the moon is covered with a cloud? It is night, the autumn wind howls through the trees, the yellow leaves are hurled even to the sky, a lamentable noise fills the melancholy forest. On the deserted terrace, you may distinguish, by the dim light

which proceeds from the stormy heavens, a man walking, who is wrapped in a black cloak; his step is agitated, his look is restless, his gesture is full of pity; he waits, but like a person who wishes the appointed hour would not come so quickly; he waits like one who is afraid of his own triumph. Suddenly, at a certain hour of the night, half opens the door of that house from which royalty is already exiled; from this half-opened door issues a woman of noble appearance; her countenance is pale, her forehead is clear; by her step, by her courage, you may recognise a queen! It is the queen, and the man who waits for her is Mirabeau! The tribune throws himself at the knees of this conquered majesty; he dares not touch with his hands, he dares not touch with his lips, the hand which is extended toward him! He asks pardon, he implores forgiveness! Now he can understand all the violence of the blows which he has given to this monarchy of so many centuries' duration! The queen raises Mirabeau, and without ostentation, without disguise, without pride, she says to him, "*Save us!*" Then, in the mind of this fiery democrat, who had violently thrown down every obstacle which opposed itself to his greatness, was wrought one of those miracles which would have saved a less desperate party: the gentleman shone out again from beneath the tribune; the draper gave place to the Count de Mirabeau. The evil days of his turbulent youth disappeared from his remembrance and his reproaches! The Fort de Joux and the Château de Vincennes, and all the lettres de cachet, and all the insults formerly offered him, have no longer any power over this reconciled mind; these lamentable recollections are effaced at the first view of the queen of France; she is a queen, she is a woman, she is a mother, and she supplicates! This time, Marie Antoinette was triumphant—Mirabeau was conquered. The tribune quitted the terrace of Saint Cloud resolved to save the throne of Louis XVI. . . . But alas! it was no longer possible, the revolution had commenced its progress; in vain was it for man to attempt to stop it; it must absolutely proceed, and draw with it the whole of France into this bottomless abyss. For having wished to resist the torrent raised by his own eloquence, Mirabeau was himself overwhelmed in this flood of violence and murder. Bring about revolutions then, to satisfy your own vengeance! The revolution, as it passes on, crushes you—as proud of doing so, as was the first Brutus of sending his son to death.

A fine avenue of beech-trees planted by Louis XIV.'s own son, that unworthy pupil of Bossuet, will conduct you to a charming spot named Ville d'Avray. Ville d'Avray is the peaceful village abandoned to its own good nature: here you will find no kings, no princes, no great lords; but simply rich bankers and a few clever artists, who do not like to lose sight of their beloved city. One of the dearest romancers of France—a clever man, a subtle observer, capricious, fantastical, unequal, he who, next to M. Scribe, has contributed most to the amusement of his own epoch—has built himself a picturesque cabin on the line of the railroad, which travellers point out to each other as they pass. King Charles X. hunted by choice at Ville d'Avray, and in this hunt he displayed all his royal magnificence. The dauphiness, a pious woman among all the pious, had an estate at Ville d'Avray. To her we owe that beautiful road which surrounds the whole neighboring country. On the other side of the same hill, the Château de Bellevue formerly raised its delightful terrace. There lived, in the midst of the villagers who blessed them, mesdames the sisters of King Louis XV., with their humble virtues! How long their earnest prayers arrested the anger of which the heavens were full! The Valley de Fleury fills all the opposite space with its magnificence. But we must certainly have more than one day to contemplate these mild aspects, to tell you all the beautiful spots in this vast forest, and what delightful houses the forest protects with its shadow. Picture to yourself an immense ocean of verdure and of flowers, mingled with cries of joy and sweet songs. But what am I about? I had almost forgotten to remind you of the Lantern of Diogenes, placed at the top of an obelisk erected for that purpose by order of Napoleon, in one of the finest spots in the park. A spiral staircase leads you to the summit, whence you may obtain a varied and magnificent view. This lantern—which during the imperial government, was

always lighted, when the council was sitting at Saint Cloud—is now a place of rendezvous for parties of pleasure, who meet again there, after straying in the plantations.

When evening comes the same rural labyrinth insensibly leads you back to your point of departure—the park of Saint Cloud—in good time, the sun is now less powerful. The oldest trees form a long, principal alley, other *centenary* trees fill the space. The Parisians have arrived, and have already spread beneath the yoke elms; the cries were never more joyous, the groves never more thronged: the road is filled, the steamboat brings each hour its lovely cargo of young men and girls. Listen! the music is beginning! It is the ball, always the ball, which gives the signal. Before long, and when the shades of night are really fallen, a thousand lights of all colors will invade the park of Saint Cloud. The bird awoke amid the foliage, and thinking it is day, will commence his morning hymn, soon interrupted by the sound of the morning watch, recalling the dragoons to the neighboring barracks. Still later, a brilliant firework will burst in the heated air. Without fireworks, there can be no good fête for the Parisian. The country is at peace, he is engaged in making his fortune, he asks nothing but to live and die in this happy calm—but to die a long time hence; and yet, gunpowder always pleases him; he loves its blaze, he loves its noise, its smell, and even its smoke; he looks at the powder burning, he enjoys it with all his heart; *he dreams the rest*, while singing Béranger's songs!

Alas! in these same spots filled with the popular wave, not one of these ungrateful men remembers the good king Charles and the little royal infant, whose anniversary, in bygone days, filled the park of Saint Cloud with so much joy; and this long alley, in which walked with a silent step, a gun upon his shoulder, poetry in his forehead, and love in his heart, a life-guard who called himself Alphonse de Lamartine—the last Bourbon guarded by the last poet of France! Oh vanity!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JULY FETES.

UNGRATEFUL people! they forget everything, except to be punctual at the fetés that are given to them. During the thirteen years since the people triumphed in July, almost every year has brought back to them its three days of idleness, of relaxation, of illuminations, of wrestlings and plays, in the vast space of the Champs Elysées. It is a sight worth witnessing, a whole people abandoned to joy. The *Mât de Cocagne* entices, with its bait, the most terrible and the most active ambitions; the difficulty is, to seek, at the top of a greasy pole, the present of the city of Paris; a gold watch, a silver plate, a bracelet. The pole is surrounded by vast numbers from Paris, and, above all, from the fabourgs, who are eager for the prize. The push, they jostle, they attack each other; they cry, they look, they blame, they approve. The crowd, with extended necks, endeavor to find out who will be the victor in the game. Bets are laid, at the very foot of the tree; partnership societies are formed. "If I have the watch, you shall have your share of it! If you get the silver plate, we will melt it, and what is better, we will drink it together! it is agreed!" So that, no sooner is it gained, than the national recompense is carried in great triumph, to the silversmith of the city, a true Florentine chaser of the best ages—a great artist learned in the art of the sculptors. Of him it may be said, *Materiam superebat opus* (the manner is yet more excellent than the matter); in a word, it is Froment Meurice, the admirable goldsmith of whom I speak. "I have won!

"I have won!" cry the joyous bandits, bringing the appearance of the watch or the casket of the plate, "I have won! buy my watch!" And Froment Meurice buys the watch, the same watch which has been used nearly thirteen years, which is sold and gained, at least twice per annum, to the great joy of the Parisians. Good people! how small a thing is sufficient to amuse them!

Another delight of these three days is the jousts upon the water. The Parisian loves his river, he knows it by heart; his great enjoyment is to keep on the borders of the Seine, a little canoe painted green, which goes by oar and sail, until a sudden squall capsizes the vessel, and those who are in it, like a true John Bart. Besides, the river is a fine theatre, well placed in the midst of the city, between two magnificent quays. The actors, lightly clad, are so happy and proud at having so many looks turned upon their tricks of skill and strength. In all justice it must be owned, that upon the water, a leathern cap on his head and an oar in his hand, the Parisian is the most awkward of mortals; but this is so much the better, if the awkwardness causes bursts of laughter. As for me, I love all this noise, all this motion, all this crowd; these martial exercises—these combats between Arabs and French tumblers, upon the trestles—these learned dogs, these two-headed monsters, these dwarfs, these giants, these ostlers, that woman who plays with a lion like the widow of Androcles. But then after these turbulent enjoyments, it is very sweet again to find a little calm repose and silence! The crowd have slowly started toward the Champs de Mars, to the barrier de Vincennes, in order to be present at the double fireworks; the dome of the Invalids sparkles from afar, beneath the last beams of day. Let us leave the crowd, and remain alone to look, to listen, to recollect ourselves, to dream.

In this quiet and happy evening meditation, I crossed the whole inhabited space which separates the Arc de Triomphe from the place de la Bastille. The spot is deserted, and awaits future houses. There formerly rose, surrounded by his vast gardens, the sudden palace of that revolutionary, so famous for wit, malice, and eloquence, called Beaumarchais. When he saw that every one was working, with mind and hands, in order thoroughly to overturn that old French society, which has now become something less than a dream to us, he set about attacking it, not by wit, like Voltaire, but by sarcasm, by irony, by license, summoning to the aid of his Figaro, which was rebellious like himself, the most wretched women, children more than precocious, and boudoir scenes, which he represented to take place beneath large flowering chestnut-trees. He had thus assisted, by his constant sneer, in the ruin of everything. And, at last, one fine day, when the triumphant people carried away that old Bastille, which was worm-eaten and gaping on all sides, the abominable parent of Figaro laid out for himself, upon the site of the Bastille, English gardens, kiosks, grottoes, cottages, murmuring cascades, a gilded hotel—a second Bastille in which he enclosed himself with the wornout remains of his wit—an artillery disordered and spiked in every direction. In general I know nothing more respectable, than the old age of great men; glory, at its setting, is tinged with a beautiful reflection which renders it more serene and more imposing. The white hair shades so well the noble forehead, which sixty years of courage, of virtue, and of genius, have not entirely wrinkled; but an old punster, who makes the most cruel puns; an old actor who has taken even the greatest part; a clever pamphleteer; a revolutionary following in the track of others, out of breath, wounded, shrivelled, who, with cool effrontery, comes to place himself upon the ruins of the Bastille, and who, in its wrecks, still echoing the groans and the tears of the miserable, arranges for himself a pretty little retreat, that he may die more at his ease—this is, in truth, a pitiable sight.

Happily, the house of Master Caron de Beaumarchais has disappeared from this place. These frivolous gardens, planted with old scentless roses, torn from the fifth act of the *Marriage of Figaro*, have partially opened, to form an outlet for the muddy waters of a horrible canal, which terminates in a ditch. Upon this canal is transported, each night, the filth of the Parisian city; it would be impossible to find a more just emblem of that false mind of the end of last cen-

tury, laden with pestilence, famine, tumult, and conspiracies, and which led, not to a ditch, but to the scaffold.

However, the site of this funeral city, inhabited by so many wretched creatures, has not been entirely covered; a small part of it has remained unoccupied, doubtless in order that one day, in speaking of the Bastille, the child of the faubourg may be able to stamp his foot and say, "*It was here!*" When the people of 1789 had, in their play, overthrown, with one heave, these walls which had been undermined by the deeds of darkness committed within them, they returned home, singing, satisfied with their day, and the next morning were very much astonished when they heard the powerful voice of Mirabeau telling them with every kind of admiration and praise, that they had, on the evening before, performed an heroic action. The truth is, that the people, in their good sense, knew very well that they had not overthrown the Bastille; they had found it already torn down; they had but dispersed, here and there, the now useless stones. Happily, the people do not understand effecting revolutions; at most, they are useful in finishing them, and in that case, they go to it with no light hand, and in the twinkling of an eye, nothing would have remained of the Bastille but its site; all the rest would have fled like the dust which the wind drives before it, on the approach of a storm.

By the beautiful light which the moon gave, on the evening of which I speak, I had the very natural curiosity to penetrate within the boards which still surrounded this court of the vanished Bastille. The door, which is rarely closed, was half open; I entered, without difficulty, this melancholy, empty enclosure, and found that I could see, at my leisure, the immense scaffolding of the column of July, the gaping air-hole of its foundations boldly thrown so as to support the weight of this bronze, the vaults doomed to reunite all the heroes who fell during the three days. At the summit of the column, even then, shone the Gallic cock, with dismantled claws, and wings awkwardly extended. Poor animal! vigilant in the poultry-yard, but ill at ease as soon as he is beyond his own domains. They wished to make him play an heroic part for which he is by no means calculated; they have taken him from his seraglio to place him at the head of armed battalions.

Within this silent enclosure arose a boarded cabin, which disappeared the very day on which the monument of July was inaugurated. The cabin was silent. The bird slept in his cage, suspended at this humble window.

The mignonette of the little garden shed its sweetest odors. In the distance, willows—not weeping-willows—waved their silvery foliage in the light whisper of the breeze. No one would ever have imagined that on this place had stood that iron prison, without heart and without sun, of which King Louis XI. was so proud—the Bastille!

I was pondering, in the shade, I scarcely know what, when I perceived that I was not alone. A man was there, an old man, seated, with a melancholy look, at the foot of this gigantic shadow. He appeared to be plunged in profound grief; indeed, I never saw any one more afflicted. "Sir," said he to me, after the first compliments, "you see before you a poor man, whom the last revolution has driven without pity from his estate. They say, sir, that our crumbling society holds now only by one thread, property; and yet I, the incontestably legitimate proprietor of this house, this garden, this elephant, formerly so proud, now humbled and reduced like his master. I am exiled; they do not wait until I am dead; they say to me, 'Begone!' They destroy the colossus of which I have been the faithful guardian by day and by night; I shall not survive it, sir." As he said these words, large drops fell from his eyes. There is no sight so affecting as that of an old man in tears, and I was touched with pity for him.

When he had wiped away his tears with the back of his hand, "I wish you," said he, "to know my history, in order that you may some day relate it. I am far from being one of the conquerors of the Bastille. The day on which it was taken, I passed, without thinking of any harm. Almost before I had time to turn my head, the monument was reduced to powder, and the people had left,

carrying with them, as a trophy, some unhappy beings taken from this profound darkness.

"It was night; the moon lighted up this freshly-raised hill, nearly as it illumines it at the present moment. It was very late to return that evening to my poor house. I arranged myself as I best could, to sleep upon the site of some ruined cell, and never before, I imagine, had the night been so beautiful in one of these dungeons. Everything sang around me; the curious stars were grouped together in the sky; you would have said they had appointed a rendezvous above, to ascertain what was passing below. From the bosom of these half-opened depths exhaled, never more to return, the many groans and sighs, the many blasphemies and miseries, and the profound darkness which this spot had enclosed. The mild rays of the moon glided slowly through these benevolent crevices, like hope, when it enters the heart of man. This was beautiful and poetic; it was like a grateful prayer, like a *Te Deum* murmured in a low voice, something pious and sacred ascending from between these overturned stones.

"At midnight, the hour for phantoms, I saw all this solitude animated; the countless heroes of this funeral drama placed themselves before me in all kinds of attitudes. The rebellious professor implored the forgiveness of God in his own way, striking his breast in silence. The orator spoke aloud of liberty and tyranny; the poet summoned the people to arms. I heard resounding, in the most melancholy tones, the sweetest names of our history: it was a strange mingling of iron chains and velvet robes, a singular confusion of blue *cordons* and swords, and newly-made pens. At the summit of the towers which had not yet entirely fallen, walked, with crossed arms, the many beautiful ladies, and the many brave knights, of whom old age—precocious within these walls—had taken possession, when they had seen little more than twenty years, and without their ever having made use of those gilded hours of youth which nothing can replace. On the platform promenaded the old governor, with his hand upon his sabre; he was the chief prisoner in this world of captives.

"Sir, on that night, the chamber of torture was yet standing, and you might have seen, through the yawning crevice, the executioners heating their instruments in the furnace. Oh what a scene was presented on this first night of the unveiled Bastille! what funeral songs! what joyful exclamations! what an ineffable *Te Deum*! what a dreadful *De Profundis*!

"The next morning, when I roused from this half-waking dream, I thought the people would return to take possession of their conquest; but they did not come; they had so much to do, so much to see, so much to bring about, that I remained the absolute master of the demolished Bastille. There I installed myself as well as I knew how; with my own hands I built this little cabin, and it was the first time that the stone of dungeons had served to construct so sweet an asylum. There were some little yellow flowers which had had the courage to grow upon these frightful walls; I gathered their seed, and you see how they have flourished; the birds of some prisoners, less unhappy than their companions, and not wishing for the liberty which the people had given them, as if they had been prisoners of state, I collected, and gave to them a place in my flower-garden. I even respected the dazzled spiders which ran about the wrecks, seeking a place to deposit their thread, for they were assuredly the grand-daughters of Pélisson, who was crushed by a ferocious jailer. From all this misery I had made my fortune; in this nothingness I had found a shelter, in this dust a garden, in this state-prison a kingdom of which I was the absolute master.

"One day, after many storms and tempests, the nation intrusted me with the care of the immense elephant of plaster destined to recall the work of July 14, 1789. I adopted this elephant which the people confided to me, and the colossus, on the other hand, recognised me for its driver. I have heard it said that in India the elephant bends his knee, to allow his master to mount more easily upon his back. My elephant was no less docile; only, even when kneeling, it would have been impossible to reach that tower which he carried so lightly. What did he do then? He held out to me his large hind foot, and through his hollow leg I penetrated to the very heart of the animal. From that day, I

was indeed the master of a true palace ; my ball-room was formed in the stomach of the gentle creature, my work-room admitted daylight through the left eye. When I ascended my tower, I hovered over the Parisian city, and thence heard all kinds of strange noises. At a distance, I saw large armies setting out for conquest, and other armies returning, crippled, but covered with glory. In this tumult, I more than once discovered a little man dressed in a gray surtout, who, with one motion of his sword, with one look of his eyes, made these armies bound off, and they went to the near or distant countries of Europe, to rebound at the place which the master had designated to them. All contemporary history has thus passed before me, without my being very well able to understand its concealed import ; for at this place all the powers stopped : you would have said that the Bastille was still erect, so afraid were the masters of this agitated France of losing themselves in these latitudes. Here stopped conquerors and their armies, kings and nations, as if a quarantine line had been placed between my domain and the rest of the world. The horse of Napoleon Bonaparte trembled with fear when he trod upon this ill-extinguished volcano ; King Louis XVIII. turned away his head ; Charles X. became pale with alarm ; I only was calm in this kingdom of death, and often said to myself—at the sight of so many revolutions, of which the report did but just reach my ear—that ‘many more revolutions would pass, before the French nation would think of disturbing me, in the nest which I had formed for myself.’ Vain hope ! fool that I was ! for suddenly, one fine summer’s day, as I was quietly seated at the door of my cabin, I heard resounding one of those loud reports to which, during the last forty years, my ear had been accustomed ; I ascended to the top of my tower, saying, ‘It is nothing, it is only a revolution taking place !’ It was indeed a revolution ; it was accomplished as quickly as the taking of the Bastille. I saw at a distance something like a funeral-procession leading an old man, a woman, a child . . . exiles whom a vessel awaited at Cherbourg.”

Then the old man told me of his new misfortune : how he had calculated, but in vain, that the revolution of July would not so soon complete the monument which it had begun ; how the elephant of the Bastille, that masterpiece of which he was the guardian, had been suddenly surrounded by sneers and contempt ; how, finally, this column of July had risen in a moment, as if it had sprung from the ground, carried above by the sonorous wings of its Gallic cocks.

“This, sir, is the cause of my grief ; I have lived too long ; I have finished by seeing an impossibility—I mean a revolution which itself completes the monuments which it has itself begun ; I have seen myself stripped, even before death, of the beautiful domain which I had reclaimed from the ditches of the Bastille. It is done ; I have bade adieu to my cabin, to my garden, to my beautiful park, to my beloved elephant ; it is done ; rich and and powerful as I was, behold me now, ruined, and a beggar !”

Thus spake the old man. I pitied this dethroned king, and threw a last look upon the humble elephant, which seemed to me resigned to his fate. At that moment the moon became clouded, the column of July disappeared in the darkness, and it was impossible for me to determine, whether the old man had not been carried away by passion, when he represented this monument as an incomplete and too hastily-executed toy of fortune and chance.

CHAPTER XV.

MINERAL WATERS.

THE Parisian country is so complete, that they have finished by discovering even mineral waters. At the present moment, Baden-Baden, Weis-Baden, Ems, with its health-giving streams, Vichy, Aix in Savoy, Spa, the relaxation of Belgium, Plombières, and the delightful baths of Lucca, and all those fine rendez-vous of amusement and enjoyment which the Pyrenees enclose, have been replaced by the waters of the lake d'Enghien. The Parisian is naturally a person who will not quit the walls of the city within which he dwells; he surrounds himself by railroads expressly for this purpose—not that he may go and seek other nations, but that all the nations of Europe may come and seek him in their most splendid attire. The Parisian, without having left Paris, knows the whole world by heart; even without your taking the trouble to question him, he will tell you what is passing in London, what is done in New York, where the queen of England took her last airing, what brilliant review his majesty the emperor of Russia has held, what new reform their majesties the king of Prussia and the emperor of Austria meditate in their profound wisdom. The Parisian sees all with one glance; he is everywhere, he knows all the news; he knows nothing else, but then his information on this subject is complete. Why, then, do you wish him to disturb himself henceforth? He is resolved not to disturb himself, not even to go to a distance in search of health; health is at his gates, a journey of three hours will place it within his reach. For the true Parisian, the lake d'Enghien replaces the bleached and ancient wonders of Switzerland. At Enghien are assembled, in a degree sufficient to content these beings of so much mind, the emotions of travelling, the repose of the country, the flowers of the meadow, the neighborhood of the hills—and, above all, the lake, which reflects in the silvery mirror the calm smiling landscape. This narrow space is enough, and more than enough, to refresh these happy men after their hardest labors, to cure them of their most lively passions, to restore to them all the strength and all the vivacity which they have expended during the winter. Thanks to the sweet valley of such easy poetry, even the Alps have nothing to attract them; the voyage round the world appears to them a folly; and indeed what is the use of going so far, in order to find the peaceful joys and the delightful freedom of the country, when you have them close at hand, when you can transport yourself there in a few hours; above all, when these poor, delicate, fragile ladies can find, on the borders of this gently-agitated lake, the rest which is so necessary for them? For my part, I have not the boldness to blame them. I wished to see, and I have seen, this charming valley, of which poetry recounts so many marvels—which are not, however, beyond the truth. Picture to yourself an immense park, filled with villages and hamlets, gardens and forests, with a fertile soil, limpid waters, and rich culture; nothing is wanting, not even ruins and old castles. There lived and reigned, in the time of Louis the Gross, that terrible Bouchard de Montmorenci, who was so difficult to tame. Many frightful stories are related of this bandit, who was the head of one of the most illustrious houses in France. But, at the present day, nothing remains of these men of iron, except some ruins of their château, and the remembrance of their glory. In France, glory is the only thing which is imperishable; the feudal towers have been demolished, the gothic churches have been torn down, the princely domains have been sold by auction . . . but not one of the great names of France has been forgotten. And this is the reason that she has continued so great among the nations of the world.

Among all the Montmorencies who have furnished so many constables to France, the people particularly remember that courageous Anne de Montmorenci, who was the right hand of Francis I. and his most valiant gentleman. History recalls to us that unhappy Henri de Montmorenci, put to death in Par-

is by Cardinal de Richelieu, who thus revenged upon the head of the first Christian baron, the insults received by the feudal kings. At the present moment, the beautiful village which bears the name of Montmorenci is one of the numerous rendezvous of the Parisians during the summer: the village is a delightful spot, the wood resounds with cries of joy. The first who pointed out to the Parisian this forest of his adoption, was no less a person than Jean Jacques Rousseau. Before him, very few travellers had trusted themselves in this forest enclosed between two mountains; but when he had once carried there his eloquent poverty, his generous inspiration, his enthusiastic and loving reveries, there was soon a contest who should visit these beautiful paths celebrated by the author of the *Emile*. But in that modest house, which is still visited with respect, J. J. Rousseau found his only days of repose and solitude, and almost his only days of hope; there he forgot those ardent struggles, those often cruel passions, and finally,—must it be said?—the delirium of his pride. After him, the little house was inhabited by a more natural and a more naturally happy man, Gretry, the artless author of so many charming melodies, the amiable composer of the most popular chefs d'œuvre of French music. This very winter, all Paris trembled at the sound of that strain now become national, "*Oh Richard, oh my king!*" Dear little house, rendered illustrious by these two geniuses! It might repeat, in case of need, the happiest chorusses from the *Devin du Village*, and the exquisite trio of *Zemire et Azor*! The Parisian never fails to commence his ramble in the forest of Montmorenci, by visiting the house of Jean Jacques. There, he finds the beech table on which wrote the author of the *Héloïse*, the cage in which sang his favorite bird, and even his wooden bed, the witness of so many sleepless nights. Poor Rousseau! and how the agitations of his life would disgust the wise men of the best acquired celebrity! But the man who truly conceals himself, where does he hide?

Not far from Montmorenci, when you have traversed a small wood of oak, and descended to the bottom of the valley, you will find yourself at Saint Gratien,—Saint Gratien, which was the retreat of the calmest and most sincere of heroes, the Marshal de Catinat. He was the pride of the armies of his majesty King Louis XIV.; the most serious and most amiable man of the great century. Never was the self-denial of any one carried to a greater extent; his courage was equalled only by his modesty. After having gained so many battles, he quitted the court, in order to retire to this beautiful mansion, where, from time to time, the respect and the praise of men came to seek the marshal, who had fallen into disgrace with the king.

The shades of Saint Gratien have preserved I know not what imposing grandeur, which has an irresistible effect. In vain has the house been demolished; in vain has the park been divided among the citizens of Paris; I know not why, but people are silent when they pass beneath these trees, as if the illustrious captain were about to make his appearance.

Eaubonne, on the contrary, is a gay, amiable village, of somewhat profane appearance, and which, if need were, could easily recall the follies, the elegances, and the vices of last century. There lived and reigned, less by wit than by grace, less by the youth and beauty of her countenance, than by the kindness and excellence of her heart, that so-loved and so-charming Madame d'Houdetot, for whom—I had almost said by whom—was written the *Héloïse*, and who must inspired Jean Jacques with his warmest pages. In the world of literature, she was called the *Sévigné of Sannois*; and, indeed, she had her delightful ease, her piquant conversation, her witty mind.

From the village of Sannois to the village of Epinay is not far; but what an infinite distance separated Madame d'Houdetot from Madame d'Epinay. The latter, even without trusting too much to the *Confessions*, was an arrant flirt! These men and women of the eighteenth century had very little heart! They amused themselves with this great genius as if he were a frivolous plaything; they treated him like one of the baboons on their chimney-piece. Madame d'Epinay called him her bear; but the bear grew sulky, and once offended would not wait under the roof which she had lent him, until the month of May had

reappeared, not even till the first flowers of April blossomed; he would leave, leave immediately, beneath this cold December cloud, across the snow which covered the highway, poor, ill, already old, and dragging after him some wretched furniture, which was broken on the road. But nevertheless, leave Jean Jacques to instal himself in his new asylum; suffer the spring, the sun, the song of the bird, all the sweet harmonies of the country to return, and you will see the great genius himself again. You will recognise him by the lively inspiration of his eloquence. Thanks to this fresh landscape which has yielded him so many honest joys, and so much delirium without danger, Jean Jacques Rousseau is everywhere in this valley, which he has surveyed under every aspect. You find him again at the foot of the old trees, near the fountain which murmurs its plaintive song, on the borders of the lake, in the evening, when the moon rises in the softly-lighted heavens. The rest of this charming country is equally fertile in associations.

Poor Rousseau! he was for a long time the love and the idol of the Parisian! His books were the favorite reading of all the young men and all the little girls; they repaired each year in pilgrimage to this valley, rendered illustrious by his wonderful genius. It seems to me, that this adoration of Jean Jacques is somewhat enfeebled in this forgetful country of France. Whether it is, that Jean Jacques Rousseau has formed in this century, such terrible disciples (M. de Lamennais and George Sand), or whether dull curiosity as to the events of which romance treats, has prevailed over brilliancy and vivacity of style—the fact is, that the author of the *Emile* and the *Héloïse*, appears to me, to have fallen into profound disgrace. More than any other spot in the world, does the valley of Montmorenci recall to us J. J. Rousseau; there he has lived, if not happy, at least free, at least his own master, to obey as he would, the power of inspiration and genius. The Hermitage of Montmorenci recalls to us the happy transports of which these lovely spots were the witnesses. This time, the poet, an enthusiast for silence and solitude, quitted the noisy city, never more to return to it. The simple house was barely repaired, the spring was yet far distant; but the impatience of the unsociable being was so great, his joy was so lively, that in spite of everything he would set out. He recalls it to my mind, as if it had only happened last spring! The earth was just beginning to vegetate; you could see the violets and the primroses; the blushing buds of the trees began to show themselves. In the wood which joins the house, do you hear the nightingale? Oh what delight for this popular hero of the gay saloons of Paris, what happiness for this spoiled child of fame, at last to find himself alone and free, in this pure air, in this open space, in this budding wood! Thus he would see everything with his own eyes, touch everything with his own hands—look at all, listen to all—the sounds of earth and the sounds of heaven, and all the wandering melodies of morning and evening. Not a path, not a copse, not a grove, not a nook, which he does not explore with the greatest delight. This place, solitary rather than wild, transported him in idea, to the ends of the earth; it had some of those touching beauties which are seldom found near cities, and never, on reaching the spot, could you imagine that you were but at the distance of four leagues from Paris.

Thus he freely yielded himself to his rural delirium; the forest of Montmorenci became his work-room. There he dreamed, he meditated, he wrote, he watched the clouds as they passed over the face of the sky! He occupied himself, in this profound peace, with the means of giving perpetual peace to the men who wished for it; *Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!* There especially he forgot nature painted, arranged, tortured, prepared beforehand, as it was understood at that epoch of every kind of artifice, which was even introduced among the flowers, that sprang in such liberal numbers from the bosom of the earth. In the old forest, there were no jets d'eau, no manufactured groves, no parterres, no statues; and also no pamphlets, no harpsichords, no trios, no foolish difficulties, no bon mots, no insipid affectation, no little narrators, and no great suppers; nor yet any amber, or furbelows, or jewels; and behind one, there was no lackey to pour out, for you, with a pleasant air, adulterated wines. No, cer-

tainly, but to make amends for this, there was the greatest independence, an agreeable and solitary asylum, hawthorn bushes, thickets laden with fruits; meadows, wheat, hamlets, rustic songs, delightful shades, and the purling of the brooks. There also, he recalled the few fine days of his youth, the first palpitations of his heart, the happy accidents of his life; the dinner at the château de Tonne; Mademoiselle Galley and her companion, when they crossed the water, showing their white teeth as they laughed; and the scene of the tree covered with cherries—"Why are not my lips cherries!" and Mademoiselle de Breil—the charming Madame Basile, whose memory still enlightens the whole city of Turin; and Madame de Larnage; and you also, piquant Zuletta, the Venetian! Past intoxication, remembrances of early days, distant melodies, floating reveries, passing enthusiasm of the first spring seasons, vanished to so great a distance!

But, to these choice minds, love is never impossible; they have at their command all kinds of new passions; the ideal satisfies them—the ideal, which sings and which dreams, and which colors all dreams. Hail then to the country of chimeras! Let us leave Rousseau to surround himself, at his ease, with the most perfect creatures, celestial by their virtues, angels by their beauty. A happy man at last, behold him flitting in the air, amid the lovely beings of his creation. There he passes hours, there he passes days, he gives his whole life to this occupation; he will scarcely take time to eat, so impatient is he to return to the enchanted forest, which is filled with these aerial imaginations!

But, oh misfortune! all this dream of love is about to become reality; all this ideal happiness is to be replaced by ardent passion, bitter tears, sleepless nights, agitations of the heart! Oh Madame d'Houdetot, what were you about, when you took the fancy to pass by the mill of Clairvaux in order to arrive at the Hermitage? She laughed! she had plunged her foot into the mud, up to the ankle-bone, and it was necessary for the philosopher to allow this little foot to be dried at his fire! Poor Jean Jacques Rousseau! Assuredly the Louvre is a beautiful work among all the works of men; it shines with a brilliancy new every day! The Louvre is the admiration of Paris and of the world. And yet such is the mighty power of poetry and imagination, that two lines of a great writer will give even the celebrity of the Louvre, to the most humble shrub and the most unknown path of the forest of Montmorenci.

CHAPTER XVI.

FLOWERS.

IN the month of June, you will suddenly find that you can be present at the fête of the flowers. They have their day of glory and of triumph, their crowns and their golden medals, as well as poetry and the fine arts. The château of the Tuileries is not too splendid, to shelter these fragile but charming wrestlers of the Parisian Flora, the palace of the Luxembourg is not too magnificent, worthily to accommodate them. Suffer me then to conduct you to this beautiful spot, where the wisest horticulturists and the most skilful gardeners of Paris assemble all the riches of their hot-houses, of their gardens, of their orchards, in order to compose, with the four seasons of the year, gathered together in the same place, the freshest, most delightful, and most fugitive of exhibitions.

To speak the truth, it is a wonderful display. You are much astonished, no doubt, when you see arriving at the Louvre, the *Cassandre* of M. Pradier, or the *Cain* of M. Etex—mountains of marble or bronze; but it is doubtless much more surprising, to see running to the Luxembourg, roses and oaks, the carna-

tion and the camelia, the former the honor of the gardens, the latter the glory and pride of the opera-boxes, which it converts into so many parterres intermingled with living flowers! Yes, it is strange to see blended—not only without violence, but on the contrary, in the most delightful manner—corn and grapes, the winter apple and the peach, the monthly rose and the chilly magnolia grandiflora. Formerly this was the task of the landscape painters, the work of Cabat or of Jules Dupré; they remained the absolute and legitimate masters of the verdant forest, the calm orchard; now, in their turn, gardeners and laborers set themselves to the employment; the landscape painter is surpassed by a power superior to his own: strictly speaking, it is the realization of the speech of Jean Bart to Louis XIV.—“*What he has said, I will do!*”

Meantime, we must hasten, if we wish to see in their beauty, these delicate paintings which the pencil of man has never touched; we must hasten, if we would admire them in all their spring, youth, and grace, those sweet masterpieces so exquisitely sculptured by a hand divine; let us profit as we can, by this brilliancy of a day, by this grace which lasts barely an hour, by these ephemeral wonders, children nourished by the air, by the sun, by the beneficent dew, by the sap which circulates in the old trees; an eternal life which lasts a day, a youth unceasingly returning; frail yet enduring chefs d'œuvre which die to reappear. Already, there are more than one of these beautiful exiled plants, which, in a low voice, regret their native soil; more than one, which seek in vain the clear lake, that served as a mirror to their beauty. Ennui takes possession of them in this palace of the Luxembourg, a brilliant prison. In these dark and silent galleries, the lovely flowers want air, sun, and space; in vain do they call for the song of the bird, the limpid murmur of the brook, the morning and the evening dew, the mid-day sun, the soft light of the moon, and the fruitful dust of these beautiful stars of night, which flutter in the heavens. Even the butterfly has abandoned the rose; the gilded butterfly has forsaken the lily; the bee has left the flowering genista; La Fontaine's rabbit has forgotten the wild thyme; the shining worm, its blade of grass. At the same time, the violet complains of having been forcibly torn from the leaf which conceals it; the ivy asks where it must cling; the moss seeks an old stone to cover with its soft carpet; the unhappy water-lily regrets the little brook on which it displayed its flowers; the saddened yoke-elm no longer hears the song of the nightingale. The disorder is complete, the grief is universal. And yet these unfortunate exiles patiently suffer all these tortures, they force themselves to be beautiful and to appear so, they will not contradict their noble origin; they have all the grace, but likewise all the courage of flowers; one of them, and she the most beautiful, died, immediately on her entrance into the palace, and you may still see the corpse languishing in its original beauty; she died sweetly, as all flowers do die, enveloping herself in her withering leaf as in a modest winding-sheet. Once more, then, we must hasten; do not let us prolong these sufferings more than is necessary.

However, laying aside a very natural philanthropy for these fragile and delightful creatures, it is a sight full of interest, and we know no time more filled with pleasures of every kind, than this hour passed amid these newly-blown flowers, these fruits gathered but the evening before; on all sides there are the most incredible rarities and splendors. First displays itself to you, in all its varieties, in all its colors, in all its incalculable brilliancy, the family of the dahlias, born but yesterday, but already nearly as numerous as the family of Montmorenci, since the day when its old genealogical tree was planted in the holy ground of the crusades. Whoever should attempt to count, and arrange in order these colored members of the same family—even were he called Linnaeus—would, in the attempt lose his patience, his science, and his Latin. At the present day, there is no celebrated gardener, there is no good house possessing a garden, without a complete collection of dahlias; new varieties are produced by every kind of stratagem; the beautiful plant! slender, balanced upon its stalk, of elegant form, and infinite variety, hardy, and asking only the most ordinary care; it is now, at once, the simplest and the most brilliant decoration of the garden.

But let us turn to this admirable collection of useful flowers. *Useful* and *flower*, two apparently opposite words—two lying promises, . . . two promises accomplished; pretty flowers which heal, elegant plants which save. Strange to say, these same medicinal plants which appear to us so horrible to see, hung, as they are, like so many faded garlands after a revel, at the door of the apothecaries or the herbalists; when you come to observe them upon their waving stalks, you are delighted and astonished to find that they have all the appearance of a flower, of a modest shrub, of a sweet something, in fact, which it is impossible to define. Are these indeed the same frightful, nauseous, powdery herbs, with which we are pursued by domestic pharmacy? 'Tis even so, that pretty, little, blue flower, that flower which leans so coquettishly, that sweet verdure which you would say, was spread there to serve some poetic meditation, all these fresh treasures, will be the prey of the herbalist, of the tisan maker; they will yield the yellowish teint of the liquorice bush; they will fill with their nauseous and insipid juice the cup of the hospital; they will make us turn away our heads in our days of sickness. Permit us then, to look at them with affection and enjoyment, while we are in good health—both we and the plants. Suffer us to gather them while they are in flower, allow us to inhale their light perfume, without any other thought, than that of agreeably flattering the frailest and most evanescent of our five senses. Now or never is the time to cry, "*Oh medicine! I will none of you!*" And truly apropos of these plants, whenever I look at an herbalist, it seems to me that I see some beautiful, young girl, slight and elegant, in the arms of a grave-digger.

Unfortunately the barbarous Latin of the gardeners of Paris and of England, somewhat spoils—at least with me—the grace, the brilliancy, and the perfume of the loveliest flowers.

Can you imagine that, to speak Latin, at the present day, in this France, so proud of her science, collected from every quarter of the globe—it is not necessary to be the Christian orator in his pulpit, or the political orator in his tribune; the magistrate dispenses with it as easily as the soldier, the philosopher as well as the artist, the prose writer as well as the poet; the disdain of it is general, the exemption is the same for all; but from this forgotten science the gardener alone is not released. The spade does not preserve from Latin; on the contrary, these vulgar fathers of the most beautiful flowers must speak the most barbarous idiom, if they wish to understand each other. All the names of the mother-tongue, and even those adopted by the poets, are pitilessly banished from the richest parterres; so that you, who arrive, full of animation, to witness this perfumed fête of the Parisian Flora, and who think yourself sufficiently advanced to understand the patois of our modern Linnæuses, you, who read Horace and Tacitus with ease, are yet completely at a loss, what to understand by all these barbarous names which belong to no language. You ask yourself with alarm, what is this unknown argot, and in what Iroquois country you have suddenly fallen. The best-loved and the most familiar flower, that which you see every morning in your garden, that which you offer to the lady of your affections, that which you plant on the tomb of your mother, in order that she may have near her a filial remembrance, those gentle companions of our childhood, the sweet flowers that we imprudently wasted, as if they were only our happy days—well! thanks to this barbarous Latin, we no longer know their names; we seek, but in vain, to recognise them, we dare not say that we have met them somewhere beneath our footsteps, when we had numbered but sixteen years. Go then and see where you are with such words as these; *liatris squarrosa*, *lobelia tupa*, *salvia canariensis*, *fuchsia coccinea*, *pentstemon gentianoides*, *tropæum pentaphyllum*! Assuredly, he who originated this science, and at the same time originated its language—the great Linnæus, as he is called—must have been indeed, a man of surpassing genius, for the language which he formed, thus to have been preserved, among so many revolutions which have caused much more important things than languages to disappear! At any rate, this Latin of the Parisian gardeners—not the kitchen, but the garden Latin—the analogies of which can not be perceived, is one of the most incredible languages which men ever spoke.

How much I prefer the nomenclature of the roses! I know not why, but it seems to me that in the vegetable world this is the only flower which has escaped Latin designations. This favor has been granted it, that it should be abandoned to all vulgar minds; while our hot-house Latinists put themselves to torture that they may forge barbarisms. The amateur of roses, more indulgent and more sensible, gives to his beautiful flowers beloved names—the names of heroes, of great artists; the names of beautiful ladies, the name of his young wife, or his eldest daughter, or of his infant child; sometimes even the name of his political opinions. Thus you have the *rose Henry V.*, and the *rose Ferdinand*, one near the other, and without dreading a duel with thorns; you have the *rose Louis XII.*, and the *rose Louis XV.*; the *rose Elizabeth*, *Colbert*, *Emilie Lesourd*; the *rose Rosine*, and the *rose Fanchon*, and the *rose Célemène*; *ma tante Aurore*, and *Silene*, have each their own rose. These are what I call titles; with these you may recognise them again, when once you have named them! *Général Marceau* and *Marechal de Villars* have also their rose. Alas! there is also the *rose Charles X.*, that dethroned king, that kind, affable gentleman; here is all that remains to us of this king of France, less than nothing—a flower!

It is very vexatious that we should be so completely ignorant of all these wonders; above all, it is very annoying that we have not time to learn this new science, which must render the honest men who cultivate it so happy. Here, for instance, is a clever horticulturist, who exhibits sixty-two varieties of plants, from the *fuchsia macrostemma* to the *rudbeckia hirta*. Oh, the beautiful tulips, the splendid colors, the sweet flower-cup of exquisite form! The great master of this varied army, whom the conquering spring brings in his suite to thank the sun, is a skilful gardener named Tripet Leblanc. But then the tulip fades so quickly! It is too evanescent for the honors of the exhibition. In the month of July, the most beautiful tulip is nothing more than a vile onion, melancholy to see. This is the reason that M. Tripet Leblanc, when his tulip is faded, turns all his attention to the most simple and most modest of flowers, the *daisy*, which did not expect so much honor. And if you knew how grateful they had shown themselves for all the trouble which the clever gardener has taken! These flowers, so humble in their attitude and in their natural dress, have raised their heads, and are now adorned with the most varied colors. They are shepherdesses who have become queens, by the simple power of their native beauty and brilliancy. Then come the *pansies*, a numerous family, to which art and care have given incredible dimensions. Never could the modest flower have dreamed of a richer mantle of velvet and ermine. We stop, we look at them, we ask ourselves if this is really the flower of former days. It is herself, dressed, enlarged, ornamented. But what sweet odor strikes your delighted sense? what unexpected perfumes? what unknown forms? We are now in presence of all the productions of the south and the sun. Coffee, sugar-cane, vanilla, tea, opium; the most beautiful *chadec* orange-trees, with contracted leaves, with myrtle-blossoms, or with fading blossoms; they are obtained without difficulty in the hot-houses of the Parisian gardens. Suddenly a strong smell of jasmine reaches you; did you not then perceive, laden with their white flowers, those jasmines from the Azores, those odoriferous myrtles, those red-flowered arbutuses? In point of trees and rare plants, salute the long-leaved *magnolia grandiflora*, the English *magnolia*, the myrtle, and the *nerium à feuilles panachées*, the *geranium régine*, the Peruvian *heliotrope*, and the cactus, the dwarf banana-tree from China, and the new bananas from Havana, and the *golden cedar-tree* of M. Soulange Bodin, and his cypress, and his varieties of pine-trees, and his fine oaks of seven different species; in a word, all the curiosities of those beautiful gardens of Fromont, so long despised, and which have, at the present day, become a great and noble enterprise! But, indeed, we know not what to choose from this rich display. One has transplanted trees brought from all the known parts of the world; another, less ambitious, has cultivated the *orge d'Imalaya*, and the *moutarde de Chine*. This one, forcing every law of nature, brings us in triumph a *magnolia hartwica*. The history of this beautiful plant is worthy of being related. It is the production of a *magnolia grandiflora* and a *magnolia*

fuscata. It blossomed for the first time at the very foot ; it was then only thirty inches high : its flowers were small, as white as those of the lily, and had preserved the sweet smell of the magnolia fuscata, their worthy father.

In point of beautiful trees, you have the silvery fir, the olive-tree of Crimea, the Virginia poplar.

But this is not all : Pomona now disputes the prize with Flora ! After blossoms, comes fruit ; this is but fair. It is enough to make your mouth water, only to hear their names : the Canada pippin, the Dutch pippin, the various kinds of pears, the *crasanne*, the *Saint Germain*, the *beurré gris*, the *bon chrétien d'hiver*, the *Messire Jean doré*, the *doeyenné d'automne*. And the delicious fruits which I forget, ungrateful that I am ! the *cerise de Prusse*, and the *poire du tonneau*, and the sweet, brilliant, velvet peaches—a thousand times more beautiful than the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides !—the *pêche-petite-mignonne*, *Golconde*, *Madeleine rouge*, *Malte*, *Belle-de-Vitry*, newly-landed from the village of Montreuil, all blushing, and covered with that fine down which softens their brightest colors.

But how is it possible to remember everything ? All the fruits of creation were united to all its flowers ! The *calville*, apples from every kind of apple-tree were mingled with the flowers of all the rose-trees ; there were pears and jonquilles, roses and strawberries, the apricot lying with the marvel of Peru, immense melons half concealed beneath the blossoms of the cactus ! The grapes—how rich, how rare, how numerous they are ! And the well-dressed plants, even the most common, which fill worthily their place in this kitchen-garden surrounded by such rich borders, in this orchard in the open air, mingled with the choicest productions of the hothouse and the greenhouse. For instance, what an interesting confusion, the *Eastern garlic*, the *Jersey shallot*, the *onion*, the *wild carrot*, the *yellow turnip from Naples*, the *pine-apple potatoes*, the *wild chicory*, that horrible drug from which is manufactured a horrible coffee ; the *radish*, the *wild cabbage*, the *shrivelled date*, the *Russian cucumber*, the *Italian pumpkin*, the *Maltese melon with red or white skin*, the *white Spanish cedar*, the *black Belgic kidney-bean*, all the treasures of the kitchen-gardens mingled with the *balsams*, the *Chinese and Indian carnations*, the *dahlias*, and the *queen daisies* : without counting that the *orge à deux rangs trifurqués*, the *seigle de la Saint Jean*, the *indigo*, the *moka de Hongrie*, the *chanvre du Piemont*, play their parts in this rural drama—a drama full of variety, elegance, and interest. This is, without contradiction, one of the greatest enjoyments of a summer in Paris, one of the most agreeable relaxations of this delightful weather. More than one lady of twenty years old, smiling, inconsiderate, too pretty to be often serious, nevertheless thinks this annual exhibition of the finest fruits and the most beautiful flowers an important business. More than once, as you watch these fair damsels, attentive and curious, you are astonished to find that they give to all these plants their appropriate names ; they arrange them in families, they recognise them by certain signs, they salute them with transport as so many sisters happily refound. These young Parisian ladies can, with so much grace, make a transitory pleasure of a grave affair, a serious occupation of a useless passion ! Watch that lady, who passes, enveloped in a mantle ; she is going to the Chamber of Deputies, to be present, smiling, and half lolling, at the discussion upon questions of peace or war. She does not listen—she looks, she wishes to be seen ; she has promised the speaker to utter a little sound of applause at his most eloquent passage, and she will not fail to keep her word ! A week afterward, you may find the same frolicsome, careless damsel—who laughed so much over the question about sugars, or the right of search—walking with a grave, solemn step, through the horticultural exhibition. Silence ! she thinks, she compares, she judges ! Suffer her to speak, and she will astonish the most in-trepid nomenclators in their own science.

But what do we say ? For some two days the regiments of carnations are under arms, they have assumed their scarlet robes, they have decorated themselves with their most brilliant neckcloths ; it is the time when the flower starts up, young, slender, and erect upon its stalk. At this hour nothing is more

beautiful to see than the thousand children of the great family of the carnations, all varied in form, in color, in grace, and in brilliancy. Spoiled children of the French Flora, they display to the southern wind their richest cloak of crimson. The buzzing bee, seeing their loveliness, scarcely dares touch them with his honeyed sting; the fresh morning throws into their flower-cup a drop of his sweet dew. The sun salutes them with his indulgent rays, the evening wind rocks and lulls them to sleep, not without having carefully closed the precious calyx. The dazzled eye knows not where to turn, amid these perfumed flowers with their thousand colors.

Here is the odorous army of the red carnations, of a deep brilliant red! Here are the scarlet *flamands*, the *sablés* with their diversified colors, the *bichons* bordered with blue and rose, the *ardoises* of clear pearl-color shaded with red—the powdered *chamois*, true chamberlains of the empire of Flora—the yellow carnations, and finally the *fantaisie*, the whimsical carnation which belongs to each and to all, capricious, coquettish, fantastical; the carnation—a broom-plant which displays all kinds of variegations upon its war helmet. How beautiful, how gay they are, how happy to pass their life of a day? And that they may readily be found again in the flowering season, the clever gardener has simply given them the greatest and most charming names of modern France. Here we may salute his majesty King Louis Philippe, and his royal highness the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke d'Aumale, carelessly placed at the very top of its stalk; the Dutchess de Nemours, so brilliant; and the Count de Paris, that handsome child! There you may see M. Guizot by the side of Madame Thiers, Mademoiselle Bertin not far from M. Hugo, M. Ingres and M. Alphonse Karr. Who else? The Princess de Czartoryska, Mademoiselle Mars, and Mademoiselle Georges, under the name Melpomène.

After the astronomer who makes one of the stars assume the name of his young wife; after the enthusiastic traveller, who from the height of the terrace of Saint Germain—when evening approaches—contemplates this immense gulf called Paris; yes certainly, and even after the poet who gives the appellation of his mistress to a whole century, I know no happier man than the florist who can thus name, according to his own fancy, all the flowers of his garden.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSIC.

THE great delight, the great occupation of the summer in Paris, is music. As long as the winter lasts, the Parisians play to be applauded, to be admired, but when summer comes they play for themselves, not for others. If you take pleasure in hearing them sing or touch their favorite instruments, well and good, they will permit you to be present; but you are perfectly at liberty, if music does not please you, to go and walk in the garden. It must also be confessed, that this great art is admirably cultivated in this city, the progress of which is so rapid in all the arts. Fontenelle, who had so much wit, and who comprehended things so exactly, said in his time, *Sonata, what would you from me?* If Fontenelle were living now, he would lend an attentive and delighted ear to the skilful melodies of some happy drawing-rooms, which are justly celebrated throughout Paris. Music is no longer, as in the time of Clementi and the harpsichord, a *strutting* occupation of the young girl who wishes to be married; it is a complete science, difficult, gravely cultivated even by young scholars, who are trained at an early age, by clever masters. Thus, music is no longer made a frivolous pastime, but is taught as a serious business! I know a certain Parisian

house, concealed between the silence of the court and the shadow of the garden, in which, if you have the slightest love for chefs d'œuvre, you will certainly hear the best and most delightful music. There reign, as absolute masters, venerated and admired, Weber and Mozart, Gluck and Beethoven; all kinds of genius, every great work; the clearest and most beautiful voices consider it an honor, to sing these calm and affectionate melodies. What the master has composed, they sing as he has composed it; nothing more, nothing less. What pleasant evenings are thus passed with the *Freischütz*, or the *Don Juan*, or the *Adelaide*! Or else it is some new comer, who asks aid and protection; it is Schubert, for instance, whose ideal revery makes every mind fall into a thousand happy dreams. To all these great ideas, the most excellent interpreters are not wanted; these fearless singers are encouraged in their noble task by the first composers of the present day; Meyerbeer, if he is at all pleased with these fine voices, will lead the orchestra; Rossini, if he feels himself to be well understood and well rendered will preside at the piano. How often have I seen Hævy turn the page of the lady who sang! For all the composers of Europe consider as an honor this musical fraternity, which unites them to the virtuosos of the saloons. They are so happy and so proud to see themselves thus understood, thus sung! At the same time the best artists ask their part in this long-dreamed popularity. Madame Damoreau, for instance, is never more charming never more bird-like, than in these friendly reunions, where she can display, at her ease, the rare bewitcheries of this inimitable art. That poor Nouritt, who died so quickly! With how much feeling did he sing the melodies of Schubert, which he taught to France, and M. Chateaubriand's air, the Breton air, *Combien j'ai douce souvenance*! Last summer, at the château in Normandy, one rainy evening, a young woman, with a handsome and stern countenance, rose suddenly without being asked to do so, placed herself at the piano, and sang with an exquisite voice, some little unknown drama, written in a few plaintive notes. . . . She drew tears from all of us, and when we asked the name of this lady, so simple, so touching, so true, whom we should have taken for the proprietress of some neighboring château, they answered that it was Madame Nathan-Treilhet, the finest voice at the Opera in Paris. Or, perhaps, in the fashionable world, a lady takes her seat at the piano, and breathes forth the sweetest airs of Bellini, that genius who died so young! Her voice is soft, vibrating, energetic; who is she? She is called the Countess de Monténégro; not long since, she was a person of quality in Spain; at the present day, she knocks at the door of the Italian Theatre! And that rare talent, that indefatigable inspiration, that lady of so much art, taste, and feeling, who sings as long as people wish, when she feels herself admired and listened to? it is Madame de Sparre, the queen of saloons filled with melody. Or else, that active, delicate lady, with an intelligent, black eye, full of fire, a quick mind, an accomplished performer, who sings with so skilful and so airy a voice, while she looks, at every bar, at the gentleman who accompanies her; it would certainly be impossible to find two voices which accorded better. These clever and melodious singers agree wonderfully; they attack the most difficult works; just as she is quick, animated, gay, natural, in the same proportion is he animated, airy, droll, amusing, delightful; the best music of Italy, all her old masters, have no secrets for these two good companions of natural melody. Who is he? and who is she? He is the cleverest chymist of the present day, the most laborious *savant* in France; he has written books which have become laws; he has, by himself, discovered more crimes, than all the most acute criminal lawyers united. This man, who gives with so much energy and expression, Rossini's music, is the same who discovered, in so complete a way, in the stomach of Madame Lafarge's victim, the traces of the poison which concealed itself there. . . . You remember that melancholy scene, when, upon the stern and convinced countenance of this man, frightened himself at what he was about to say, the criminal could read her sentence. . . . and the judges their award already dictated!

Music! it is the great pleasure of this city, the great occupation of the draw-

ing-rooms, which have banished politics, and which have renounced literature, from ennui. Question your recollections, and you will see that this great art of music is exercised by those men and women who occupy the highest position in the world. The Prince de la Moscowa this spring, had the chefs d'œuvre of Handel and of Palestrina, sung by the most beautiful voices in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Never did the ancient abbey of Longchamps, in the time of its splendor, resound with sweeter voices, or more sacred airs. The intelligence of these happy artists is pushed farther than can easily be told; they bring to the execution of these beautiful works, all the art, all the science, all the poetic genius of primitive times, when the master himself led, in the sweet songs of harmony, his young children of the choir. Happy he who can take his part in these chosen joys of the first drawing-rooms in Paris! happy he, who is admitted into these assemblies of artists so well disposed for enthusiasm! For my own part, in this, as in everything else, I have no reason to complain of Parisian hospitality; the stranger is loved in Paris, he is sought, he is protected. Approbation brought from afar, the remembrances which the traveller takes back to his own land, are not without value, even in the eyes of the handsomest women, and the cleverest men. If you arrive with ever so little benevolence and sympathy, you will certainly be welcome. The position of a traveller who knows how to make himself agreeable to these French Athenians, is, undoubtedly, a position worthy of envy; every house is open to you, every hand is held out to you. You easily pass the first and most difficult preliminaries of friendship. They remember in your favor, past absence and approaching departure; you are in every one's confidence; you are invited to all the parties; in all the fêtes you have your part, and your good part too; for you, and for you only, there are no exactions, no despotism. You visit a house every day.—“Well!” they say, “the *Englishman* is weary, and he comes to ask from us, a little friendship and a little chatting.”—You are a whole month without calling; “It is because this poor *Englishman* is so busy seeing, guessing, understanding everything.”—You are at once admitted into the intimacy of these ladies and gentlemen. The ladies do not mistrust you—a bird of passage! The gentlemen have not the least jealousy of you, for, in fact, are you not to leave on the morrow, at latest? Thus you go, you come, you return, you remain, you disappear, you are completely your own master. What a delightful life! But then how sad it is, to know that these Parisians will so soon have forgotten this friend whom they loved so much!

At any rate unworthy, I had my share in all these enjoyments, in all these fêtes, in all these concerts. Among other amusements, let me describe to you the excellent parody of all the boasting of the Italian libretti, in which some simple amateurs indulged; I know not of any pleasantry in better taste, of any irony less cruel, of any more innocent raillery. Come with me once more, and depend upon it, you will be well guided.

We are in a splendid saloon, gilded from top to bottom, by some *farmer general* of the last century. This saloon is sparkling with lights and paintings. Through the half-open windows, you can see the chestnut-trees of the garden. Within this rich enclosure has arisen, as if by enchantment, and only for an hour, a beautiful little theatre in which nothing is wanting; neither the orchestra, nor the curtain, nor the prompter's box. At nine o'clock the pit is filled with the handsomest and most charming people. What a beautiful audience! Even Mademoiselle Mars, who has seen at her feet an assembly of kings, has never witnessed such a one as this. Picture to yourself the most lovely countenances, the whitest shoulders, the sparkling diamond, the opening flower, the riband, the lace, the light and the dark hair. Never was there a better dressed audience, or one displaying more grace and wit, more smiles, more vivacity, or more happiness. While waiting, all chat; the conversation is lively, animated, curious. Ten o'clock strikes, when, behind the curtain of the little theatre, we hear the signal for commencing.

What silence! all is hushed, even the tremulous motion of the fans. Seated at his piano, a man with an inspired and modest look, commences I know not

what tender and loving elegy, which immediately makes one dream.* The curtain rises, and imagine our surprise! horrible Turks, with faded turbans, spangled waistcoats and pantaloons, appear, singing "*Cerchiamo! cerchiamo!*" an Italian air of their own composition. In the meantime, they seek you know not what. In vain are they asked, "What is the matter? what are you looking for? advertise it in the streets, have little bills of it printed!" They still reply, "*Cerchiamo! cerchiamo!*" They are of enormous size, their turbans touch the cornice of the theatre, and they vanish, repeating, "*Cerchiamo! cerchiamo!*" Then arrives Don Ferocino. He is bedizened with velvet and gold; how well he sings! It is the most beautiful voice that can be heard, a full, sonorous, vibrating, clear bass, the voice of Lablache, but of Lablache at the time of his first appearance. In fact, it is the same fine voice which you have heard in the best Parisian drawing-rooms, at Madame Orfila's, for instance, on those days when Madame de Sparre sang! After Ferocino, comes a brave pilgrim who sings, "*Je suis un pelerino de la Legion d'Honneur, Poverino pelerino! Jamais on n'en trouva un piau, malheureux, piau, piau, piau, piau, malheureux!*" And he is driven to despair. "Silence!" says Ferocino; "I hear, in the forest the gondolier singing the barcarole!"—"In the forest?" says the chevalier-pilgrim of the Legion d'Honneur.—"In the forest!" replies Ferocino. And in fact the barcarole commences; "*Zephyr souffla gentile!*" It is something new and strange, this ballad which recalls the barcarole of *Othello*; "*Zephyr souffla gentile!*" They listen and they dream. In vain does the musician, who is one of the most skilful, try to keep up the parody, often the parody escapes him, and he again becomes completely the dreamer and the poet, whom we all know. The barcarole once sung, Clorinda appears in a pearl-colored dress. Listen to her, how she sings! But it is she, they recognise her! There is that large black eye which nothing can resist! And the flexible, airy voice, so airy that she carries with her the sweetest melodies! At this moment more than ever, is the parody lost. It is a great artiste, who sings the music of a great musician! The audience no longer laugh, they listen. But soon the chorus of the Turks returns; these gentlemen carry banners, and sing the happiness of Clorinda. Remember that Clorinda is anything but happy. The chorus sings *Vivat Clorinda!* Clorinda recognises Orlando by his immense croix d'honneur.

But Don Ferocino, seeing that the pilgrim is not a pilgrim, threatens him by look and gesture, "*Si volo dechirar!*" The pilgrim on the other hand, repeats, "*Si volo dechirar! si volo dechirar!*" The more they sing, the more tender their voices become, and the more friendly their actions. By means of repeating, "*Si volo dechirar!*" our two rivals fall into each other's arms, so that the quarrel can no longer be maintained.

Here ends the first act. Assiduous domestics, who are not Turks, bring ices, and sherbets more than oriental, to the noble ladies. They clap their hands. Already they agree that the music of Don Ferocino, is all grace, all intelligence, lively and clear, and full of ideas! Then suddenly, the younger ladies stand up and turning toward the door, begin to murmur, "It is he! it is Rossini! I know him! I saw him ten years ago; I was then at school! It is he! it is his little, piercing eye, his roguish smile. He does not look very well pleased, that we should laugh so heartily at the Italian music. Why did they say that he was ill? he looks stout and well!" Thus they talk; and all follow him with their looks—their animated and attentive gestures: each one says, "Rossini! show me Rossini!" To tell the truth, it is not Rossini. It is a gentleman who is much amused with these happy follies, and thinks there is in all this admirable parody, much art, much taste, much quaintness and wit.

To your seats! the curtain rises a second time; all look eagerly for Don Ferocino. They admire two firemen, two real firemen, or very nearly so, one of whom might be called an epitome of the brigade! He has seen everything, he

* Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware, that private theatricals are exceedingly common in France, and the following pages describe a burlesque upon the absurd plots of the Italian Opera. The French account is full of grace and vivacity,—qualities, which, it is feared, are almost, if not entirely lost, in the English translation.—E. T.

knows everything, he even understands Italian, and that *echignant* means to beat soundly, which is the commencement of the critic's language; "Stop," says he, "what are you doing?" "I am waiting for the *burning of Babylon!*" adds the innocent fireman; "why then is not Babylon burned?" "Because it does not please the Babylonians and the prefect of police. It will not burn, but it is warming. Did you hear them clap?" And now the two men discuss the merits of the opera represented. "Is it a drama? is it a comedy?" "It resembles everything," says the critic. "That is better than to resemble nothing," replies the other fireman. They are still writing their little sheet, and we listening to them (happy firemen!), when a cry is heard, "*Room in the theatre!*" Then the theatre, which exhibited two firemen, suddenly presents only a gloomy dungeon, in which Clorinda is lying upon straw. Poor Clorinda! she is mad. But do not disturb yourself, she is only mad on one side, the side on which her hair is uncurled! "*Defrisata, ata, ata, tata!*" says the chorus.

In her madness, Clorinda hears the nightingale sing, and then she commences a duet with it. The nightingale, a bold rival, defends himself with all his power; he warbles, he ascends, he shines, he triumphs . . . a momentary triumph! Clorinda follows him, she pursues him into every corner, she warbles, she is in the sky! The poor nightingale must have fallen dead at the foot of his yoke elm. Clorinda triumphs! At the same moment, the whole forest of rose-trees which waved in the saloon falls at the feet of the princess; it is a shower, it is an avalanche. In vain does she ask favor and pity—no favor! no pity! All the flowers of this beautiful saloon fall upon the head of Clorinda. This done, the drama recommences. Don Ferocino and the Chevalier Orlando fight a duel; Ferocino is run through by a sword! The brave Ferocino, who sang so well!

So much the worse! Ferocino is dead, long live Orlando! Clorinda sings with Orlando their mutual deliverance. "She arranges her hair, and returns to her senses," says the little book. Happy moment! Oh grief! Ferocino has only been half killed, and returns full of rage. Fury! death! malediction! to such an extent, that he marries Clorinda to his rival Orlando, who becomes his best friend. *The chorus and a final warbling!*

They have asked for the author! the author! Don Ferocino, the fine, vibrating voice, returns, modestly bowing. "The author," he says, "is Signor de Feltrini, the drama is an unpublished one by Dante, the decorations by Signor Crontini, the refreshments by *Donna Bianca*. After which, they call for the actors! the actors! They all return, even the choruses. Verses are thrown upon the theatre, and what is more, these verses are read. "Do not go, beautiful Clorinda, do not go to America, or if you do go to those distant countries, return quickly, when you have taught the nightingales of that land how to sing." So say the verses. The audience repeat in chorus a strain of regrets and of adieux. A delightful evening for Madame Damoreau, a private ovation before a chosen public, all the beauty of the city; great lords, poets, *savants*, great ladies, were all there to applaud! And in fact, it seems to me that this unique evening has a right to take its place in this history of a theatre. On this occasion, a few lovers of good music, in a parody full of grace, wit, and urbanity, have proved better than anything that I could say, that France is not wanting in great musicians, any more than in fine voices, or than in art and talent. They have proved that this great art of playing comedy, about which there is so much discussion, and which has become so rare in our days, was—all things considered—the easiest of the arts, within reach of the first well-educated man who would take the trouble to walk as people walk, and to speak as they speak. To the sweet enjoyment of this happy evening, nothing was wanted; neither the musician of incontestable skill and imagination; nor the bass, which was admirable; nor the tenor, full of gayety; nor the prima donna, to whom for perfection of taste and singing, nothing could be compared; nor the choruses, which showed incomparable grace, energy, and vivacity. Add to this rare assemblage, the unanimous praise, the honestly-felt admiration, the urbanity of a select, elegant, and above all, benevolent party, and you will understand how we gained an

insight, into the joy which the amusement of the theatre can give when it is complete, when nothing annoys you, when nothing is wanted, when you can say to yourself, "If I am not a happy man now, it is my own fault!"

Certainly, to arrive at such results, thus to take possession of every piano and every mind, to sustain this generous struggle with the finest singers and the most inspired musicians, you must not fail either in genius or talent; but on this occasion, there was no failure, in either of these points. What artist, what poet was ever more serious, and more occupied with the greatness of his mission, than the author of *Esmeralda*, that beautiful opera? He has composed his music with the rapture of M. Hugo himself, when he wrote his *Notre Dame*. And what an exquisite thing is the air in the last act:—

"Combien j'aime
Hors moi-même,
Tout ici!"

Ever since the day, when the illustrious author of the *Esmeralda* thus conquered the prejudices, which a new-comer into this difficult career of dramatic music, always excites against himself or herself, he has remained faithful to that art which has given him so many happy days of repose and hope. In order that his work might be complete, the composer even became a poet; his double revery is blended in a double dream; and thus are consummated, the one by the other, these ballads of such tranquil poetry, such true and touching inspiration. This time, the intimate union of the poet and the composer—a union fertile in chefs d'œuvre—was as close as possible. The twofold idea sprang from the same head, after having passed through the same heart. The verses and the air recount the same joy, are rocked in the same hopes, are intoxicated with the same griefs.

This year, saloon music has sustained a great loss—that of the author of so many popular melodies which are admired throughout Europe, M. Monpou—he who sang so beautifully the ballad of M. Alfred de Musset, *Connaissez vous dans Barcelone*; and all that loving history of the Spanish serenade, dark complexion, autumn paleness, young marchioness with the black mantilla, satin dress which rustles as the lady leans from her balcony, to encourage by a look the lover who fights for her! This Marchioness d'Amaeghi was, for a long time, the rage in Paris. When Monpou died, the fashion in Paris was *le Fou de Tolède*, a Spaniard of M. Hugo's, worthy of the Spaniard of M. de Musset. Thus each month of the Parisian year brings with it its novel which succeeds, its vaudeville which is applauded, its romance which is sung; a dozen vaudevilles, a dozen romances, as many novels, and Paris is satisfied. There is a certain romance, *la Folle* for instance, which has been played upon every piano, during a whole year; this is even the only romance which has found favor with his majesty King Louis Philippe, who is an amateur of about the same standing as the Emperor Napoleon. Of all known airs, the emperor loved and tolerated only the *Monaco*. With one of these well-received airs, a man's fortune is made in Paris, *la Folle* for instance, which has traversed the world. *Je vais revoir ma Normandie*, by a Norman poet and a Norman composer, has become the national song of the province; I have found it in all the steamboats, by the side of every highway, at the door of the inns—everywhere; and the Norman does not tire of it any more than the traveller. And the romances of Mademoiselle Pujet, which I forget! how ingenious, how copious she is! how she has filled the world with her clearly accented melodies! She is a musical *bel esprit*; they are true dramas which she writes and composes; and by way of rest from her dramas, she produces, from time to time, some lively and beautiful comedy. The fashionable ladies and the most skilful singers, even those of the opera, consider it a pleasure to repeat the compositions of Mademoiselle Pujet. These lines which I write in her praise, are penned to the sound of military music, which plays her finest airs. Is it not strange, an army marching to fight while music

plays, in the distance, melodies sprung from the head of a young girl? Certainly this may be called success!

You understand, then, all the interest presented by a Parisian saloon thus occupied in this vain passion; there, are boldly produced all the compositions of France, of Italy, of Germany; there, come to exhibit themselves, the rarest talents in Europe; there, you may suddenly see enter the celebrated cosmopolites of the musical art; Ernst, whose violin is filled with such sweet strains; Panofka, who will only play to chosen friends; the inspired Hauman; and the great pianists who make Paris their solemn rendezvous, Doelher, the charming and poetic genius; Thalberg, dreams personified; Hallé, who thoroughly understands the genius of Beethoven; and, finally, Liszt—Liszt the thundering, Liszt the irresistible, who burns, who crashes, and then suddenly brings you the melodies he has picked up, here and there, in the world. It is a delight to hear them, it is a pleasure to see them, as animated as if for a battle! Each year they wish to know where Paris is, what it is doing, and what it thinks; each year you may therefore see them coming to solicit—better than their approbation—to solicit the friendship of these artistes of the fashionable world, their worthy brethren, impartial and benevolent judges, who accept for themselves all the dangers of the struggle, all the sorrows of defeat, yielding to whoever has the right, the triumph, the popularity, the glory! Happily, in all this triumph or defeat, the pleasure is for all.

The day of which I speak, all the family was assembled in the small music-room; there was no one there but a few intimate friends, of those friends who call at all hours, before whom one thinks aloud, and sings in a low voice. The young lady of the house, who is a true artiste, had just played with the most noble instinct, the overture of *Der Freischütz*, that formidable composition, to which nothing can be compared; her sister, who is still a child, but an inspired child, had sung the *Adelaide* of Beethoven, the most touching and most affectionate complaint which ever sprang from the heart of a lover and a poet. You would have said that in order the better to hear these sweet strains, every voice was silent beyond the house. For ourselves, we were entirely absorbed in this near contemplation of old masterpieces sustained by young voices. We said to each other, that assuredly it was a delightful destiny for the poet whose verses are repeated by new generations, for the composer, who can yet hear, from the depth of his tomb, the sweet melodies of his twentieth year. On these conditions, a man can not die; he is arrested by death, but the idea which urged him, still marches onward; his song expires upon his failing lips, but the interrupted air is immediately taken up by some young and noble singer. This respect for the masterpieces of former music, France has carried to a great extent; there is no music so old and so forgotten, that the French have not restored it to honor. They have found again nearly all the musicians of the sixteenth century; they have searched in the repertories of all the chapels; they have demanded again from the organ of the cathedrals its interrupted chants. They had a great musician, named Baillot, who played to admiration an Italian air, *la Romanesca*, recovered by a happy accident, beneath the splendid arches of the Genoese palace. It is a melody of irresistible effect; only to hear it tremble beneath the bow, it seems to you that all this beautiful Italian society of the sixteenth century, these young men, whom Ariosto celebrates, these friends of Medicis, these companions of Doria, are about to reappear in these magnificent galleries, all filled with the chefs d'œuvres of painters and sculptors. Assuredly, when young Paolo took you by the hand, lovely and proud Francesca, to dance with you, the orchestra suspended in its marble balcony, did not play a sweeter, a more tender, or a more melancholy air. Nothing can equal, for remembrances, some one of these wandering melodies, which centuries have murmured in the days of their youth, by the light of their stars, by the brilliancy of their sun.

And then, the great art of the French virtuosos, is to give a truly poetic expression to the most simple songs of former days. Of all the airs with which their nurses lulled them in their cradles, of the joyous country rounds, of the terrible complaints in which spirits and phantoms are named, these clever peo-

ple have made so many duets, songs, grave elegies. From an Auvergne dance, they have composed a romance full of art and taste; from the *Clair de la lune*, *mon ami Pierrot*, they have drawn the most charming of quartettes. Rossini himself, that great genius, who seizes every light and shade—did he not write his beautiful finale to the *Comte Ory* from the popular air, *Le Comte Ory disait pour s'égayer*? Following his example, Meyerbeer composed *Les Huguenots* from a psalm of the reformed church; this is what may be called profitably using the smallest parts of the genius of a people. And remember that this passion for music has quickly passed from the drawing-rooms of Paris into the streets, and even the crossways. In the summer, if the night is at all fine, if there is anything like silence in the public place, you suddenly hear the sound of all kinds of beautiful voices, which sing ingenious melodies. To hear them, you would fancy yourself in some city of Germany. It is truly noble music, they are real singers; the people slowly follow them, attracted, and as if fascinated, by these unexpected melodies. Whence come they? They proceed from the school of a man named Wilhem, a worthy man of natural genius, good to the poor, devoted to his art, the friend of Béranger the poet, whose most charming songs he has set to music. This Wilhem finding that he was idle, and that the theatre was closed against him as well as the chapel, promised himself that he would one day contradict the anti-musical reputation of the good people of France. He would, he said, subdue, to strict time these bawling voices, these rebellious ears, and replace, by a grave and simple harmony, the indecent song of the ale-house. He wished that in future, whenever the temple needed a thousand singers, a thousand singers should at once reply, "*Here we are!*" He wished that, on the day when the national hymn was to resound through the cities, these young, ardent voices should make of the national hymn a song of glory and not a death-cry. "Ah," said he, "the cannibals have spoiled *la Marseillaise*, they have poisoned it with their impure breath, they have changed it into a scaffold complaint! But imagine this holy hymn, sung in choir by young soldiers just setting out for the frontier! Virtue, probity, innocent enthusiasm, these are what great musicians need to work prodigies!" Thus spoke the honest Wilhem, who had in himself all the noble instincts of the poet. He is dead, after having accomplished a great work, a difficult task; he has proved to the people of France that they were fitted for musical inspiration. He has introduced music into the schools for little girls, he has made it the most delightful study of the young workmen, and he has done all this alone, by the simple power of his own will. All these fine voices formed by his care, accompanied the coffin of Wilhem, singing as they proceeded!

These Parisian ladies—if you knew what delightful officiousness they can find in their hearts, when they begin to seek for it! Apropos of this great art which they cultivate with so much affection, listen to a charming surprise. At the very moment when, entirely absorbed by the music, I suffered my mind to wander in a thousand waving dreams, I was suddenly arrested by a very simple, sweet, little air, to which all the American children of this generation have been brought up—an air by our friend and master, the good Schlesinger, whom all New York has wept. In fact, the little that we Americans know of the double science of voices and instruments, we owe to Schlesinger; he has set to music our first verses to the first objects of our attachment; he was the mind and the leader of our first concerts. But you can judge of my astonishment and my joy, when in this beautiful Parisian drawing-room, I heard sung, by these lovely French voices, the favorite air which our master had composed, expressly for my little sister Nelly:—

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

Do you wish to know the history of this worthy Schlesinger, whom our virtuosos of Paris recalled to me with so much eagerness and kindness? It is a history which does honor to the heads and the hearts of my American brethren, and this is why it gives me so much pleasure to relate it.

This excellent artist Schlesinger was a composer by profession, his instrument was the piano, he followed with a firm step the powerful track of Liszt, of Thalberg, and of that great artiste Madame Pleyel, the honor of her science. Schlesinger hesitated long before he decided to go to America; he had been told that the *real* in life was alone reckoned worthy of attention, in this kingdom of commerce. He was, in fact, neither a laborer, nor an artisan, nor a merchant, nor a priest, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer; he carried with him no precious wares, nor any means of serving the wants or the ambition of men, and yet he started. You will imagine how long and painful the voyage across the ocean seemed to him; at last he reached his destination; fearfully he entered this grave country, where a whole generation is occupied in making money. Mademoiselle Fanny Ellsler had not then proved, by unanswerable demonstration, that the Americans can push admiration to folly; she had not then harnessed to her car, our gravest and most weighty magistrates. He who named America, spoke of a land of misery and hunger for artists; the greatest names of art—Michael Angelo and Titian, Handel, Weber, Mozart, Haydn—were, and still are, names almost unknown in this vast and rich corner of the world, which will not so speedily repose in the fine arts.—Schlesinger however had no sooner arrived in New York, had no sooner placed his powerful fingers upon a piano, than he understood that he would soon become popular. He possessed, in a high degree, the talent of improvising, and the first evening they gave him for a theme one of the beautiful airs of Lutsow—"Was it the Rhine!"—No, it was the "*Chasse de Lutsow*"—and such was his facility and his grace, that all these American minds were penetrated with sudden admiration. He then played the American national air Yankee Doodle, and every one began to applaud. But alas! this first winter was full of anxieties and miseries; and you know that when money stops in New York, everything stops; above all the fine arts must be abandoned. The unfortunate Schlesinger had scarcely three pupils; he consoled himself in his misfortunes with Sebastian Bach and Maria de Weber. In the month of April he gave his first public concert, to which very few people came; six months afterward he gave a second, the audience was still small, but at the moment of seating himself at the piano, he received news that his beloved and respected master, Ferdinand Ries, had just died. Immediately he changed his programme, and commenced playing a funeral march of Beethoven's, as the only oration which was worthy of Ries.

The following winter, roving artists, travelling violins, wandering bass-voils, jugglers, rope-dancers, all the wretched tribe of gipsies, occupied the attention of New York; people ran to meet these gentlemen, with as much eagerness as if the point had been to go and applaud Mademoiselle Ellsler. Poor Schlesinger! in spite of all his talent, he would soon have been entirely forgotten if *la Concordia* had not named him the leader of the orchestra. Schlesinger acquitted himself of this task with a noble ardor; the concerts of *la Concordia* were attended with unanimous pleasure. At one of the last concerts, the leader of the orchestra made himself heard—he arrived, his eyes moistened with tears, and without uttering a word, played upon his piano the ballad of Uhland, of which the chorus is, "*My little daughter is in her coffin*;" and in fact, he had just lost his child.

This man was born unfortunate; he hoped for nothing, not even for glory. He died, surrounded by some friends whom he had made as much by his character as by his talent. He died, regretting only one thing, the last prayers of his French friends, in the ancient church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a noble church long outraged, but now rescued from ruin; a noble church, which recalled to the poor artiste his native land, and happier days! There he had received the waters of baptism, there he had led his young wife to the altar, there he had heard upon the powerful organ, the most melodious strains of Sebastian

Bach and of Palestrina. "Saint Germain!" said he, "Saint Germain!" It was his last, his only dream. He fancied he heard, even at that distance, the hymns of the inspired organ. It seemed to him that this time at least, the friends of his childhood would not fail him in his last rendezvous. Alas! he was interred in the cemetery of New York. But accompanying friends, those regrets which honor both the living and the dead, the funeral sermon, that last alms of good and Christian men, did not fail the poor artiste. A fair, young, American girl, with blue eyes, a modest and artless poet, wrote impromptu upon the tomb of her master, this elegy full of feeling and sadness :—

"Frère, tu n'es plus avec nous,
Mais dans ce pays bien au-delà de la tombe,
Ton âme qui voltige nous attend;
Tu souris au chant de la bande aimée,
Hélas ! elle obéissait naguère à ton geste impérieux,
Et maintenant elle pleure son maître.

"Frère, le soleil descend du ciel
Au ceil monte notre mélodie :
La cadence mourante de notre chant
Est mêlée à la lumière mourante.
O frère ! par ce rayon qui s'évanouit,
Par ce triste chant d'adieu,
Nous nous souviendrons de toi.

"Le sculpteur dans sa pierre obéissante,
Le peintre dans les couleurs de sa palette,
Le poète dans ses vers,
S'érigent à eux mêmes un monument;
Mais de toi, de tant de passions soulevées,
Rien ne reste. La musique de ton âme
S'est évanouie tout entière dans les airs."

Sad destiny of a man of rare talent, who was willing to brave unknown manners, and lead his frightened muse into the midst of a city wholly occupied with the ambitions and the labors of the present hour ! Be a musician in New York ! Seek melody in the noise, in the tumult, in the precipitate and furious marching of these men who are incessantly pursuing fortune ! It was giving to the genius of our nation a challenge which it was impossible to sustain ! The unhappy artiste fell beneath the effort ; he died for want of a ray of sun and a little hope ; he died, possessing for his whole property only that sweet and plaintive elegy, softly murmured by a clear voice of sixteen years old.

Where will you find better sentiments expressed in a loftier and more touching way ? These beautiful verses I heard repeated by the noble girl who wrote them with a grateful hand. Yet later, I read them upon the tomb of the unfortunate exile—a tomb surrounded by regrets and honors—to which nothing was wanting, except to be placed beneath the arched roof of the ancient basilic of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

IN the midst of your truest admiration, and most lively enjoyments, in vain will you try—believe me, it will be impossible for you—to forget your absent country. It appears to you often like a hope, more than once like a remorse. A mere nothing recalls it to you; the song of a bird to which you have listened in the garden of your father's house, the sweet or wild smell of a flower, a tree from your native land—*tree of my country!*—the step of a girl who dances, the veil of a lady who happens to pass you, a look, a tone of voice, a less than nothing, and suddenly you are again in the midst of the artless transports of your youth, all the happy accidents of your twenty years, all the delightful and maternal love with which those distant and beautiful shores surround you. Suddenly, in the midst of the most brilliant fête, sadness comes into your mind, your eyes are filled with ill-restrained tears, you say to yourself, "What do I here, I who am a stranger to these manners, to these men, to these customs, to these fêtes, to these pleasures? what do I here, plunged as I am in Parisian idleness, I, whose life ought at this hour to be so filled with activity, zeal, ambition, labor?" With remorse comes the regret of absence; your mother who calls you, your father whom you have not seen for so long, your grandfather whom you will not perhaps find living, your sister That which has recalled my sister to me, is the history of our musician Schlesinger; it is the music of this unhappy artiste, who died so quickly, and was forgotten so soon! His melodies were certainly simple, but they were delightful. To careless minds, his music seemed like a faint and distant echo of Schubert's melodies; but, he who heard him when he was young—at the mere sound of some few of these plaintive notes—sees again, at a glance, his whole life of childhood. To this air, to which no one listens, we young men wrote our first love-sonnets; we danced our first country-dance, to the airy accompaniment of this rich and natural music. Oh happiness! my first waltz, when I held in my trembling hands the elegant figure of Miss Fanny; this waltz was written by the composer of our youthful days. You will therefore readily understand how, on this last well-filled evening, I found myself possessed with a strong wish again to see our dear America—and never again to quit thee, thou world, which art for me the real world! Thus the visit which I paid as a simple evening call, was really the last. A second time I took leave of those friends whom Paris had lent to me, for in point of friendship Paris does not give, she lends. Adieu, then, once more! my mission is ended; I have seen Paris as it ought to be seen, under its double aspect of winter and summer. I have seen the great city, in its various attractions, in its different ornaments, in velvet robe and in ball-dress, in its fêtes and in its churches, at the opera and upon the boulevards; I have even seen it at the French Academy; in a word, in every spot where it loves to resort—this beautiful Paris, dear to the artists, dear to the ladies, dear to the poets.

Once more, adieu. I renounce the hope of understanding it better than I have done; I give up the idea of explaining and describing this capital city of astonishment and wonders. Let him who dares, attempt this impossible work; let him who will, try to reproduce the image of this fabulous animal, which every instant changes its form and color. Strange city, which needs every morning a new revolution, by way of amusement; an immense crowd, which displays more passions than new dresses, and which is never amused except when on the edge of the abyss; turbulent minds, grave geniuses, mad reasoners, a compound of truths and paradoxes, good and evil, vice and virtue, belief and doubt, prayer and blasphemy, mingled in the same whirlwind! From such an abyss, and from such thick clouds, extricate yourselves, if you can, unfortunate travellers! Endeavor to comprehend this strange reality of the Parisian world; you know not where it commences, you know not where it finishes. Is it believing? is it Voltairian?

Does it prefer M. de Lamartine to Diderot? the gospel to the encyclopædia? Vice or virtue, to which side does the city lean? Is it true that she encloses all this corruption, and that each morning, from the midst of these blasphemies and sins, Paris gives this frightful proof of the wickedness of man? These accounts of dungeons into which penetrates scarcely a ray of sun, of depraved minds which have renounced even pity and hope, living corpses laden with chains and infamy—do you believe it? can you ever believe it? For my part, I can honestly say, that such is not the city which I have seen. The city which I visited in the winter fêtes, in the soft joys of summer, was rich, and brilliant, and decorated; she lived by intelligence; in case of necessity, she even had enthusiasm and heart. If you knew how dazzling, how active, how young, how well-dressed she is! how she delights in the contemplation of that which is beautiful! what praises she lavishes upon the great artists! what encouragements upon the poets! Oh! I have seen her carelessly seated in the corner by the fire, with her feet upon the Aubusson carpet, or running in wild enjoyment, among the flowers of the garden, the fresh paths of the country, and then I said to myself, “Here is the Athenian city, the city of beautiful poems, of animated conversations, of elegant passions, the city of eloquence and the fine arts! Where, then, will you meet more urbanity and hospitable grace? You arrive—hands are held out to you, doors are open to you; in a short time the house has no secrets from you; you are the object of their affection, their confidant, a visiter, above all, you are welcome. The gentleman of the house conceals nothing from you; the lady tells you everything, even her good actions; for these Parisians have time to be charitable; they know the way to the poorest houses. Such a one whom you meet so well dressed—ask her where she is going . . . she is seeking some wretched roof, beneath which groans some unfortunate being. Such another, on your arrival, hastens to conceal the book she is reading, and does so with a blush. If you could secretly interrogate the mysterious volume, you would see that the young lady was simply reading, in the original language, Virgil or Titus Livy, Dante or Petrarch, Byron or Smollett, Goëthe or Schiller!

I left Paris at the end of the month of August; the city was entirely deserted. He who was not in the country, or at some village of mineral waters, or absent somewhere, dared not show himself; if you went to call upon him, the portress would reply to you with a roguish air, “Monsieur has left for the Pyrenees, or for the sea-baths!” As, after all, I had a little time before me, I resolved to abandon myself to the course of the river, and to ascertain for myself in what manner the French bathe in the sea. Let us go there: the Seine is covered with boats, which ask nothing better than to take you; one of them is named the *Etoiles*, courageous stars which have kept up a rivalry even with the railroad. Not that the boat goes with equal speed, but these shores of the Seine are truly enchanting; the water softly bears you from one bank to the other; you pass from a feudal ruin to some little white house, half lost in its luxuriant foliage. On your left, on your right, you have all kinds of joyous cries from the mowers of wheat and the mowers of grass. The Norman apple-tree bends, without breaking, beneath the weight of the fruit with which it is laden. Around your boat the broken wave rolls to a distance upon the pebbly shore; whole cities pass before your eyes, surrounded by flowers and verdure, the bridges dance, suspended above your heads; in these fertile and abundant countries, you would in vain seek to recognise the former fields of battle. The soil has devoured all the dead; the plough has rid the earth of the stumps of swords; tumultuous stones have been ground to dust beneath the feet of the plough-horse. The Norman earth is no longer anything but verdure, abundance, fertility; and yet, in these noble ridges armies have met—Normans, Bretons, Burgundians, French, English, Saxons, some from Ireland, and others from Flanders. How much blood has been spilt! And yet the last harvest was very beautiful, the plain was verdant, the river was triumphant, and you can hardly believe all the brilliancy of these stars, of this sun.

When the mind and imagination are occupied to such a point that you forget everything, when even the past and the future lose themselves to your view, in

n unknown distance filled with hopes, you can say to yourself that you are occupied with great things or great reveries. Thus dreaming, the longest route appears to you soon accomplished; you arrive and say, "Already!" You endeavor to recall all the vanished images, the estates, the landscapes, the hamlets, the cities, the manufactures, the dazzling apparitions of the mountain and the plain, of the water, the earth, and the sky. Vain efforts! the wave takes you and throws you onward, the shore calls and attracts you; in spite of yourself, you hear a voice which cries, "Proceed, proceed!" Come, then, there must be no hesitation, no delay; you must obey; continue your course, straight before you, even to that veil of thick darkness which Shakspeare's Hamlet dared not raise with his trembling hand. Others, more eloquent, will describe to you all the beauties of this voyage from Paris to Rouen by the steamboat; they will give you the whole history of this stirring country of so much art, poetry, and science; for my part, I have told you that I renounce descriptions; when once I have started, I can think of nothing but arriving. Just as I was happy in the saloons of the great city, in the same proportion do I feel wretched on the burning deck of the steamboat.

At last, however, do you see that arrow shot in the air? do you see, proudly seated upon the banks of the river, the old Norman capital, which has united within its double enclosure, England and France, Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Philip Augustus, King Louis XIV. and William the Conqueror? Industrious country of Pierre Corneille! the great poet, from the height of his pedestal, seems to watch over the destinies of this nation of merchants and laborers, who surround him with so much praise, admiration, and respect.

From Rouen to the baths of Dieppe is not far. Dieppe is the careless city, which sleeps during ten months of the year, that she may awake, active, and devoted, at the voice of the bathers. Dieppe also, like all the cities of Normandy, has had her days of battles and rude labors; she has furnished to history her full share of soldiers and celebrated mariners. The New World, when Europe took possession of it, could have told you much about these courageous sailors; but Dieppe at the present day reposes in the calm *far niente* of a happy city, where the idle of France and England come, every year, to pass a few fine days.

It is not yet twenty years since Dieppe was the favorite city of a princess whom France had adopted as her daughter, the Dutchess de Berri. To the borders of this complaisant sea the Dutchess de Berri came every year, bringing in her suite all the youth and all the elegances of that court of which she was the young and benevolent sovereign. She was good, she was happy, she knew that she was beloved. Her slightest word was graceful; at the very expectation of seeing her, the city of Dieppe clapped her hands. But alas! with the reverses of the noble princess, the city of Dieppe has lost much of her good fortune. You might say, that, in leaving, the Dutchess de Berri had taken with her all which formed the charm and brilliancy of these delightful reunions. Those cities are indeed to be pitied whose fortune depends upon the caprices of a lady, the chances of a revolution!

Nevertheless, when I reached Dieppe, the city was agitated as if the Dutchess de Berri were expected; I found the tumult of a fête, the enthusiasm of triumph. Every house was full, and it was with great difficulty that I procured a wretched lodging in this city, which, generally speaking, is nothing but a vast hotel, open to all.

But do you know what august person was expected in this neighborhood? The queen of England—yes, the queen herself, that young woman who bears so lightly upon her graceful head the weight of three crowns, the object of attachment to so many millions of men, the brilliant pearl of so powerful a royalty, the queen and the delight of the sea. In a happy moment of enthusiasm, Queen Victoria wished to know something of this kingdom of France, and suddenly she determined to profit by the profound peace of waters and nations, of the earth and sky, to cross that narrow space over which have passed so many kings of England, so many dukes of Normandy, William the Conqueror and

his son, and the Plantagenets, and Henry I., Henry II., Richard Cœur-de-Lion, without counting the English of Cressy and Agincourt. A happy voyage this! a peaceful voyage of the young lady, who came to visit her father's old friend. Thus the winds were propitious, the waves were calm, the ocean restrained his anger and even his caprices. Come, then, since fortune favors us so far beyond our hopes, we will go to the château d'Eu, to those shores on which the queen of England is expected. From Dieppe the route is delightful, the Norman country displays on both sides of the road its richest productions. The château d'Eu is one of the most celebrated in Normandy, its position is excellent, its gardens are magnificent; the old park, planted by the daughter of Henry the Great, is filled with ancient and majestic trees; the sea, a silvery mirror, reflects in its poetic wave the ancient and venerable château. You have no sooner entered it, than suddenly appear to you, like so many phantoms, all the ancient lords of these dwellings. They are all there, not only the masters of the place, but even the guests of an hour, those who have but passed and slept beneath these important ceilings. Under this head you see Joan of Arc, the chaste, the admirable and sainted heroine of the middle age; under this head you will see Queen Victoria. Joan of Arc and the queen of the English beneath the same roof! Oh what an advance has been made by the two nations on the two sides of the channel! But the most serious and most terrible remembrances of the château d'Eu belong—who would think it?—to the family of the Guises, those factious and courageous geniuses, and to M. de Lauzun, that ill-tempered man who so much abused the kindness of the great mademoiselle. You must read the memoirs of this unhappy princess, so affectionate and so devoted, to know how much she loved M. de Lauzun, and all that she suffered. Love inspired this noble person, the greatest lady of the court of France—after the queen, for even she had thought of being queen of France—with a charming idea. Lauzun, who knew it but too well, asked her one day whom she loved. She breathed upon the glass, and on the warm vapor of her breath she wrote, with a loving finger, the name of Lauzun. Sombre dwellings, what recitals of murder, and of love, of devotion, and of perfidy, do you recall! what heroisms, what soldiers, what kings and queens, what young men!

At the present day, the château d'Eu has become a kind of chapel of ease to the château de Neuilly. Even the Guises, who seem yet to obey *Le Balafre*, are only there as an ornament to the walls. The house is filled with young princes, and fair children, and young women, for each day brings a new one to this popular court: yesterday, the Princess de Joinville; to-morrow, perhaps, the Dutchess d'Aumale; and, before long, Madame de Montpensier; Montpensier! the favorite name in these royal dwellings. The day of which I speak was one of great excitement at the château d'Eu. The expected queen might arrive—everything was ready for her reception. The cannon was placed upon the heights; large vessels brought the finest soldiers of the French army. In the night, the Prince de Joinville had started with his pilots to escort the royal yacht from a greater distance. Meantime, we—the travellers, the curious, the enthusiasts, the lovers of fine sights—we remained upon the shore, seeking to discover from afar the approaching vessel.

Attention, however, was not fixed so strongly upon the sea, but that we wished to visit the perilous bridge, from the top of which, not three days previously, the monarchy of July had been nearly engulfed in the waves. They were all in the same carriage, the king, the queen, the Dutchess d'Orleans, the Count de Paris, and the other children; suddenly the bridge breaks, and the forward horses fall. Picture to yourself this whole monarchy suspended over the abyss, and saved as if by miracle! The king, always master of himself and of the present hour, always a king—seized, from the arms of his tearful mother, the young Count of Paris, the son of his son, the future king of France; immediately he threw the child into the apron of a country-woman; but this woman, who held a whole monarchy in her apron, did she suspect the burden which for one moment she bore?

Suddenly the cannon roar, the music resounds, the shore utters cries

They sing and play the national air of England, *God save the Queen!* much astonished at finding itself upon these banks. It is she, it is the queen! Do you see afar off, that black speck gradually enlarging? It is she, it is the queen whom England confines to France. I have seen her as often as it was possible to see her, this lady who would be taken at a distance for a lovely child. The king of the French has come to meet the queen with the eagerness of a young man who awaits his bride; he holds her in his arms as if he had found his daughter again; the queen receives her with emotions truly maternal. The Dutchess of Orleans, imposing silence for a moment on that severe grief which has not left her during this long year of mourning, salutes Queen Victoria as a sister. The entrance of the young queen into the château d'Eu is a complete triumph. The people who have crowded to these shores, feel so delighted with the young and gracious sovereign for her confidence, and for the enjoyment she gives to her royal host!

During the stay of the queen in the neighborhood, I, who had so much desired it, saw her every day.

Indeed, every one could approach this brilliant court, which comprised no less than three queens, and contemplate at their ease these assembled majesties. The forest which surrounds the château d'Eu is vast and magnificent; it may be traversed in every variety of equipage; its shade is favorable to every kind of magnificence. Upon one of the edges of the forest, rises the mount d'Orleans. This mount terminates in a vast plain surrounded by the most ancient trees. On this plain had been erected a splendid tent, and on each side you could see hastening, on horseback, or in carriages, all the guests of the château d'Eu; Queen Victoria by the side of the king of the French, and the queen of the French, and Queen Louise of Belgium, and the Dutchess d'Orleans and the Princess de Saxe Cobourg, and the new Princess Madame de Joinville, with the grace of a Frenchwoman, the look of a Spaniard, a grave and elegant beauty; a better contrast could not have been found, to the fair and juvenile grace of the Dutchess de Nemours. The princes of the house of France and Prince Albert attended by the side of the carriages. Next came M. Guizot, that clever man who has thrown so much light upon the history of England—Lord Aberdeen, and the ambassadors and officers of her Britannic majesty; then in the midst of this immense concourse, a few Parisian artists, M. Alaux, M. Morel-Fatio, M. Simeon-Fort, M. Eugene Isabey, the sea-painter *par excellence*; and above all M. Eugene Lami—our worthy fellow-laborer, or, to speak more correctly, our master in all these Parisian excursions; for it is one of the customs of the king of the French to have the history of his times written by painters and sculptors, rather than by historians and poets. He loves the beautiful historical pages, which the artist adorns with his brilliant colors. As the principal ornament of his château d'Eu, the king chooses that painters should represent for him, all the splendors of this royal visit. He has set apart for these paintings, of which the queen of England will be the august heroine, the finest saloon in the château d'Eu, which will bear the name of Queen Victoria. The artists are already at their task, and you may be sure they will not delay, so much are they pleased with the heroine, the beauty of the scene, the magnificence of the sea and the sky.

Assuredly, the loveliness of these fresh landscapes, the old king aged by labor more than by years, the three queens, the young women so beautiful and so graceful, the Dutchess d'Orleans with her imposing figure, her sincere and profound grief, the Count of Paris, who gives his hand to his mother, the people who cry *Vivat!* and at your feet, even to a distance, the extensive panorama which prolongs, beneath the clear sunbeams, its endless beauties—here is a subject for a vast and admirable painting. The evening arrived, the gallery of the Guises is lighted in the most splendid manner; already it is filled by those who are invited to the evening fête, and by some foreigners who enter without being invited, so great is the hospitality of this royal house! When the king and queen appear, the concert commences, a concert composed of chefs d'œuvre, the richest melodies, the most admirable compositions of the greatest masters,

for it is known that the queen of England entertains the most lively and deeply felt passion for music. On that evening were played the beautiful overture of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, that exquisite work of Geuck's; the overture to the *Enchanted Flute* by Mozart; an air from the *Siege of Corinth*, and that admirable chorus from *Iphigénie*, the application of which was easy, *What grace, what majesty*; and the chorus from *Armide*, *Never in these lovely spots*. This is what may be called music and genius. These skilful artists also executed the *symphonie en la* by Beethoven, a masterpiece which the queen of England knows by heart. Unfortunately, they only played the andante and the minuet, and then the queen slightly knit her brow. "There are some chefs d'œuvre," said she, "in which nothing ought to be retrenched." To make amends for this, they gave her the whole overture of *Zanetta*, by M. Auber.

This visit of the queen, I can honestly say, was full of elegance and courtesy. The whole city of Paris, seeing that the queen of England was at her gates, prepared to give her a suitable reception. The opera would have offered her *Robert le Diable*, its masterpiece; the Hotel de Ville—that palace worthy of the greatest monarch in the world, the Paris citizen—wished to invite her majesty to one of those fêtes which appear fabulous. Already the galleries of the Louvre opened their doors to the visit of her majesty. The palace of Versailles, happy and proud, at last to see a queen of England reigning and obeyed, after having sheltered Henrietta of England, the conquered and despoiled queen, opened all her gates, to show Victoria Louis XIV., and the great century. At the same time, Fontainebleau would have taught the royal traveller the art, the taste, and the splendors of the age of Francis I. Thus delight was everywhere, the eagerness was general, the joy was unanimous. These French, when they choose it, are still, all things considered, the most gentlemanly men in the world; their benevolence is natural; when they cry *Vivat!* the cry comes from their hearts; you must believe in their enthusiasm, it is an honest enthusiasm; in their admiration, it is lively and deeply felt; their hospitality is generous, brilliant, impassioned; and certainly, a young queen, courteous, polite, benevolent, has reason to expect from the polished city, the best and most loyal reception.

Above all, the king of the French,—who understands doing the honors of this beautiful kingdom—from the midst of all the splendors with which the city is filled, would have chosen—that he might present them to the queen, as the finest ornament of his reign and of his century,—the statesmen, the orators, the poets, the literati, the artists, all the great names, all the glorious names of France; he would have presented them all to her Britannic majesty, with the legitimate pride of a king who knows well, where lie the strength and the greatness of his kingdom. . . . The queen decided otherwise; she wished simply to make a visit to the king, her neighbor and her ally. This journey through France appeared to her too long, she was afraid of exciting too much jealousy in England; therefore she remained at the château d'Eu, where each day a new fête awaited her. They even gave her comedy, little pieces thoroughly Parisian, and above all, M. Arnal, one of those happy actors who have only to show themselves, to excite laughter and wild delight. Certainly a vaudeville played by M. Arnal is an amusing thing; but with equal certainty, if the queen of England had been at Versailles, the vaudeville would not have dared to show itself in these magnificent places, filled with the wit and brilliancy of French poetry; the queen would then have had a play worthy of the palace of Versailles, Molière's *Misanthrope*, Racine's *Britannicus*, or what is better still, the *Cinna* of the great Corneille; for this happy country of France counts only by chefs d'œuvre; chefs d'œuvre for the king's palace, buffooneries for the little apartments.

At last, after four days of this royal and paternal hospitality, the queen took leave of her host, her departure being no less magnificent than her arrival. Early in the morning, the château d'Eu was filled with soldiers under arms. The expectation was general. Very soon, the doors of the palace open, and the king appears, giving his arm to Queen Victoria, who bows adieu to the

crowd which salutes her. I know not how to tell you the number of the horses, the richness of the carriages, the livery of the servants, all the brilliant crowd, which conducted back to her vessel, the young queen. The bark was dressed and impelled by twenty-four rowers. The music played, the artillery thundered, the rising sun illumined the heavens, and his golden rays broke upon the queen's vessel, which shone in the distance. Eight beautiful steamers composed the royal escort; the Pluto, the Tartarus, the Cyclops, the Napoleon, the Prometheus, the Reine Amélie, and an infinite number of boats, and light barks, all laden with adieus and *vivats*. The king and the queen, and all the royal family, conducted her majesty Victoria to her beautiful vessel, the *Victoria and Albert*. They bade adieu to each other, a tender and paternal adieu on the side of the king, a filial adieu on the part of the queen. The two queens embraced each other; and then you might have seen disappearing in the distance, the *Victoria and Albert*. The king, however, wished to see his young ally once more, and followed the royal yacht in his boat; the queen stopped for a moment, and with a charming gesture, bade the king of the French once more farewell!

Those readers who have been able to follow me in the account of this twofold journey to Paris, know very well that I am not a courtier. We children of America, are but little accustomed to composing the dithyrambus; on the contrary, like the dogmatical beings that we are, satire is our great delight, and we have made of irony a tenth muse. Nevertheless, it is impossible for me not to congratulate myself, at the happy chance which has crowned with such success this history of *a summer in Paris*; a brilliant history, at least for me, a spectator moved and interested with so many charming details of this Parisian society, which has not its equal under the sun; an elegant and polite society, benevolent and calm, which demands from each only what he can give, and is contented with that; a happy mixture of artists and great lords, in which predominates the citizen, that is to say, good sense; a people tried by so many revolutions, and who have finished by bearing them with the best grace in the world, and without its being known by any one beyond the city; men who understand business as well as pleasure; great citizens who bear the favor of the people as well as their disapprobation; who know how to renounce popularity when it is necessary to be unpopular, and to defend liberty against its own excess; a world of railers and of skeptics, who go gravely to church to hear Christian discourses, and to judge them, under the double point of view, of literature and eloquence; a formidable city! in less than two years, she has surrounded herself with bastions, fortresses, fossés and walls, sufficient to defy the whole of Europe; but already they walk upon these ramparts, already they dance upon these walls, already they cultivate flowers in the depth of these fossés. For my part, I, who have seen her under her twofold aspect, during the frosts of winter, and in all the joys of summer, lavishing by the side of the fire her wit and her brilliant conversation, or else confiding to the old oaks of the forest her poetry and her eloquence; I, who have seen her in her ball-dress, the head laden with flowers, the shoulders covered with diamonds; or in the ample muslin dress, wearing a straw bonnet as a protection from the wind and the sun; I, who know how she expends talent, invention, genius, wisdom and folly, truths and paradoxes, winter as well as summer, summer as well as winter,—I still ask myself which of these two cities is to be preferred. Imitate me; let my conclusion be yours; if you wish to know what Paris is, study Paris during the winter; if you wish to know what Paris is, study it during the summer, study it incessantly, so that after having carefully examined it, you may still think of it with regret.

Here concludes, naturally, the account of this new excursion, an interesting account, which I ought to have written with more ease and brilliancy. At the château d'Eu I said farewell to this "*pleasant country of France*," as Marie Stuart called it. Indeed, after this last happiness of my journey what could I hope? I had visited all the royal dwellings, Versailles, Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau, Meudon. I had been present at all the joys, at all the fêtes of the month of April, and the month of May. As a last adventure, after having arrived by

the first train of the railroad, I departed just in time to salute with mind and look the greatest lady in the world. A complete fête. . . . But alas! where is there a complete fête in this world? where is the brilliant landscape, where is the corner of earth, where is the wave of the sea, which has not its history of wo and mourning? In the very wave over which I have passed to return to my home in New York, perished, not a week since, a fragile bark; in this bark died the daughter of the great poet, the first-born of M. Victor Hugo's children—she was not twenty years old!—engulfed by the wave! And now the sea appeared calmer than ever, the earth more blooming, the sun more brilliant.

As I was thinking of these misfortunes which strike the highest heads—the grief of M. de Châteaubriand, who has lost his daughter; M. de Lamartine, who weeps his only child, and now M. Victor Hugo inconsolable in his turn, I felt a blow upon my shoulder, given by one of my Yankee friends—a worthy man, but not much disposed to weep over calamities which do not directly affect him. “What are you thinking about?” said he to me, “I was thinking that perhaps I was wrong not to sell my cottons at the price last quoted.” “And I,” was my answer, “was thinking that the sea is brilliant and treacherous, that the ocean sometimes bears upon its bosom strange treasons,—I was thinking that in a week there would be a fête—a grand fête in the park of Saint Cloud,—I was thinking of the landscapes, the gardens, the splendors of the château de Meudon.”

THE END.

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